

# Xzibit, Don't Let The Money Make You(Ft.King T)

Intro: [An interview with Xzibit]

[I] I want to ask you, what is more important to you guys?  
All the money that you guys are talkin' about?  
Or the artform? Or, what is more important? The Lyrics?  
Or the leather sized stuff?

[X] I think, what we tryin' to do is device a way that the  
artform and the money is like on a equal level.

You know what I mean, that, that like he said, is a fine  
line where gotta pleas the crowd or pleas the artists  
that are listenin' to you. And pleas the real hip-hop  
underground people that, that, that is looking for that  
you know, that real shit. It's only a certain way that  
that you can go up and doin' it

Verse 1: [Xzibit]

Xzibit keep it on deck

Live, vinyl, CD or cassette

Whatever you select

I keep you bouncin' like a bad cheque

See I should have a trigger tattooed on my neck

To represent the heat that I repeat

Now you can take the highs out of the beat

But never take the rucked out of the rhyme

Or tribalize, look into the eyes of the emotional

Your whole style is promotional

A dead giveaway to me is just another business day

Xzibit here to stay

My life, a tribute to the A.K,

you wanna play

A situation only one man can walk away from

The same way he came

When I spit flame, it spits flames like your middlename

So why do I say fuck the fame

Because it come and go

The industry's a pet without refused to be that gigolo

I put the dope in, got fo's and tatoos

Niggas make ya money

But let the money make you

Hook: [King T] x2

We make, make money, money

Take's money to survive

The meanin' of life with statted chips is stay alive

Cause it's all about the C-notes

Gonna be fuckin' when you're rollin' this too

Don't let the money make you

Verse 2: [Soopafly]

It's Soopafly,

comin' with that gangsta shit

That shit that only gangstas be gettin' gangsta with

The pimps, hustlers and the players know the rank I get

Never have to get no money from the bank, I get shit

I Stomp down your whole compound

Takin' all the shots

Device from the few I'm rise

Let the others drop

I elevate

Who drop when a dime never got me straight

I'm still goin' for broke

I push you to the stroke

And one man loc and say high

Smokin' to keep an open, mind

Focus on military time provokin'

The G in me, nigga

(?) when he tried to step the Soopafly

AZ you are shit

Now gettin' down with the Pound  
Now who can shake it till it break ground  
Many motherfuckers are greedy  
There's only one thing needed like E.D.I, Amin / I mean business  
When it comes to the cash, I'm movin' quick  
(Xzibit: Any other nigga eat a dick)  
Fuck type shit  
Make ya step back  
Soopafly, hit like crack  
Life is a jet  
Maintainin' the top figures deliver  
The raw, rugged likwidation that be runnin' the river  
Now, whether if a nigga step up  
Be prepared to kick your rap up  
Try to die in line for you cheque, huh nigga  
Hook: [King T] x2  
Verse 3: [Xzibit]  
So when I die,  
bury me upside-down  
So the whole world can kiss my ass  
Live fast  
Sippin' from my bottomless glass of Hennessy, straight  
So I catch you (?)  
Xzibit comin' down like a saint  
So prepare for the judgement day  
Be careful what the fuck you say  
Rhyme these parts  
Amadeus and Mozart,  
the love for the arts and crash  
Paragraphs to bust niggas in half  
That's what I fuck with  
(?) time to get my duck sit  
Miss me if you try to make a buck with  
I mean a quick buck, only got bad luck  
Black cash every black trash  
Never relax, never get attached to anything  
That's not gonna hand so life  
I come back like Christ  
Pacific natural ice  
With Sharif makin' sure R&B, was well done  
Might live by the gun,  
but keep livin' through my livin' son  
Hook: [King T] x4  
Outro:  
[King T]  
We make, make, money, money, make, money, money, money (x4)  
We take money, take money, take money, money, money (x4)  
[Soopafly]  
Don't let this money make you