

# Love Of Money

## Terminology

I put my money in the freezer, I call it cold cash  
My coat stash is bigger than Coca-Cola's ass  
It's dimes in my pocket, dimes in my bed  
Serve a quarter chicken, make sure you fed  
The trap love me, cousin I rap lovely  
Been killin em from the jump, crack bungee  
I'm Chris Humphries, cheatin on the baddest bitch  
40 round clip, I call it the magic stick  
It makes rappers disappear, whisper in yo ear  
Crystal clear, come here, let me kiss yo tears  
Put the lotion in the basket bitch before you catch it  
Tie you to a mattress, turn it into yo casket  
I get respect on the same blocks who hustle on  
So is it's all I'm The West, f\*\*k yo mom!  
Fore the came up we, I keep the cutties calm  
These serial killers will eat you for your lucky charm

This one for the dollar, gotta get it  
That's all that I do  
Can never be scared cause we with it  
Gotta do what I do yea  
It's all for the love of money  
Cash, clothes, the cars and the honeys  
Yea money makes the world go round  
Money makes the world go round ah yea

I wanna make love to an angel  
My pocket is handcuffed to a halo  
I stand up in the ghetto, babe bro, this ain't full  
Button ups and cangos, my pockets lumpy  
Like I stuff potatoes under mangos  
Big guns stuffed with egg rolls  
Who wanna tango? This is wrong  
I'm re-tweetin, why the dope problem?  
So DM it baby if you got a coke problem  
I gotta see er cope, got er nose divin  
Without yo favorite rapper co-signin  
I got a gorgeous day but you got this note that I got  
it all  
That as soon as it got important  
Like a model from a 3rd world country that I  
Nuttin in before she got deported  
And I signed a deal for the part, no before it got  
recorded  
This is business, for that money I blow  
Leave yo aye, yo sunny side up, rude boy

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Listen, we tryna make digits, gotta get me a few bucks

You tryna play with it, that gets you a few buck buck  
Sun is dead a real, we move weight  
Homie you on a treadmill tryna remove weight  
Lots of haters, they are mad  
They pissed off cause cash I pilot like the operator  
aircraft  
Cocked and spray up their ass  
I hit you with the impact of a truck  
But I will not inflate a airbag  
Gotta get this cheddar for...  
My first and second born  
If this epilogue never score big I ain't never raw but  
I swear  
If ain't got some chips  
Cock the 5th, turn yo Range to a pasta dish nigga  
Gotta watch the million frames, they go over a million  
frames  
Long as you can game ends  
But see when no money remains then they'll be gone  
Put that in the cane end  
Money to the eyes wide, like they on a kingpin, excuse  
me

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