

# don't play with my money

KAMAUU

I got lost in the waves  
I was lost in it deep  
I was lost in the sauce  
Cooking up chowder for cheese  
Thank the Lord that I'm paid  
It is something I prayed for  
I don't do this for money  
But I don't do it for cheap either

My art is my heart  
Don't bargain too hard  
It'll throw me off balance  
You'll get the wrath of Ma'at  
It ain't even about me  
I got people around me  
Every man is a county  
I've got people counting on me  
So respect the accounting

I got a family, and I plan to leave, and take 'em all to Tanzania  
If you're playing with me and my plans to leave, you might end up in bandage  
s  
I try to chill, but when I'm tired as hell I don't hide it well  
And this economy is a comedy, it'll probably fail

I get lost in the stu' for a reason  
I record like a dog for a reason  
Pour my soul and my all for a reason  
I put my life in this work

So don't play with my money  
Don't play with my art  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my heart  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my art  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my heart

'Cause I'll slap off your waves  
I'll slap, I slap you again  
I'll slap all your friends  
I'll slap off they face  
I'll slap you once for every artist still waiting for their paper  
Slap you two times for every time you failed to credit and their names

I triple slap you for taking advantage of hunger pains  
Knowing that contracts sound like food when you don't speak that language  
Four slaps for every stolen idea, for famous Amos  
Five slaps for the hungry  
I'll scrap for my money

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I record like a dog for a reason  
Pour my soul and my all for a reason  
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So don't play with my money  
Don't play with my art  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my heart  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my art  
Don't play with my money  
Don't play with my heart

(Aye)

Out of my pocket  
Get yo' hands out of my bank  
Out of my pocket  
Get yo' hands out of my bank  
Out of my pocket  
Get yo' hands out of my bank  
Pocket  
Get yo' hands out of my...

Yeah

'Cause I slap  
I'll slap you again  
I'll slap all your friends  
I'll slap off their faces  
I slap you once  
For everyone that you made think you was Godly  
Your ideals are idiotic  
Hell you done mastered idolatry

On God, I swear I'll slap the snot out yo' mouth  
For not telling us we was chosen  
We had to find that hoe out  
So, I record like a dog  
For the dead and the lost  
And pour my soul and my all for a reason