

M.O.P., Tef Money

[Teflon]

Yo

It was about 4, when I got the call

System flooded with alcohol, aiyyo dawg, we got to brawl huh?

Holla at'cha dawg, meet me at the usual

Oh yeah and bring your tool wit'chu, right now we don't know who is who

Hung up the phone, slip on some black shit

Pick up the mattress, lift up the ratchet, cla-clak (cla-clak) stash it

Hop in the black whip, tinted up, gettin up

Doin a buck haulin ass down the backstrip

In the dead of night, no headlights, runnin every red light

Headquarters, makin sure the bread right

How I walk in is real, Bill got a lead pipe

And some cat's bawlin on the floor, he need his head wiped

You don't understand me, look at me pah

Family, somebody stuck their hand in the cookie jar

It sound fatal, thugs decide at the roundtable

Blood in they eyes, who wonder what made you?

It was the money! Ah