Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Foe Tha Love Of \$

(feat. Eazy-E)

Foe tha' love of money Gotta make that money man It's still the same now

Gotta get on the grind
Pop in the clip of my nine
And bitch if you slip
You hit the chalk and fall in the night time
Gotta get mine

Ain't takin no shorts or no losses

Hop on the phone

Callin' my nigga sin at home Polishin' that MAC-10 crome

Gotta a lick so bring yo shit

Cause once again it's on

To the dome with a fifth of burb we wig to the curb so we swerve

And rolled out to pick up the triple six thug

And follow the murder for robbin the dooehouse

Smoke jump outta me bong

So high, now comin' to slay with four grenades and a gauge

I'm a play, watch all 'em fall in the grave and lay

Pullin' in the driveway, Wish spotted the place and quickly rolled up

Bulldozed through the living room

Hopped out of the car and started to blow up

Buck, Buck, and a kaboom

Me blew all them bodies all over the room

Them doomed

And gotta move fast, why?

The po-po's comin'

Snatch up me yummy

So nigga don't think it's funny

I'm comin' up quick in the niine-quat

Cause Flesh be lovin' this money

I'm given uo love to the hustlas

All them St. Clair thugstas makin' that money stayin' on your feet

And you better believe gotta have that cheese

For the green leaves, never catch me sleep

Stay on the grind, get mine

Stayin' down for mine crime, and I hit up the nine-nine

Givin' up that llelo, makin' me sale, twenties nickles and dimes

Beat up and stick up a lick up, that two-eleven

Gotta get what's mine, then bailin'

Me kickin' up dust, I'm trailin

Feelin one-eight-seven

That's how it is, and I gotsta have it in the nine-quat

Mission to check a mill and still be real

Thuggin' on the glock-glock, creepin on a come up

Won't sleep till I'm done up

Gotta blaze me blunt up, hunt up another plot and scheme

Gotta make some green, cause soldiers nut up, What up?

Gotta get that buisness on, even though the buddah run me, stun me

Feelin' lovely, but I'm just in it for he love of the money

[Chorus]

Standin' on the corner straight slangin' rocks Aw ahit! Here comes the muthafuckin' cops! So I dash, I ducks, and I hides behind a tree Makin' sure the muthafuckas don't see me Now my fat sack of rocks hell yeah i stuffed 'em Police on my draws, i had to pause
And yeah, it's still muthafuck 'em
Now my game is tight, tight as fuck is my game
Easy muthafuckin E or Eric Wright it's all the same
Now niggas might trip on how I stash my grip
I gotta have it bitch
For the love of this shit
MUTHAFUCKA!!

[Chorus]

When dough got me thugsta, thuggish ways, down for my crime everytime Follow me down the nine-nine, and you will find all of me kind Check out the ripsta, now, drop down Run 'em up outta me hood Rip's straight when makin' me grip wiht me click Rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be Me put 'em in mud, buck 'em, and pump blood Got nothing to lose, bitch Ya beter respect Rip, or ya best check this slug It's goin' down steady pump and peel rounds, gunnin' with a me gang Bang, gotta make that money man It's still the same Steady runnin' thang wild, and follow me now While I take you up into a barrel of a gun, see For the dub you're done

Nigga down for my thug off in this game

For the bud, I run, for the love of my money

So peep as me creep and me crawlin' off on the mission to back in the days

When niggas was bailin' with sawed-offs and wanted to get paid Runnin' to my side, lil' nigga, Ripsta, both on the mission for money You give u the cash, oh, that was your ass

Cause me and me nigga was hungary

And bitch, if you're stallin' you might just catch one to the temple And um, Bone raw doggin', so nigga just make tha shit simple and run To catch one nigga me fill 'em with bullets and dump 'em in rivers Remember, me killa now

For money, me dig ya six feet in a ditch and get richer

Cause bitch you were slippin'

I'll cut ya, then rip ya, then buck ya down Steayd rodin' and stealin' makin' a killin' Nigga drugdealin', needin a million Hustlin' drugs when the thugs be chillin' For the money, these niggas be sellin' off in the cut

Where you find a nigga thuggin' off in braids and skullies

And when I stick ya and lick ya, remember

I get 'em up for the love of the money

For the love of money

Yeah, Bone in the muthafuckin' house for the nine-quats nigga Yeah, rollin' with Ruthless records in this bitch My niggas, Layzie Bone, Bizzy Bine, Wish Bone, And Flesh-n-Bone And I'm that nigga, Krayzie Bone, in the muthafuckin' house