

Yukmouth, Money & Power

[Verse 1]

Struggle til you bubble, hustle til you make your money double
Triple, quadruple, it's crucial out here
Business as usual, we'll shoot you
Pistol whip abuse you, that's what the loot do, killa salute you
The feeling's mutual, a quarter million on the kitchen floor
One nigga breakin down chickens another nigga whippin raw
One half of the click is hittin banks the other half is hittin stores
We gettin more, paper, feds ain't seen no shit like this before
They wanna hit us all and give us all double life
But fuck em, we ride Benz's wit bubble lights and hustle white
And hire Johnny Cochran, quick to fight the double strikes
Any nigga mobbin wit this click must have his hustle right
My dude did ten in the pen and didn't snitch
So we gave him ten bricks to get on his feet again and breathe again
Tossed the keys to a Benz, it's yo shit, he was a made man
Part of a mafia organization who got

[Hook]

Money and the power, money and the power
I'm mobbin wit my niggaz I got money and the power
Money and the power, money and the power
Full of drug dealas and killas who got money and the power
Money and the power, money and the power
No niggaz ever cross us we got money and the power
Money and the power, money and the power
A organization of bosses wit money and the power

[Verse 2]

Get the money first, the power and the hoes come wit it
Push ya powder, puff ya dro, come wit it
Jackas and the police at yo do, come wit it
Come to my dough, I come wit it, the gun split it, you gone get it
And if you got a plan then run wit it, my niggaz done did it
From many mansions to 6 huneds kitted
And kick it wit atleast a hundred bitches
Move a hundred bridnicks with the quickness, that's how we live it
My niggaz get it straight from Guala Mala
Fold over in camouflage helicopters undetected by the stealth bombers
We take trips to the Bahamas with our baby mamas
Then take trips to St. Thomas with our business patnas
Oscar from Phoenix, Arizona got the cheapest, greenest marijauna
Help me sew up each and every corner
My workers sold weed, my other workers sold boy
I'm tryin to flip that new fansome Rolls Royce, oh boy

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Go to jail, bail out, go to court, fight the case, beat it
I walk out the court house conceited then repeated, weeded
The cops can't believe it, the block I bleed it, the glock I squeeze it
We plot strategic, pop and leave a nigga paraplegic
Send yo Christmas carols to Jesus
We operated like Pharoahs in Egypt
The double barrel rip yo flesh and bone marrow to pieces
Our thesis take money together, each fellow is even
That means we all eatin, we call meetings
Greetings wit bosses, any losses niggaz catch a hard beating
The mob meetings at the four seasons
Our mission fly them pies down to Chi-Town, N.Y, Detroit and Cleveland
And have them East Coast boys grieving
They sell em for 28, we sell em for 65, me and my boys scheming
The blast the glock at cowards, drop like the towers
Flood the block wit powder, we got the money and the power

[Hook]