

## Money a Do It

Juicy J

I will gun creep you through your hood with that gun on my waist  
Tell me what's the procedure with the gun on your face  
We did a couple of talkin we just out here gettin money  
Out here fucking these hoes my young ins servin them junkies  
I got partnas that smoke, I got bitches that sniff  
I got killas and goons, and they all with the shit  
Send them bust in your home, if you play with my chips  
They gon come in shoot them choppas bullet shoot through them bricks  
Comin shoot up your house, comin spray up your wealth  
I need money my nigga, say them gangsters for your bitch  
Catch you out on the town, then you [?] all up  
I don't play in my walkin, but I been up my buck, hol up

I see ya got some haters, yeah a money do it  
Shawty do some strands for some change, yeah a money do it  
If I want a nigga dead, yeah a money do it  
If I want it I'm a get it, I got money to do it

Take your bitch home then I'm all up in that pussy  
Old school pimpin she ain't fuckin with no rookie  
Juicy J be cooler than a phantom on a ho  
Watch me take her out the club, and drop some bands on that ho  
Buy that bitch a bag, buy that bitch some beans  
I keep her caked up nigga that's a happy me  
Full of codeine in my styrofoam cup  
I can turn a church girl into a stone cold slut  
Bad red bone, puttin on the show  
No I'm not gon wife her up cause she errbody ho  
Fuckin with them broke niggas, so what does she think  
Need to get your mind right, bitch, and come get these Franklins

Fuck niggas don't want to go to war  
Got a AK and a snub nose  
Shoot em up, he talkin shit  
With a ski mask on, and a pumpin shit  
Kick in the door, and leave em dead  
With a aim so precise, two shots to the head  
One for the money, two for the Feds  
Lord forgive, but I mean what I seen  
All in your house, and I'm looking for a dope  
Cause I got to get paid or else no hope  
I'm Juicy J throw with some [?] to the boat  
Best believe I'm a pimp, nigga ain't goin broke  
Ride in the car with a body in the trunk  
Three niggas deep, and we rollin up a blunt  
Straight to Mississippi, sweatin up a pilly  
Crazy is hell, you niggas gotta kill me  
You niggas don't, wanna die,  
Chest out, and acting hard  
Calico, and a 45  
Hollow tips, that pull apart  
Keep it G, my G  
Or you could meet your makers, body count stackin  
I was in Jamaica, with Alabaisse  
I be flyin by bitin down I'm flying high  
Hatin ass niggas gotta die  
If they mad then I'm a let them try

I could kick a door, or I could snatch a nigga  
My niggas ridin with me, and they yellin let's crack a nigga  
North Memphis full strapped up with a 2  
Police pulled me over I'm a play it cool  
I ain't going to jail (no sir)  
I shoot and I run, that's how a nigga post bail