

Money Gone

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cappin' him in his b-brain with the n-nine
He never woulda th-thought, I'd be gettin' mine
So now I'm on the r-run 'cause I took his cash
I had to b-bust a cap in his fuckin' ass Nigga a n-n-n-nine w-w-went bang
It was a g-g-ghetto th-th-thang
19-nuh-nuh-90 wuh-wuh-1
A lotta n-n-n-niggaz d-died young The 187 wuh 187 fuh-fact
It's comin' up, c-comin' up b-b-back
The future of the g-gangsta f-f-funk
Buckin' with d-d-dank in the sk-skunk
I gotta g-g-gotta g-g-go
And sell me a s-sell me another O, O, O, O Money gone
Money gone I gotta g-g-gotta get it goin' on
I deal with the m-m-money g-g-gone
The figgity f-f-five-O is on my nuts
Mad cause they c-can't get a c-c-cut Where every time I dr-drive around the bl-block
They see my goin' b-bump and s-s-stop
And ask me q-q-question, wuh-what's my name
But he can get f-fucked in the g-game 'Cause I ain't for the f-f-f-for the p-p-pen
I had ta d-d-do 'em, d-do 'em in
Emptied out the cl-clip in his d-dome
And now it's m-m-money g-g-gone, gone, gone, gone, gone Money gone, yeah
Money gone My nigga g-got the 40 sh-shootin' dice
He said what they h-hittin' for Sp-Spice
Livin' up in the g-ghetto with the g-gats
Slangin' dope made my p-p-pockets f-f-fat The nigga on the b-block with the biggest knot
Seven f-f-fat fifty dollar kn-knot
Bought a s-six five st-st-stang
The ring on my m-m-mobile rang I got it g-goin' on in the m-mix
All the broke fiends get a f-f-fix
I wonder if they t-task is about to hit
But I don't give a g-g-give a sh-sh-shit

'Cause I'ma Uga O.G. in the z-zone
And my money ain't never g-g-g-gone, gone, gone, gone, gone Money gone, yeah Yeah 187 in the motherfuckin'
house
Peace to my niggaz, Black Jack
Ya'll in the motherfuckin' house
Hookin' me up with that dope shit The last track on my motherfuckin' album
We kickin' it funky gangsta
Yeah, sideways to the next light
Peace motherfucker, I'm outta here like last year

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