

[Intro: La the Darkman, (DJ Rogers & Puff)]

Yeah. Yeah. One. Two.  
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. (Oh)  
Time for another cat get his money.  
Ya'nah'mean? Let's just stroll alone.  
(Havin money, havin money)  
Word life. (Havin money)

[La the Darkman]

Yo, yo, life is hard, so I dedicate to God  
Mad cats sell coke, tryin not to starve  
Young girls sell vagina from Jersey to Carolina  
Saw moms do it, she learned it as a minor  
In poverty, life expectancy is short  
Kids rob spots, push crack or play sports  
In projects, single parents homes and techs  
Islam, bass-heads and welfare checks  
I'm tryin to eat, pushin wide-bodied whip through the streets  
My whole fleet is wolves disguised as sheep  
In society, the poor in America are miserable  
Untrained, starvin like the children in Israel  
First jewel since men spoke Hebrew  
Now niggaz drink brew, guzzle Lucefer stew  
Young E, only eleven, got a three-fifty-seven  
And said he sold drugs by day cuz havin cream was heaven

[Chorus x2: DJ Rogers & Puff]

What young thugs do for money  
What young thugs do for money

[La the Darkman]

Yo, niggaz keep eyein me, my life is like administer society  
I'm old dog, many fake thugs think of tryin me  
Sorry, I'm the lion in this concrete safari  
My Niggaz been in and out of jail since Atari  
The street life is the only life I know  
Puff trees, v12, my medallion glow  
And I'm always gotti, but cats don't know me  
My peoples run the island on Riker's and the Coney  
I keep the new fresh, planned Clark's like Tony  
I'm married to my guns in holy matrimony  
With street raps, all the bullshit, you keep that  
Rhyme for my niggaz on the corner that keep gats  
Since school cats, niggaz incarcerated  
All praises due to Allah cuz I made it

[Chorus x2]

[La the Darkman]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, as an adolestant, I grew up stressin  
with a lust for jewelry, clothes and metal weapons  
Based on the streets, life about cream and whip  
Cells with the chip, big guns and big clips  
A dime piece to strip and more bricks to flip  
Ghetto novel, my lex shines like the Apollo  
La songs, philosphies is a street Aristotel  
It's policticians, catholics and christians  
Kids who don't listen, on Riker's pissin  
Life, can't play Cee-Lo with two dice  
And you go through Hell just to come out right  
Cuz we go through Hell just to come out right

[Chorus x4]

[Outro: DJ Rogers & Puff]

Thugs that get that money (get that money)  
Don't let money change you (don't let it change you)  
(no, no, no, no) Thugs that get that money (ohhh)  
Money, don't let money change you (don't let it change you)  
(Ohh, no, no, don't let money change you)  
(I'm tellin you, don't let it change you)  
(Do you want the dollar? Got to have the money)  
(Uh, got to have the money)  
(Ain't worth the problem...)