

# M.O.N.E.Y.

Jay Rock

They sell out, or buy in  
Put their lives on the line and call it grinding  
Without a second thought, now he's doing 5 or 10  
Money talks, its murder for hire hear the sirens  
You smell the envy in the air, everything is fair  
This is war, street dreams are made, it's not a game

Motivated by money, money is mesmerizing  
Many are murdered for it while mayhem is exercising  
Money is Morpheus, and might pay your mortgages  
Plus the morgue got some more of it  
That embalment fluid merging through your muscles immortaleess  
Philosophy rules, if your mustard is mean then your material views  
Will put a misery on the broke  
Majority manifests, a mission before they mope  
For math we do the most, observing the optimist, opposites do attract  
Operation for evil, its obvious for attack  
Obedience is a must but its hard to obey  
When your optics ain't saying no opportunities pay  
It might be over a dice game, might be over a new chain  
Might be over an old bitch, or you owe someone old change  
You open for open game, then open your ears  
It's not an option it's an order you get shit clear about money!

The things people do for the money  
And you might just lose your soul  
And some will give their whole life  
For the money, yep for the money  
Will you give your whole life, for the money, for the money

The negatives are normal when you knee deep  
When nice sins get stabbed with a knife in or shot with a nine  
The neediest the nosiest, they always trying to be friends  
And if you naive you should notice all the signs  
They known to turn naughty, might gain notoriety  
But your nemesis is lurking through the party  
No exceptions, no time to exit  
Your neighbours is near, now you hearing noises  
Say you got a death wish, everything is everything  
Well equity is evident, find yourself establishing  
Establishment executives, street entrepreneurs  
Examined in they estimate, extracurricular drug activities the testament  
Taste the work, excellent, fiends excersing dope  
To the head estrogen, entertain I have a hope  
Intertwined with cut throats, enter when you please  
Keep your eyes open its easy to be deceived about money

Why the say money is the root of evil?  
Because when you got too much of it here comes the root and evil  
So tell me why money keeps you satisfied  
Do it keep food on your table, do it keep you hell-a fly?  
Why, why is money always on your mind?  
Because the less fortunate don't have money all the time  
Why money got niggas out there doing time?  
Cause snitches getting paid for police to drop dimes  
Why bitches set niggas up for the money?  
Pussy'll get you killed nigga don't think its funny

Why niggas sell crack to they momma for the money?  
Money will have you snitching while your family be hungry  
And why envy a nigga who getting money  
When you got the same opportunity to get it dummy, yeah  
It's just a thought for your mental my nigga pay attention  
Get rich or die trying just know you can't take it with you  
I'm talking money!