

Dope Money (feat. The Lox)

Ruff Ryders

What, what
You over there styles?
Yeah dog
Second album nigga, real l.o.x.
Blaze
We run the streets, yall know who to bet (c'mon)
Fuck yall niggas (let's go)one:Couldn't live the life i live
Why's that
I could die any minute, i get high every minute
Fuckin' with snake niggas, and sleepin' with foul bitches
Came thru on the lightest whip with two pounds in it
Pull over where the hustlers be
Why's that
Cause i get chills when you talk of hustlin' gs
So i'm always where the powder be at
What it mean
I can blow five bricks to ten in an hour if that
Stay away from where the cowards be at
Why's that
Time is money god, and you can't get an hour back
Or i would do it again to get the power back
Have godfather status, make niggas bow to that
You can all shine and glitter and keep the ones
Fives and tens, for twenties and up, we dummy it up
Make a lot of money, and look bummy and what
Cause money aint shit, respect is everything
So if i kill niggas dead, don't ask me shit
I take blunts to the head, so don't pass me shit
I'd rather die from a bullet, than a nasty bitch
If the good die young, all that mean to me
Is that the hood die young/ we call it the last days
What you know about coppin a house to fight pits in
Or blowin' weed smoke on the cops that write tickets
Henny and what, shit we can semi it up
With your picture on the wall, in memory of
Stay in sync with the hood, gray minks with the hood
We tryin' to get money like chinks in the hood
They ask me how i'm doing now
I tell ?em better than them
And if your man front
He can get eleven in him
And if you told them once

Then you better tell him again
Ay yo, now let's see
Who you know fuckin with sheek luc, jadakiss,
And s' paper
From dope money to rap money, and back to dope money (c'mon)
Loaded guns, the empty ones, over do

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>