

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 mislead

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!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>