

# The Game, Money

Money... For the Money [x2]

[Verse 1:]

Kanye told me that Jesus walks in '04  
But I grew up around impalas and drug lords  
Welcome to Los Angeles palm trees and drug stores  
All we know is rocks and presidents like mount rushmore  
Fuck the police they hop out and bust doors  
I ain't goin back to jail nigga that what I flush for  
My money or my glock who do I trust more?  
I don't know it's probably the one that I touch more  
Guess it's the green cause paper motivate niggas  
And my rolex races cause it hate niggas  
I use to only sell 8s like that laker nigga  
Now I'm movin 24s like I play at the staples center  
You might miss the game so nigga don't blink  
My phantom stand out like Frank Lucas mink  
So go ahead and think like Frank Lucas think  
Somebody'll find your brains on the fuckin kitchen sink about

[Chorus:]

(Money)  
Dead presidents, Big paper  
(For the Money)  
Benjamins, Skyscrapers, My niggas get  
(Money)  
My Bitches get  
(Money)  
Like the strippers get  
From the block to the club I make it rain  
(Money)  
In California niggas die  
(For the Money)  
From the south to new york the bullets fly for the  
(Money)  
Don't stop gettin  
(Money)  
It don't matter where you from if you hustle motherfucker keep gettin that  
(Money)

[Verse 2:]

Yeah Yeah  
I get it that baby and slim cash money  
All the jewlery on your whole crew that's my tax money  
That pablo escobar crack money  
That Lebron first nike contract money  
That make it rain all my niggas throw a stack money  
Stack it to the ceiling then call it shaq money  
That walk in the club, straight to the back money  
Flavor of love delicious sittin on my lap money  
That rat money niggas get clapped money  
Air force ones don't bend when I track money  
Ooh I'm rich like [? ]  
Havin Alpo nightmares whippin that border  
Like McDonalds I was flippin them orders  
In that '02 porsche truck weavin through borders  
I was through flippin quarters When I made my first mil  
I'm about a dollar 50 cent ain't real

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

Ooh Somebody tell snoop to pop open them briefcases  
Order that patron tell em we want 3 cases  
Fuck a black card you see these green faces  
Look at my chest... now you've seen Vegas  
Treat my money like the cristal that we wastin  
Cause I'm a money machine I can re-make it  
You a fool thinkin that Freddy can see Jason  
I been iced out like who the fuck need Jacob  
The doc told me to be patient but I walked  
Money like the white howard next time he a free agent  
I'm tryna make enough money so I can feed Asia  
Have asains in the kitchen cookin in louis v aprons  
Word to martha stewart if I can park a buick  
Then I can flip a breech truck I got the heart to do it  
Ball like the nigga tony parker do it  
Speak no englis but dinero I talk it fluent

[Chorus:]

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Get Get Get Get G-Get cha paper boy  
Get Get Get Get G-Get cha paper boy  
Get Get Get Get G-Get cha paper boy  
Get Get Get Get Get Get Yea!