

# Scared Money (feat. Meek Mill & Pusha T)

## N.O.R.E.

Grab the baking soda homie (Evidence!)  
Huh, huh (why?)  
I'mma show them how to whip it up for Ricky dia!  
(Scared money, scared money, scared money, scared money) Scared money don't make no  
money, (Uh huh)  
Scared money don't make no money, (Uh huh)  
Scared money don't make no money  
If I ever go broke, I'mma take yo money I'm on my northside Philly shit, southside furious  
That boy and his bag and that boy is serious  
Two chicks give me head on they periods  
Make them run threesomes, 'cus they a little curious  
Scared money, they don't make enough  
You wanna go to war you don't make enough  
Have my niggas in your crib when you waking up...  
**YOU KNOW WHAT THIS RIGHT? GIVE ME EVERYTHING (BOOM!)**  
They don't want that type of beef so they wanna squash it  
Know N.O.R.E.'s a shooter, I don't miss my target (target)  
And fuck it I'm a rider  
Magnum strapped tight, so I'm bustin' all insider her  
Nobody dies a virgin, life fucks us all  
I was born poor, but was raised to ball  
I'm a grown man, pay my own bills  
Great Adventure money, I pay my own thrills  
Scared money don't make no money  
Scared money don't make no money  
Scared money don't make no money  
If I ever go broke, I'mma take yo money Scared money don't make no money  
(We ain't never goin' broke)  
Scared money don't make no money  
(As long as this Mexican borders out here...)  
Scared money don't make no money  
(We goin' be fine, ha ha)  
If I ever go broke, I'mma take yo money  
Yeah  
Scared money don't make none  
You ain't really gotta ask where it came from  
Caught fire with the brick, made a dollar off the strip  
And went German engineering with my brake drums  
Used to gamble with three dice, four fifty six dream  
Stayed up for three nights, with raw little fix fiend  
Ran from the Po lights, thank God for the six speed  
The slickest of bad bitches with good head that misled

Sell it all nigga, then we ball nigga  
If you scared then you better get a dog nigga  
Panamera's and we playing leap frog in em  
If you get what you earn, we belong in em  
If I ever go broke, I'mma take yo money  
Have my nigga snatch yo bitch and rape yo honey  
Goonie shoot up yo wheel you need May Gold money  
Papi said he got that work just bring them Pesos for me (the money)  
As a youngin' I used to be the lookout  
Now we in the kitchen with pigeons having a cookout  
Niggas gettin' took in, niggas gettin' took out  
Used to drive Chargers now they foreign when I pullout  
Maserati, Panamera's, big Ghost's  
Team of killers, long clips, big toasters  
Fuck around they buck you down, get chauffeured  
Nice casket talking past's, big hearses, ha!

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