

# Saukrates, Money or Love

Is he, is he wild? yes he, yes he is  
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Over here

Let me tell it for a minute

Back at you now

Yo

Dollar, dollar bill yall

Are these the hardest shoes to fill yall

Take it in, as far as moneys concerned, imma break it in

Your golden glove too stiff player? break it in

Never heard of surplus, the way we touch

Was like two, two gets this busy this much

Severed all my ties and burnt all my bridges

With the art of being broke, leaving yall folks suspicious

Like whos that? cool cat move back

Yall focus on ones, Ill let twos stack

Imma prove that, the funk run in my veins

And finance run in my brain, so they one in the same

My definition is success, keep em running from my reign

Acid, its classic, stresses of the game

Moving past it, save it for drastic measures

Turn the common paper chaser seeking plastic pleasures

Smart card, my heart bogs to define pressure

The lowest I go is 50/50 split no lesser

Ride with me man, while we conquer this earth

Squeezing pennies out this thing called rap for what its worth

Imma still get by

The worst will bet ya, is this money or love

Wild bout will get ya, is this money or love

The worst will bet ya, is this money or love

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Yo, Ill keep my change over there, see it?

Never touch it, besides my maffy he play the crutches

Ever since I got the know how, sugar

No change for ya, Ill throw this brain to ya

Before I feel some shame for ya

And breakdown fess up, feel some pain for ya

A mile in my shoes will prove this aint strange to ya

I see my world through the eyes of envious

First question, can he bust? fo sure I can

Bet my {motherfuckin} last penny know I can

Yall {niggaz} know it the way yall hold mic stands

Still do it for the love, my niggaz stay above

Sea level, feeling the highs like treble

Even if the rule is fight fair, embezel

And rock at navy blue six, no time to revel

In light of their riches, still hitting switches

Before you throw your criticism, wash your dishes

The black magic rap lady go me spittin vicious

Swimming with sharks, hitting the charts, mind your business

I got to go

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Every now and then Im looking at my pen

Thinking are we really friends, or

Or am I just {fucked} up something like pretend

Would I hold my honey tighter even if she had no ends

Or turn the {bitch} out and cop a 600 benz, oh lord

\*\* silent line \*\*

Shake her ass worldwide and throw the cheese to me

From ho to housewife, satisfy my needs

Shell do wonders for my hunger, while massaging my greed  
Ya heard me?  
We bring every last john to his bloody knees  
While she wax off, I get my wax on  
Ya hot 97 and your power 106  
Peep my property and throw saukrates these chips  
I got to go  
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