

My Money Straight (feat. Guce & Black C)

E-40

[feat. Guce, Black C & Young Jun3]

[Talking: E-40]

What's happenin' y'all this E-40 mayne
I had to bring back that old school mob sound
I had to go get my partna Black C and my nigga Guce
Yumtombout, nigga our money is straight, nuggah
Beotch!

[Hook: Yung Jun]

Please hold up me for one reason
My money straight
Whole bunch of ice I'm freezing
My money straight
And oh yeah, I'm E
My money straight
So please don't worry bout me
My money straight

[Verse 1: E-40]

Uhh, I'm breaking down a quarter pound on a dude who play with a Gillette razor blade
With a bucket of battery acid to throw my candy in case the po-po ray
I be beastin and I be savagin' and I be mobbin'
Any bitch nigga that got a problem I'm molly whomp
Hoes be giving me all kinds of kisses and hugges
But they don't really wanna fuck me they wanna fuck my cousins
I be thuggin' it to the fullest mayne I push
Be all up in the courthouse smelling like Kush
Hiding in the fire truck latter mane I be gone
Every day by myself I smoke at least a half a zone
Finger on the chrome, letting it be known
Threwed in the dome, wanna know what's wrong
I ain't never play to lose I play to win
If it's money being generated then I want in
My stacks won't fold it won't bend

Brought a one room apartment (for what) just to keep my money in (beotch)

[Hook x2: Yung Jun]

[Verse 2: Black C]

Oh yeah, my money straight
You can ask them bad bitches in my court until 8
Looking like they can't wait to put it in they face
If she ain't down with it then we plan a limit date

Plus I represent this Bay, so I gotta keep it res-ial
I'm gone off a pis-ial so fuck how they fis-ial
A hundred dollar biz-ials I'm ballin' on you suckers
Ridin' round top down if a player feeling smothered
We customs made 4's on the whip, Bentley holes sitting nice
The paint look blue but it's green in the light
We goin call that a sprite rocking D-boy ice
My D-boy swag I'm from that D-boy life
Black Ceaser be the name Black C is what they call me
R.B.O. the camp hundreds point be the army
Yeah ya boy ballin sumthing like Spalding
And it's only bad bitches that a real nigga call me

[Hook: Yung Jun]

[Verse 3: Guce]

Purple in my cup looking like I'm playing posses
You can still get it with this chopper or the shotgun
My money straight off the rose and the Vodka
Errday we celebrate like I won an Oscar
Gangsta, from the city of choppers and body bags
We ride shit that move fast like it crawl that
We keep them toys all year like Toys-R-Us
You like a nigga that can't play bo's and dump truck
[Laughs] I'm threw what they created ghetto broads
A trauma water cause ya trauma boy and still on call
I'm balling like the Phoenix Suns, playing zone
And make these bitches run for it, Marion Jones
Finger fuckin' the trigger like pussy when I felt the
You wanna beef I touch ya hat broker helper
When I'm on ya line can't nobody help ya
Empty ass nigga not a leg that a felt up

My money straight

[Hook: Yung Jun]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>