

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

Nigga down for my thug off in this game  
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