

# Money

## Freeway

[Intro - Omillio Sparks - talking (Freeway)]

(I need some fuckin money, man)

I feel you Free

Goin through this recession and shit

Now them hoes actin up

Bills keep comin in, shit, focus

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

I used to get money from slingin the dope

But since they cracked down on that dope slingin, I'm broke

And I used to get money from slingin the crack

But since they cracked down on that crack slingin, I'm cracked

I used to get it there, expert at bringin 'em back

But now it ain't no packages to get there

Prior to that I was fillin apps

A few years before that was in the Barbershop sweepin hair

Little Barbershop sweeper kid, cop a hustle

Was sellin incense and oils to all the people there

Sixth, seventh and eighth grade I kept a couple

Dollars for work and fresh sneakers, I was hurtin 'em

Yep, now it's a recession and I'm stressin

I need it for lesser, I'm not tryin to be a working man

I'm sure not tryin to do carpentry like my pops

Big pain in the bottom of his back and it be hurtin him, damn!

[Chorus - Mr. Porter]

Ohhh, I close my eyes and all I can see is that money (money, money)

Money (money, money)

A list of things that my people need but first is money (money, money)

Money (money, money)

It ain't like I found a pot of gold (no)

This ain't a dream, this is reality homes

That's why my main focus is on that money (focus on the money)

Money (money, money)

[Verse 2 - Omillio Sparks]

Just broke a new broad, she wants the fancy car

A nigga stacked up a yard, she tryin to spend it all

I'm out slingin the hard and don't respect the law

Bent a few wrong corners and that, of course, involved

From C-A to D-A, they tryin to take it all

I think I need a vacation, reach out through calling cards

Or make the mind frame vicious and start a Holocaust

I figure man, what's the difference? That shit'll all a cost

Fuck it, let a nigga ball

Money, money, money

Money is my bitch, ho breed envy, I keep pourin Henny

Screamin "fuck 'em!", that's the nigga in me

Y'all ain't come from the trap or trenches with me

When cops knocked and locked me

Guns plural, serve riches to El Toros

From the projects, suburbs to the Borough

Runnin through your small town

Spit Philly game and lock it down

Focus and only here for one purpose, that is

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Freeway]

Philly Free on his grind, I need my paper straight  
So I'm creatin these rhymes without a paper mate  
That got me bustin these lines, they got me rackin my mind  
They got me standin in line behind my label mates  
No, I'm not Jay but I am on the way  
And I am not Kanye but I can produce +Heartbreaks & 808s+  
And reduce the studio costs  
'Cause I'm recording in the hood, I'm not lampin in the Mandalay  
I'm makin hits, I need the same attention they get  
Them niggaz throw a temper tantrum, you don't hand 'em pay  
Record labels tryin to jerk me like a hand job  
If they don't hand me mine, I know how to handle this  
Leave somebody slumped, Riot Pump pistol grip  
But fuck sittin in prison wastin my plans away  
I guess I gotta find another way to make the pay  
Let me know if you can find a way to make the chips

[Chorus]