

Sauce Money, Chart Climbin'

(Sauce Money)

MC rhymin..

.. uhh uhh

Uhh, uh uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh

MC, MC, M-A-R-C-Y

Uhh, uh..

MC rhymin, chart climbin

With the baguettes, Roley shinin

We smokin the best trees, I bet some skins on it

I got a SE, twenty inch rims on it

I got playaz who wanna kill me but love to speak nigga

cause I got a freak every day of the week

They just fake friends, they hope the shit ends (fuck you)

They see the dough my click spend in the big Benz

They think it's sweet, now we rock cubans with diamonds in em

but if they sleep (what?) hell is where I'ma send em

I know it's beef cause I don't wanna be rhymin wit em

They wanna act like BITCHES, time to split em

What the deal Ma? Heard I was boss ha?

On the real, wanna hear it from the Sauce ha?

You like the way I do it? I just gotta spit

I got flow doughs hoes and a lot of hits

Chorus: Sauce Money (repeat 4X)

MC rhymin, chart climbin

Together we talk the talk, forever we walk the walk

(Sauce Money)

In the trial my niggaz'll squeeze for the general

MP's holdin my heat, nigga run wild

I dial, executioners, go the extra mile

Nigga cock that, lose a screw when it pop black

Never provoke toast, niggaz get ghost most

You couldn't be my family, we never spoke close

You spit that "yo" shit, I say "nosotros"

Don't fuck with them dudes, think them niggaz homos

I'm talkin the bad bitches, you on some funny shit

You go for broke? I go for gettin money kid

I grab your homebase, now she give new honey head

To all you Donnie Brasco's, I'm Sonny Red

I split a weak nigga cheek quick, with one of those

Fuck a physique wrapped tighter than mummy clothes

Off looks alone probably get to touch em all light

but because of the flow, now I fuck em all night

Chorus

(Sauce Money)

You like dough baby? Work hard and you can get that

But in the meantime, let me hit that

Get you down on all fours, like a Kit-Kat

I'm tryin to split that, shouldn'ta did that

In and out with the quickness now what could make the brother stop?

Nothin, well maybe if the rubber pop

And even then that might not slow me down

I'm bout to go to town, wanna come? Show me now

Singular most MC's bringin your toast

I run roughshod rip rap stars and roast

I don't brag or boast, I only speak in facts

And if I say you seven days, how weak/week is that?

Fatal to niggaz that's unable to ride wit me

You better decide who side or collide wit me

The very last rapper tragically he died swiftly
You been warned motherfuckers, now come and get me

Chorus

(Sauce Money)

MC..

Together we talk the talk, forever we walk the walk (4X)