

I Just Want The Money

Starlito

Today, life is gonna spark up a flame it used to be

(I'm a make this thirty by the end of the week.)

Drunk a two hundred dollar sprite
Now I'm drowsy as fuck
Just ran my bands up so much
Don't feel like countin' em up
Newspaper on the floor
Use a spoon for a chisel
Stamp in the middle
I'm a be mad if it's damp in the middle
Imagine never leaving the hood for a month straight
Or your granny reading the paper
And you on the front page
Did a lot of stupid shit during my younger days
See it's hard to think straight when you got hunger pains
When yo back against the wall and it's no one to blame
You know
Income low
Anything goes
I used to not even think passed today
Couldn't remember before my last two plays
Running relays
Running me crazy
Running it hot
Running wild
All the while running in place
Robbers and drug tasks running in places
Taking dope for your faces
Freedom giving you cases
Or giving you shells
And keep it in casing no trace
I know snakes that gave no stakes

(Uh I just wanna thank em)

Wheres my lighter
Yeah I'm a writer
Don't wanna battle
Bring rifles to the service
Stash dope in the diapers
Still a pull up, I come from aiming at windshield whippers
We coulda been lifers
Maybe shoulda been
Knowing that the street life wasn't right for us
That right, that's why it's more than a nice chorus
My partners in the fed said Lito's written kites for us
College kids, foreign chicks, even white boys
Rocking with me cause my story nuttin like yours
Had to fight for it
What I'm on this mic for
I'm just tryna get my money right, right?
I'm just tryna get my money right, right?
I'm just tryna get my money right, right?