Flipmode Squad, Money Talks

Intro: Busta Rhymes
Yeah , see , see , nowadays , young niggas get alot of money
See the fact is that young niggas is self employed now
We livin in a time frame where it's all big business
We gotta understand that the young niggas is runnin big business
This is how we gon do it , check it out

(Busta Rhymes)
Before I sing another song (ha)
Nigga owe me money I take away your belonging (ha)
No prolonging (hoo)
Till you give me my money you see me every mornin (ha)
Got somethin wicked for all the niggas you callin (ha)
Fuck with the stallin (ha)
Split a nigga till his shit leave him a little boy (hoo)
Watch a nigga crawlin (ha)
Pay my money or you better keep you hall in (ha)
Dig up on my get money niggas so keep fallin (ha)
Cheers makin you happy keepin your bubble pourin (ha)
Gettin money on corners or even if you tourin (hoo)
Older cats used to do the big money scorin
Now they once upon time money niggas who start fallin (hoo)

CHORUS: Busta Rhymes
Niggas wanna analyze my money like a hawk
Money talks , bullshit won't
Alotta jealous niggas wanna see me outlined in chalk
Money talks , bullshit won't
Flipmode get money stay holdin down the fort
Money talks , bullshit won't
Bless every livin soul we got playin the money sport
Money talks , bullshit won't

(Rampage)
I work so hard to get what I got , number one spot
Now I'm hot hot hot
(what what)
I'm hot hot hot
(what what)
I'm hot hot hot , yeah
Mansion and a yacht , baby blue Nav in the lot
Ice on my hands , I got future plans , travelin to distant lands
A hundred G cash , money comin out my ass , first to first class
Now I'm a rap nigga livin like fast
Keep my enemies close , watch what I gross
That's why I pack my toast , nowadays cats adios , uno , dos
Yoy fall off and you can't come back
You get the hit single , your album sound wack
I give you the leeway , you sound like us , rock like us
Squad like us , yeah

CHORUS

(Rah Digga)
Niggas killin me , talkin that hope you don't change shit
Hell yeah bitch , from the door I get on some mad gear shit
Type vibe carry studs in my ear shit
Who the fuck type yellin , say crud sellin
Ain't said hi in years think I'ma pay they bail and
The 9-8 people get this right
I be a diamond in the rough like the Arabian Night
Goin after ends , only keepin friends
Makin they own moves , drivin they own Benz
I'm supposed to change you just didn't

Stuck in low income homes blamin Clinton
Bitch like me , gon rock till my last batch of breath
With a grade full of ASCAP checks

CHORUS
Corporate niggas want my money gotta take me to court(addition)

(Spliff Star)
Yo
Spliff doin things , pursuin things , I'm gettin money
Chop the hand off the man who try to take from me
My guns go POW from Brook to Moscow
Tear a hole in your biddad for messin wit my triddad
Stack ones into lump sums you know the motto
See me on your block with Black Rob throwin bottles
I'ma a hard act to follow , love girls that swallow
So crazy I don't know where I'ma be at tomorrow
Yeah , I heard that money talks so I wrote this commentary
Every move that I make for sure is monetary
Our squad legendary , I'ma bump it till you hear me
Spliff doin love scenes on big screens with Halle Berry

Outro: Busta Rhymes
Ahee hee hee hee hee
See , it's a serious serious serious thing now
Big business , allows young niggas , to comfortably eat
Every motherfucking day now , ahee hee hee hee , aight
Struggle process is now kept to a minimum , ahee hee hee
Yeah , I think I'm about to go buy me a couple of motherfucking sneakers , a couple bags of weed , a motherfucking 500S98CL version
And a couple of bitches , ah ha ha ha ha ha