

# If It Don't Make Money

Dom Kennedy

If it don't make money, it don't make sense

Look, if you don't know a thing about me know that homie rep  
Another nigga cold as me, that shit just don't exist  
No experience in acting, but stick to the script  
See bitch, my presence be a present, I just got the gift  
And don't attach my name to it if it ain't legit  
Won't even waste no game on her if she ain't gone strip  
Young nigga on a mission, only plot be this  
I can melt this Cuban link and make a pot to piss  
Westside on mine, I keep them check signs online  
Ain't no handouts, that been ran out, so nigga best be on yo' g  
rind  
Never struggle with it, never love this business, I don't cuddl  
e with it  
If that plane work, it's automatic, back to huddle with it  
That ain't fully loaded, ain't no levels, I ain't fucking with  
it  
Tuck and grip, any nigga tripping tell him come and get it  
I'm from the land where all the skinny niggas ride  
Where we ain't never been touched even though plenty niggas tri  
ed

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If you don't know a thing about me, know I'm taking risks  
Started recording in '06 now it's making sense  
Why my cousin used to tell me just keep making hits  
And now he locked behind the fence and I'm just making chips  
I know most you niggas out here is fake as shit  
And everybody paid bitch, so you ain't exempt  
You niggas still be buying J's before you pay your rent  
Meanwhile, I'm out of town with this In the Biggie Smalls hat w  
ith the I pulled \$100, 000 out and told him hate on this  
How we always be with Nip but he ain't no crip  
I'm just a Westside nigga, so I don't take no shit  
Like the fruit of Islam, nigga this ain't no Don't try to salt  
a nigga name because it ain't gone stick  
You trying to wear a nigga Vans, but they just ain't gone fit  
So I went and talked to Quik and he told me this:

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