

# Ca\$h Money Click, 4 My Click (Street)

[ INTRO: Mic Geronimo ]

Yeah yeah  
'94 style  
Ca\$h Money Click  
Representin  
Ja Rule  
Nemesis  
Chris Black  
Get money

[ VERSE 1: Nemesis ]

Ca\$h Money Click flips like acrobats over tracks  
Summersaultin on DATs and dropped off wax  
Surprise, it's the nigga with the red eyes  
I stay high with infrared seein through all y'all small guys  
Niggas get nervous, got sweat in your palms  
I predict more downfall than Sly Stone's moms  
The fugitive runnin, crazed nigga with the knife  
Ill trife, got muthaf\*\*kas runnin for they life  
Totin down off of herbs and a forty  
Recollect enough styles up in my ???? with my shortie  
Who got, the shit that's hot (the Click)  
I'm on the block, we're guardin spots, rockin niggas' knots  
So check us like illogic, some say I'm sinister  
Sizzling, in the summertime when I be settin the  
Subliminals, going through your mentals  
F\*\*kin niggas' heads up, leavin em in critical

[ CHORUS: Mic Geronimo ]

It's for my Click, nigga, nothin but my Click, and  
It's for my Click, nigga, nothin but my Click, and  
It's for my Click, nigga, nothin but my Click, and  
It's for my Click, nigga, Ca\$h Money Click

(I represent my click like a four-pound)☐-&gt; Keith Murray

[ VERSE 2: Chris Black ]

Shit is f\*\*ked up and it gets worse everyday  
That's why we sling rocks and all relate with them A.K.'s  
Straight reachin to all them niggas hustlin on the blocks  
Packin em glocks, sayin muthaf\*\*k the cops  
Lleyo's a street nigga's main occupation  
Caught sleep in the game, the morgue's your destination  
So go ahead with your badself, nigga  
I'm knockin dicks in the dirt with this one finger

Wine be fine, what the f\*\*k, so is crime, nigga  
Roll a zhigge zhigge and blaze on the trigger, nigga  
Show no shame when you're caught up in this game  
Maintain, but never strain flow with the blow  
Cause in this trade you're full of tricks and surprises  
Downfall and rises, the Click enterprises  
Settin for nothin less, why fess?  
Ain't no turnin back, get caught up in this bloody mess

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Ja Rule ]

Big shouts to my thug niggas, worldwide  
Peace to the East Side, West Side, nigga riiiiide..  
Check out the way it's goin down in the underground  
The Click is packin four-pounds  
A full pressure, nothin settlin for less

Eliminatin stress, 550 for a Tec  
Now it's time to move, stick and stack  
Nemesis, Black, keep your hand on your gat  
Cause it's like that, the ghetto's been good but it's rugged  
True to the game, muthaf\*\*ka, I'ma thug it  
And make it happen, on stage or in the streets  
Put down your micro rhymin ?????? beats  
If your shit's real all you fake niggas know the deal  
Steal a bone from a dog and your cap get peeled  
By CMC, RIP, emergency  
All praise is due to Ja Rule and Ca\$h Money

[ CHORUS ]

[ OUTRO: Mic Geronimo ]  
Yeah yeah  
Uknowmsayin?  
3 brand new ways  
To get nothin but money  
Ha-ha

Yeah yeah  
One love

[ CHORUS ]

Yeah (yeah)  
Muthaf\*\*ka (muthaf\*\*ka