

Money Scheme

E-40

W-wh-wha, what, wha-what what?
Beotch
Mobster, turn that shit up
Yeah, uh-huh uh-huh uh
Sinister shit
Uh-huh uh-huh what?
Jayo, Jayo smell me on this oneJayo, I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin'
Hello but if I do that's what I do
(That's what I do)
Jayo, I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin'
Hello but if I do that's what I do
(That's what I do)Grindin' out of my aunty's backyard, that's the chronic
I been havin' more candy than a pinata, more cake than Betty Crocker
Get on the horn and hit me on my locker 'cause I'm fake ID havin'
Strikin' and drivin' on a suspended expired license comes inBuy it from the nigga with the best quality and the
lowest prices
Spendin' that capital that the big homey advanced me
In front of me with the next nigga
I love money plus I'm labeled rough rider
Known for bringin' bitch ass niggaz out of hidin'Charlie Hustle, I hope I won't have to go back
To sellin' sherm sticks but if I do that's what I do
Charlie Hustle, I hope I won't have to go back
To sellin loop loop but if I do that's what I doI stabs a nigga, and Kool-Aid came out
'Cause his heart pumps Kool-Aid, so I mixed it with my Thunder chicken
Barely livin' and smokin' headache with a deuce-deuce
Now I gotta put my snub nosed back to useI'm dangerous it gets crucial, 'cause I loves conflict
Fuck a headache I'm jackin' niggaz for pounds of bomb shit
And now my fingers is sticky like Sticky Fingaz from the greenery
You gon' retaliate, nigga what that mean to me? BitchWhen you shoot crooked it's Cartwright, on site I'm
takin' flight
It's gon' rain on your head, I'm tearin' the roof off this bitch tonight
As you fall like Guy, for tryin' to swipe my pie
Nigga DIE while your bitch give up the BeaumontAll my niggaz havin fancy dreams
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)All my niggaz havin fancy dreams
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)All my bitches havin' fancy dreams!

(Fancy dreams)
 Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
 (A money scheme)All my bitches havin' fancy dreams!
 (Fancy dreams)
 Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
 (A money scheme)The freight, nigga fuck the hype
 Beotch, you gotta pay me just to breathe on the mic
 High, higher than a dust cloud
 Hella disrespectful, all up in the party talkin' loudSystemized, a triple striker, when I was born
 My mom and daddy shoulda named me Isiah 'cause I'm a Rider
 Sole survivor, Hillsider, 1400 block Magazine Street
 Narcotic bomb preparer heroin providerI'm vicious, mean mugged and mad doggin' niggaz
 Like the, like the Grinch Who Stole Christmas
 I like to, like to, finger fuck bitches up in clubs
 Take her home and get rug burns on my nutsStuck, Gordon's Gin and Donald Duck
 Nut, all on her spine and on her butt
 Fuck, major clientele
 Then I pass it to my nigga Mista JayoUp the glass is shatterin', bitch it ain't matterin'
 They scatterin', see me and forty start splatterin'
 The cowards are heartless, so you burn like flames
 Niggaz that got snake eyes get broke up like dice gamesFuck a bitch, why? 'Cause skeezers don't please us
 So I just go around sippin' fine wine like Jesus
 And every time I bust a spit it's a hip-hop quote
 Drinkin' Moesha Brandy, head spinnin' like hundred spokesAll my bitches havin' fancy dreams!
 (Fancy dreams)
 Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
 (A money scheme)Still drinkin' Krypton brothers is Snapple
 Then I snap like a snapping turtle
 Nigga, shittin; on the world keeps my land fertile
 I grow my own shit, fruits, vegetables and tobaccoIt's third down and forty nigga
 You know you gon' get tackled
 Get your land while you can old man
 Niggaz so dope they named me twice like Duran DuranKilla nigga put honey on 'em and feed 'em to my hogs
 See I leave no evidence for the police dogs
 Now off the low stroll we go so let's flow
 Lil' bitch, we the shit because the people said soYou can't tell a lettuce from a cabbage silly rabbits
 Get these chips even if it means lettin' these motherfuckers have itNigga got out of line, I had to ice him
 Reached into my drawers, and pulled out my strap
 Motherfucker got out of place, I had to chop him
 Reached into my d-da-da-das and pulled out my strap, check it outNickle plated chrome planet Clint Eastwood
 special
 Designed strictly for staplin' and toe taggin
 Po-po wrote me up a citation 'cause I was saggin' and draggin'
 My bitch, by her weaveI had to, I had to make the bitch bleed, last New Year's Eve
 She tried to hit me with a fryin' pan, my attitude wasn't carin'

Backslapped that hoe in front of her parents
More ki's than a janitorIt gets mannisher and mannisher and mannisher
Smokin' on a roach, loitering in a McDonald's parkin' lot
Throwin' up gang signs
To as if he was some kind of first base coachI luh I like my egg poached, hard over easy
In the drive through, hollerin' at her breezyAll my bitches havin' fancy dreams
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

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