

TQ, Gotta Make That Money

Yeah uh mm give it to me

Mmmmm yeah

Yeah yeah

Mm no no no no

Seems like every night, right before I go to sleep

I say a little prayer to the Lord that he keep me, that he keep me

I used to be the kind of nigga that didn't give a fuck about nobody

The slightest little thing would make me mad

Especially if it involved my money

And I can't tell you 'bout the next man

But I love pullin' up in big sedans

Wit all my niggas in a caravan

Holla if ya hear me

Now I'd love to break ya, bring ya down

And take you back again

But that would take too much time

And I gotta hit the streets again

[Chorus]

And even if the sun don't shine, I'll still be hustlin'

Gotta get that money, make that money

Keep it comin', if it takes all night, can't be strugglin'

Somebody come help me

Can ya tell me why is slangin' always on my mind?

Must be buggin'

I guess they figured I would quit and they could get me

If they tapped my line

Don't mean nothin'

I'll still be hustlin'

Now I hate to be the one to tell ya, but I don't mind

Niggas can hate if they want to

And I'm still gon' get mine, still gon' get mine

Yes, I still be ridin' in a SC on dubs

And I won't be seen at none of the clubs

And uh, all your women would know who I was

(And that you wouldn't like) And that you wouldn't like

If everybody kept they mind on gettin' they scrilla

Won't be no time to fuck with mine, so won't be killin'

I'll just sit back and recline, smoke this Philly

And keep my fingers laced with diamonds like Big Willie

But for now, catch me on Compton Avenue

With a handful of hundreds and a strap or two

Puttin' it down for my niggas like they told me to

You need some candy, so won't you come thru

[Chorus]

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Gotta get that money, make that money

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Somebody come help me

Can ya tell me why is slangin' always on my mind?

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Don't mean nothin'

I'll still be hustlin'

[E-40]

Sometimes I'm suited up

Sometimes I'm bummy, lookin' like a crook

Hair all nappy and wild - we call it the full nuk

Mashin', mobbin' and thrashin'

Woopers, horns and tweeters blastin'

Throbbin', hoggin' and doggin'

Godzilla ballin'

When it's money callin'? War-rank, war-rank

Just ride your runners fool

Be 'bout your bank
Sittin' fat like chupling
All about my money, duffle bags full of scratch
Artillery fire arms and gats
Reep my mill, cap my feddy, get my bread
Hirries on my tail, but I'm tryin' for them, but they want me dead, dead
Cuz I made it out the game without a clue or trace
Used to sell that bass
Rock cavvy candy, ??
Never had to stop, enemies on the block, they knew it (they knew it)
As far as I was concerned, ? man I do it
Check it out
Money schemin'
Chris Alberchuck, Chocolate Philly, Glocks Garcia Vegas
Black and Miles on the pack again (yes)
What you know about that?
TQ and E-40 Fonzarelli a.k.a. Charlie Hustle, easy
Biatch!!!