

Sticky Fingaz, Money Talks

(feat. Raekwon the Chef)

[Sticky Fingaz]

Twas the night before twistmas
And all through the house
We had guns and money around
Layin' on the couch
Was dressed with black jewelry this time
Mmmmmm, c'mon

[Sticky Fingaz]

Everybody want me, I created thieves
Why I'm almost as important as the air you breathe
I been through hard times, when it wasn't enough for me
Stick a weak kid'll have you livin' in luxury
I'm the reason niggas sellin' drugs to fiends
I'm the reason Mr. Simpson got off clean
I'm the reason some parents gotta bury they kids
And I'm the reason why your cousin on the run from feds
I've been through customs, borders
I've been handled by authorities
Drove people crazy when they couldn't see more of me
I've been saved, I've been buried alive
Say my name enough and any nigga testify
Who you think lead that whole seller ass that time
All by myself, I created black on black crime
I'm America's most, I'm tadded up with Ghostt
Even my hand got big, from net to gross
I'm emotionless, yet I breathe jealousy and envy
People kill for me or die to defend me
But in the end am I really worth the sun
Rich people make me work for them
And poor people work for me
Who am I? Nigga I'm money
Who am I? Nigga I'm money

[Hook: Raekwon the Chef]

See the gun wound, went down for you
Who ran up in the house, duke
Caught one from he and for who
When niggas was ready to murder me
You stayed up in the crib, like a bitch
Lookin' ill, and it's lurkin' me (for who?)
I got stabbed for you
Yo, shot up the ass for you
Should stop blowin' the cabs for you (for who?)
Chill, some niggas called crabs for you
Holdin' them garbage bags for you
Ill, blowin them hags for you

[Sticky Fingaz]

I resort to evil, I don't grow on trees
I'm called by different names, chips, scrilla, cream
And I'm always green whether dirty or clean (Woooooeeee!)
Gettin' ya hands on me is the American dream
I'm more powerful than God, or Razale
Cause when you pray to God nigga, you pray for me
I'm an exchange hand to hand, with heavy weaponry
This one couple fucked on me, and slept on me
Up in the dice games niggas stepped on me
Bet on me, couldn't pay, bled on me
I enslaved populations, and controled masses
I come in all forms, coins, paper, plastic
Even credit, I owe you

You work for me nigga, I own you
If you are smart, you make me work for you
All ya life you try and get me and it's hurtin' you

[Hook: Raekwon the Chef]

[Sticky Fingaz]

If you had a million of me, what would you do with me yo?
Would you blow me in a month and have nothin' to show
Or would you invest in me and watch me grow
Take me to the streets and flip me from, do' to sto' to do'
I underseen things I wish I hadn't seen
I came between loved ones and families
A nigga kill his old man to get his hands on me
Got secret enscptions, examine me
Wanna find me, the bank machine is where I be
And showed 'em to a hundred grand, F.D.I.C.
I'm more notorious than the B.I.G.
I'm so money, who don't wanna be like me

[Hook x2: Raekwon the Chef]