Ninety five keep it live Yeah to make papers knahmsayin'? Motherfuckin' Kool G. Rap and B1 And my motherfuckin' man Grimm Just comin' with somethin' to keep the brain stem

It's Big 1 son Jamaica Queens is the turf And I'ma exploit heaven and earth for what it's worth It's the MC extraordinaire the jewels glare The God is rare I'm takin' bitches back to my lair I want mines and yours, strippin' niggaz to they drawers No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers Now I'm sippin' Harvey's Bristal Cream with the glock 17 As the sirens race to the scene Tryin' to get dough, like Pablo, today, fuck tomorrow Seats for carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo I got the game down to a science, it's the clients That turn small time hustlers into giants Three course meal, waitin' for my appetizer Blowin' like a geyser, time only makes me wiser Paraphenalia, and material, makes the crew imperial I put the fear in you, sippin' beer with two Handlin' business properly, form a monopoly Storefront property, if not, another robbery I'm puttin' forth the effort, murder's the method The steak is peppered Son when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is magnetic

## [Chorus]

I gotta flip these bricks
'Cause bein broke drive me insane
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
From O-Z's to ki's
The triple beam brings fame to my name
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
Niggaz be schemed teamin'
But still I maintain
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
'Cause money and murder go hand in hand
It ain't nothin' but a game
Money's on my motherfuckin brain son

Cryin' hopin' God forgive me for the ones I killed
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills
Like McDonald's, makin' mills servin'
Fuck a Landcruiser now, pulls a ? to Suburban
Stressed out, sittin' thinkin' past bed time
Scared can't sleep, nightmares about fed time
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that
Fat shit I'm talkin' code cause my phone's tapped
Crackheads worship me like I'm Jesus
Uncle Sam can't stand me cause I'm fuckin' all his nieces

Cuties every color, who I wanna fuck next?
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next
Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks
Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs
A large ratio in this game dies
But I'm flippin' pies, til the Senate legalize

## [Chorus]

I'm sportin' flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Benz with the chrome rims Presidential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone gems Pockets filled with Gucci leather wallets designed by Gucci Parlay in restaurants, eatin' shrimp, scampi and sushi Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside Cuban links Lookin' ?, brothers stink, got loot like I'm doin' banks Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami Front row seats up at the Grammy's, the broke niggaz can't stand me Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo Just home by the dingos, I step up in em rockin' Kangols Straight up fakin' no jacks, cause all my crackshacks are jam packed My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track, like Amtrak So stand back, 'cause I'ma make whatever it takes To shake Jakes, and shoot snakes, and bake more snowflake cakes than Drake's Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor cause I'm ill It's war, but no more kids are bein kidnapped, matter of fact Ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the hammers So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs split like bananas Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin' bodies Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti Yeah, paid as a motherfuckin' bank teller The Goodfella, I stay a motherfuckin' drug seller

[Chorus]