

# Cypress Hill, Money

Yo, I got this plan to make some money. I want you to keep this shit to yourself.  
At 6:15 am this truck pulls out the post office. I'm like a shootin' wisher.  
Now it makes one stop before it goes to Sacramento,  
which is a mail drop-off at First Federal Loan and Savings.

I did whatever I could to get by  
Slang dope jack people hands in the sky

When you livin' on the edge yeah holmie it's a high  
You get caught up in the drama and eventually you die

Livin' in a hard world some are livin' lies  
Son you better wise up and open up your eyes

Shit it never easy holmie people will connive  
Better have a hustle if you mean to survive

Why you're so greedy can you tell us all why  
Look holmie believe me you're fuckin' metal ply

For the dollar everybody is a target that's real  
Talkin' is smog you're fate's signed and sealed

You could be the next one cross 'em in the path  
What maybe if you do the math you can avoid the blood bath

All the money that we stole too weak to take greed  
Give it to an honest man the money is still deep

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Fiend for the mean green  
Never get enough is a mother fuckin' gangsta dream

For the love of the cash flow  
You could live fast and you could die slow

Show where's the can bet your ass you believe it  
'Cause niggas that you know try hard to be schemin'

Work hard is fuck for everything to rock  
You a dead mother fucker 'fore I get got

Fools got game floss and drop names  
My move's faster than a runaway train

Fuck the world don't ask me for shit  
Catch you on your knees and you want some dick

Spot a gold nigga with a hairline trigger  
Each root your name the reputation get bigger

For the love of the money, pussy, drugs

Fools change and get all twisted up

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Only if ya better keep your eyes peeled  
'Cause you were talkin' for jacks and that's real

Whether you rap or do biz or drug deal  
Holmie for the dollar you can get yourself killed

He decided to jet it could happen with no discussion  
Straps of all pain fools fuckin' eruptin'

For the green little papers jackin' your neighbors  
But what if your neighbor put arms in his favor

Moved up the heater to mash you punk bitches  
Don't wanna earn shit you wanna jack for the riches

Nothin' in life's for free my nigga learn that  
You burn someone they might just burn back

Scorchin' niggas to the third degree  
Auh y'all triggers deserve to be

Put out of you misery your history son  
When your body disappears then the mystery come

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