

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Money by Any Means

Par 50 Cent

Album : Power of The Dollar, The

It ain't easy to make money

So now aybody wan' take money

You ain't a thug, matter fact you a fake, money

Fuck with mines, I'mma view you at ya wake, money

It ain't a game

You can call me player yeah, but I ain't playing fair

Chicks say I'm the hottest thang comin' this year

In the hood niggas know, how I handle my problems

I walk up close, and I fo', fo' revolve 'em

Don't make me run to you, put the gun to you

Have yo ass on Phil Donahue explaining what the fuck I done to you

Thug niggas in the street saying I'm sonnin' you

Dude I'll smoke you and every motherfucker under you

People say chill, but still I do, what I wanna do

From now on, when I speak, y'all niggas better listen

Why run against a thoroughbred when you ain't in no condition

Still got shit on ya nose, from all that ass you been kissing

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Yo where my down South niggas at, I'm playing piddy-pat

With this kitty cat, bitch swear she a city rat

It's Nore now, here look read the story now

My name Nore, and niggas know how I rip

And if I don't feel a nigga, I don't get on his shit

Y'all can love me, or hate me, or suck my dick

I like my hoes just like Summer, no class

And niggas working so hard, and getting no ass

Why y'all niggas acting like, it's all ill in y'all square

Motherfucker you ain't know that it's a hood everywhere

Me and 50 vandal, no we always run scandal

Weak niggas, have us lighting up candles

Sending out roses, condolences, notices

Focuses on, niggas like Fu Quan

Yo in they ground, niggas that don't get no bound

Y'all keep my word, don't love no bird

Get a beef from TM, and just twist my herb

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Yo it's all about the cash you getting
Bricks you flipping, the whips you sitting
The bitches you hitting, when you living the thug life
Bitches I don't love no of 'em, the guns I'm running 'em
Punk niggas I'm sonnin' 'em, every chance I get
Man I know niggas is a trip, so I save all my grip
For these babies faggots flippin', dial 1-800-TIPS
Force me to bury the bricks, and the whips and take trips
Every word that come out of my mouth, I mean it, you could eat
Cause when I stick you, you gon' cough it up like you bulimic
I'm no magician, but I could make, somethin' outta nothin'
Like turn an empty block, into a crack spot that's pumping
So all you niggas out there, thinking you the nicest
Me 50, I'm ya motherfucking mid-life crisis

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Know what I'm saying

-- Synced by NoMan --