

Money Maker (feat. Pharrell Williams)

Ludacris

Money, forget the money
The root of all evil deceiving cause even
My closest people tryin' to get me for my (money)
Cause envy breeds jealousy, jealousy breeds hate
They on the taste for the (money)
Now where do I begin? They send you out to reel you back in
And its all for the (money)
Cause envy breeds jealousy, jealousy breeds hate
They on the taste for the (money)
My biggest gift and my curse
More money, more problems tell me what's worse
Getting audited by the government, giving up
millions to the IRS
Or having to take a paternity test from a bitch I never met
I'm getting sued by my own family member, all cause my dog bit her
And she was the one who walked up and put her hand out, and now she got her handout
It's driving me crazy, almost as if this shit was planned out
What else can anybody do to me? It ain't new to me when every time I turn around
Another money hungry motherfucker suing me
Truthfully, I've had it up to here
And it don't help that Forbes reports what I'm makin every year
They listen closely, and I was
really demonized
That I was told to go to school, graduate and get a job
But I'm a Hip Hop cash king, rapper from the South
And everybody wants the easy way out
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hate
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Cause envy breeds jealousy, jealousy breeds hate
They on the taste for the (money)
Yeah, rappers foreclosin' on their houses
Can't keep up the payments, they owe a couple hundred thousand
Say they making millions, and bills steady pillin'
Diamonds on their neck, they kids' stomach out here growlin
Get your priorities in order nigga
You talk about it, but you really can't afford it nigga
That car you bought depreciated once you drove off
No wonder your baby momma wanna knock your nose off (BLAHHH)
Half the industry going bankrupt
You see em' smiling in the club with their drinks up
Don't let that television fool ya
Off camera they sweating and stressin
My young students, let me school ya
The diamonds ain't worth half what you bought them for
(no)
Soon all that Gucci don't fit, now you out of dough
One day your pocket's alright now they all wrong
Fuck you gonn' do when it's all gone
Talkin bout the
The root of all evil deceiving cause even

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They on the taste for the (money)
Lemme talk
to these hoes, woadieUhh, uh
Imagine being worth a 100 mill
Your potentials of having a billion is only real
Images, more bitches and they named in your will
A new Mercedes, a baby, your aim was to chill
You choose a pussy or pop a bottle, grow half a mill
All you wanted was some entertainment
All she wanted was some litigation
Exploiting a simple penetration
Telling the courtroom that I'm being evasive
She wanted to walk into the SunTrust
She made me sign over my lil son's trust
Take away the joy my lil daughter brings
Bitch even wanted to take my daughter's rings
Misfortunes of a rich nigga
You watch BET while she look at the big picture
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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