

# Money Scheme (feat. Jayo Felony)

## 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 one

Jayo (Jayo)

I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin'

Llello (llello) but if I do that's what I do (that's what I do)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 one

Jayo (Jayo)

I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin'

Llello (llello) but if I do that's what I do (that's what I do)Grindin' out of my Aunties, 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 in buy 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 labelled rough rider

Known for bringin' bitch ass niggas 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 Thunderchicken

Barely livin', and smokin' headache with a deuce-deuce

Now I gotta put my snub nosed back to use

I'm dangerous it gets crucial, 'cause I loves conflict

Fuck a headache I'm jackin' niggas 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? Bitch!

When 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 God, for tryin' to swipe my pie  
 Nigga die while your bitch give up the Beaumont All my niggas havin' fancy dreams! (Fancy dreams!)  
 Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)  
 All my niggas 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!) Krack 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' loud!  
 Systemized, a triple striker, when I was born  
 My mom and daddy shoulda named me Isiah 'cause I'ma ride  
 Sole survivor, Hillside, 1400 block Magazine Street  
 Narcotic ? bomb preparer heroin provider  
 I'm vicious, mean mugged and mad doggin niggas 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 nuts!  
 Stuck! Gordon's Gin and Donald Duck  
 Nut! All on her spine and on her butt  
 Fuck! Major clientele (major clientele)  
 Then I pass it to my nigga Mista Jayo? up 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  
 Niggas that got snake eyes get broke up like dice games  
 Fuck a bitch, why? 'Cause skeezers don't please us  
 So I just go around sippin' fine wine like Jesus  
 And everytime I bust a spit it's a hip-hop quote  
 Drinkin' Moesha Brandy, head spinnin' like hundred spokes All my niggas havin' fancy dreams! (Fancy  
 dreams!)  
 Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)  
 All my niggas 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!) 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 tobacco  
 It's third down and forty nigga

You know you gon' get tackled  
Get your land while you can home-man  
Niggas so dope they named me twice like Duran Duran  
Killa 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 be sippin' 'cause the people said so  
You can't tell a lettuce from a cabbage silly rabbits  
Get these chips even if it means lettin' these motherfuckers have it!

Verse Six: E-40

Nigga 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 out  
Nickle 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 b-ah-bitch, by her w-uh-weave  
I had to, I had to make the bitch bleed! Last doo-doo bootch  
Who 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 janitor  
It 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 coach  
I luh I like my egg poached, hard over easy!  
In the drive through, hollerin' at her breezy! All my niggas havin' fancy dreams! (Fancy dreams!)  
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)  
All my niggas 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!)

Songwriters

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