

Money (feat. Omillio Sparks & Mr. Porter)

Freeway & Jake One

[- Omillio Sparks - talking] (Freeway)
(I need some fuckin money, man)
I feel you Free
Goin through this recession and shit
Now them hoes actin up
Bills keep comin in, shit, focus I used to get money from slingin the dope
But since they cracked down on that dope slingin, I'm broke
And I used to get money from slingin the crack
But since they cracked down on that crack slingin, I'm cracked
I used to get it there, expert at bringin 'em back
But now it ain't no packages to get there
Prior to that I was fillin apps
A few years before that was in the Barbershop sweepin hair
Little Barbershop sweeper kid, cop a hustle
Was sellin incense and oils to all the people there
Sixth, seventh and eighth grade I kept a couple
Dollars for work and fresh sneakers, I was hurtin 'em
Yep, now it's a recession and I'm stressin
I need it for lesser, I'm not tryin to be a working man
I'm sure not tryin to do carpentry like my pops
Big pain in the bottom of his back and it be hurtin him, damn!
Ohhh, I close my eyes and all I can see is that money (money, money)
Money (money, money)
A list of things that my people need but first is money (money, money)
Money (money, money)
It ain't like I found a pot of gold (no)
This ain't a dream, this is reality homes
That's why my main focus is on that money (focus on the money)
Money (money, money) Just broke a new broad, she wants the fancy car
A nigga stacked up a yard, she tryin to spend it all
I'm out slingin the hard and don't respect the law
Bent a few wrong corners and that, of course, involved
From C-A to D-A, they tryin to take it all
I think I need a vacation, reach out through calling cards
Or make the mind frame vicious and start a Holocaust
I figure man, what's the difference? That shit'll all a cost
Fuck it, let a nigga ball
Money, money, money
Money is my bitch, ho breed envy, I keep pourin Henny
Screamin "fuck 'em!", that's the nigga in me
Y'all ain't come from the trap or trenches with me
When cops knocked and locked me

Guns plural, serve riches to El Toros
From the projects, suburbs to the Borough
Runnin through your small town
Spit Philly game and lock it down
Focus and only here for one purpose, that is
Philly Free on his grind, I need my paper straight
So I'm creatin these rhymes without a paper mate
That got me bustin these lines, they got me rackin my mind
They got me standin in line behind my label mates
No, I'm not Jay but I am on the way
And I am not Kanye but I can produce +Heartbreaks & 808s+
And reduce the studio costs
Cause I'm recording in the hood, I'm not lampin in the Mandalay
I'm makin hits, I need the same attention they get
Them niggas throw a temper tantrum, you don't hand 'em pay
Record labels tryin to jerk me like a hand job
If they don't hand me mine, I know how to handle this
Leave somebody slumped, Riot Pump pistol grip
But fuck sittin in prison wastin my plans away
I guess I gotta find another way to make the pay
Let me know if you can find a way to make the chips

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