

For the Love of \$

Chris Travis

Grab the Glock 9 soon as a nigga hit the dope
Call up my nigga ask him "Do we still got that dope?"
He said "Damn right", I said "I'm gone be there in four"
Don't forget the OE and bring all the freaky hoes
Sipping on that motherfucking drank, while I'm smoking dank
Motherfuck, what a hater thank, bitch I need that bank
'Cause a nigga gotta survive out here in these hard times
Crackers cross the fucking line and some of you, niggas [?]
Fuck that, I need that motherfucking cash, I'm on my own
Bitch and I ain't tryna dump no fucking trash
Niggas talk shit, then we put 'em on they fucking ass
Nigga stop your bitching and get, to the fucking cash
Niggas wanna rob 'till they get shot, and that's sad
But, ain't no heart for a nigga tryna take my cash
Let off the clip, merk a nigga then a nigga ran
Seen the police, jumping out the motherfucking van
Hopped in the whip, with my fucking gun still in my hand
Now I'm paranoid 'cause a nigga just killed a man
All for that love of the green cash, and, that bands
But a nigga gotta get it, something they don't understand
Damn

Pop pop pop when you're fucking with my money
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Got away with this shit 'cause a nigga too smooth
But I thought I did 'till a nigga seen the damn news
But I can't, turn myself in, or I'm a damn fool
Smoking on this reefer ion know, what the fuck to do
Call my bitch up and said "Let me come, chill wit' you"
She said "Ok, just bring a couple rubbers boo"
But a nigga hot, and I know the feds watching too
Gotta hide my face, from them damn undercovers fool
But I'm like fuck it 'cause you know a nigga tryna bone
Made it in time before the fuckboys tap my phone
Knocked on the door, 'cause she didn't answer the fucking phone
Went to the side and seen, that the bitch was gone
Still got my cash, when I headed back, to the front
Then I see these crackers with they hand on their fucking gun
Now I can't do shit a nigga can't, fucking run
Told me to get up on the ground, then they took my funds

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