

If It Ain't About Money

Fat Joe

Wrist on froze, thanks to the stove;
Mattress financial, bank's never closed;
Monday to Sunday, serve all addicts;
Joey Van Gundy, watch me work the Magic;
Aah, and I ain't talkin' NBA;
I ain't even trust the brethren, jealous ones still envy me;
Problem is, these guys ain't even half what they pretend to be;
Cold Don, now look at all the shots that they keep sendin' me;
And your girl the best, she fulfillin' all my fantasies;
She drip, drip, drippin' all up in the Drophead Phantom seats;
Now pop your bottles, blow your cush, fuck what your man say;
'Cause you know we don't give a fuck, we let the pan play...

If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?
(And tell her that) money's all that's on my mind...
You can believe that, I'll be where the cheese at;
Wrist on froze, better get your hoe;
Pocket full of paper, so these haters can't stand me;
Ballin' like the Lakers, keep heat like Miami,
And she killin' in them jeans, "Baby, won't you take 'em off for me?"
She said she a boss, she ain't talkin'
If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?

Neck on froze, thanks to the hoes;
Pussy never plummet, pimp 'til I'm gone;
Powder white work, let's get this shit poppin';
And fuck the police, like them niggaz out in Compton;
Aah, we too fly for our own good;
And you can see the sky shinin' on the chrome hood;
And you can smell that money right off the Lou Vuitton;
Self-made millionaire right from the Bronx;
On my way to Cali, Kobe, he playin' LeBron;
Drop 50 stacks, tell my niggaz "Pay the bar";
Stop trippin', that pussy got a nigga hard;
And the Am-Ex card, blacker than my nigga 'Kon...

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