

Insane Clown Posse, Whut Rydas Do For Money

Full Clip in this muthafucka, whut!!!
It's all about the money, dead presidents

A ryda ain't shit without his money,
Ya heard me, whut,,whut...bring it whut!!!

It ain't just the paper chase no more
It's a way of life, fuck chasin'
Put it in my pocket bitch, whut!
Yea, money money money ya'll!
Dollars, money, g's, chedda, green, bring it! bring it!"

Once upon a time I was sittin' at a stop light
Countin' my chedda, and shinnin' up the gat, right
Gang tight, never caught slippin'
Fools bullet dippin', straight set trippin'
Hell naw, I aint lettin' this shit ride
Got out, open the door and got aside
Chillin' in the backseat pulled out the heat
Heated to the dome, the car comin' with me what
Matter of fact, fuck all that
Don't care what time of day or the place I'm at
Just me and my peace restin' in the crease
Between boxers and denim, and everything's co-cheese
Cause I ceased, and open an opportunity
Everytime a sucker gets caught sittin' next to me
Pockets get lined, everythings lovely
One way a ryda gets down fo his money, yeah

What rydas do for money
A ryda gets dirty and know they get greedy
Bitch run your pockets, I'll rob the whole city
What rydas do for money
A ryda pulls gats then jacks yo stacks
Bitch run your pockets, or get popped in the back

Pockets are swole now but just not fat enough
I'll do any kind of dirt for a few bucks
There I go, I cased out the spot
Where everything pops
Bass heads and drug rocks
Farmers inside bakin all the cream cheese
But fuck that shit, a ryda got needs
2 jacks and a 9 in the back
Where those hoes at, I'll wipe them off the map
Kicked in the door, bitch get on the floor
Took them in the back room open the drawer
Get on your fuckin' knees, turn around
You gettin' stuck fuck, don't make a fuckin' sound
Vo-tec centers got emptied in his face
Drawer got took, the house got kicked
My pockets got lined, everything's lovely
I love the way a ryda gets down for his money

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There's many different ways around to earn yo green
You a ryda, you dunno, Yo it's a money thing
Stackin' yo chips, makin paper
Cause I'll make ya hand over that bank, yeah!
Jackin' that shit arouse in the rap game
It won't make a damn difference, it's all the same
This way or that way, it's goin in my pocket
Can't nobody stop it, to me it's all profit
Put your hand down what's yours is mine
Make one wrong move get stabbed in the spine
My pockets been lined and everythings lovely
I told you I can die for my muthafuckin money bitch

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Repeats until song ends