

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Money On My Brain

Ninety-five, keep it live
Yeah to make papers, knahmsayin?
Motherf**kin Kool G. Rap and B1
and my motherf**kin man Grimm
Just comin with somethin to keep the brainstem

..

[B1]

It's Big 1 son, Jamaica Queens is the turf
And I'ma exploit, heaven and earth, for what it's worth
It's the MC extrordinaire, the jewels glare
The God is rare, I'm takin bitches back to my lair
I want mines and yours, strippin niggaz to they drawers
No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's
It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka
In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers
Now I'm sippin Harvey's Bristol Cream with the Glock 17
as the sirens race to the scene
Tryin to get dough, like Pablo, today, f**k tomorrow
Seats for carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo
I got the game down to a science, it's the clients
that turn small time hustlers into giants
Three course meal, waitin for my appetizer
Blowin like a geyser, time only makes me wiser
Paraphenalia, and material, makes the crew imperial
I put the fear in you, sippin beer with two
Handlin business properly, form a monopoly
Storefront property, if not, another robbery
I'm puttin forth the effort, murder's the method
The steak is peppered
Son when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd
Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted
Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is magnetic

Chorus: Grimm, B1

I gotta flip these bricks
cause bein broke drive me insane
Money's on my motherf**kin brain
From O-Z's to ki's
the triple beam brings fame to my name
Money's on my motherf**kin brain
Niggaz be schemin and teamin
but still I maintain
Money's on my motherf**kin brain
Cause money and murder go hand in hand
It ain't nothin but a game
Money's on my motherf**kin brain son

[Grimm]

Cryin hopin God forgive me for the ones I killed
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills
Like McDonald's, makin mills servin
F**k a Landcruiser now, pulls a ? to Suburban
Stressed out, sittin thinkin past bed time
Scared can't sleep, nightmares about fed time
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that
Fat shit I'm talkin code cause my phone's tapped
Crackheads worship me like I'm Jesus
Uncle Sam can't stand me cause I'm f**kin all his nieces
Cuties every colour, who I wanna f**k next?
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next
Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks

Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs
A large ratio in this game dies
But I'm flippin pies, til the Senate legalize

Chorus: Grimm, G. Rap (same lines)

[Kool G. Rap]

I'm sportin flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Bezn with the chrome rims
Presidential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone gems
Pockets filled with lucci leather wallets designed by Gucci
Parlay in resteraunts, eatin shrimp, scampi and sushi
Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside cuban links
Lookin ?, brothers stink, got loot like I'm doin banks
Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami
Front row seats up at the Grammy's, the broke niggaz can't stand me
Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo
Just home by the dingos, I step up in em rockin Kangols
Straight up fakin no jacks, cause all my crackshacks are jam packed
My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track, like Amtrak
So stand back, cause I'ma make whatever it takes
to shake Jakes, and shoot snakes, and bake more snowflake cakes than Drake's
Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville
Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor cause I'm ill
It's war, but no more kids are bein kidnapped, matter of fact
ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that
There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the hammers
So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs split like bananas
Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin bodies
Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti
Yeah, paid as a motherf**kin bank teller
The Goodfella, I stay a motherf**kin drug seller

Chorus: Grimm, G. Rap, B1 (G and B alternate)

[ad-lib to outro]