

Money

Konshens

One million, two million
3 million Konshens yo si the plan
Mi vision mi house big like pavilion
Mi no waan dead so no gun dem cyaa put this hand

Reach fi the sky
Wi no si no floor
Wi no si no gate
Wi no si no door
Wa wi si, money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money

No more hungry man a pree straight dinner
Wi a the white line weh the road paint in a
Go fi the money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money

This a clean money, loyalty money
This a rough up road, hard work put in money
This a ghetto youth believe in a yo dream money
Man a gangster mi naw spend no he she money
Mi waan cash in a mi palm
But mi just want all them pot fi put on
So mi work hard mi no stop, mi no calm
Mi fly out fi fly in whoops, poverty gone

Mi can swear fi mi brother
None a wi never change fi the treader
The only thing change a wi clothe and the weather
From mi come out a mi mother mi being a money maker
Mi a mi mother blessing her days haffi better
No gimmi no beritta, mi brave up mi cleaver
And it burn badmind yeh hotter than pepper
Si man a climb, man a try shift weh the ladder

Ghetto youth, roll out clean, clean
The street team, no we zeen
Subconscious the dream team
Dem cyaa si the cheese green
Man a hustler red eye mi cyaa dead poor
Mi seh mi bankbook fi big like 3 scheme

That's why mi bleach every night bun jack fish
Shop in al mi closet and plane turn taxi
Yeh mi love chat meck dem chat and watch mi
Mi is a youth weh love chat none a dem cyaa stop mi