# Bout my money

## Outformation

Let's see, what to do today?
Fuck that I'm goin to get my money
This one in a Thuggin memory
That thug nigga
Hollywood nigga
I did this one in that nigga name
Hollywood nigga, yall remember that mutha fuckin name
This bout that mutha fuckin money
NIGGA
To kill for cocaine and get a nigga killed
And a banana peel will get his whole hide flipped
He's bringin danger to the life of his home boy's
You can see the moon, but don't let him go alone boy
Bout my money, we goin to bump heads and it wont be long
That's why I got two choppers, one for the car, and one for the home
Got extra grip for when they hold on
Nextel, instead of these dial tones
And quarter game for these old tapped ass cell phones
And new back bone for my new dread homes
You aint been outta jail long, but nigga you dead wrong
Bout my money, nigga you shouldn't a played wit it
You're goin to remember the day when this A.K hit ya
Bout my money
That shit there aint nothin funny
Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout my money
And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny
When I ask about my mutha fuckin money
That shit there aint nothin funny
Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout my money
And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny
Have my mutha fuckin money
I read in the Book of Thugs, Chapter A.K Verse 47
And it tells me all thugs niggas go to heaven
But between the lines of verses 48 and 9
Is what ya thug nigga's, drug dealin and doin time
But verse 100, talks bout my money
Say's its full of blood so all memphis is funny
But nigga I don't want to hold your gold

I just want to free your soul

And be found somewhere in public when all this shit unfolds
I done gave ya two bricks, and you aint gave me back shit
You runnin around in your new bubble lights
When verse sit lookin sick
I aint here to hold ur sing, I just want my cream
And you can keep your little watch and ring that go bling bling
Bout my money
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Now all this huffin and puffin
Aint goin to get you young fuck nigga's nothin
But a shit bag and bullet holes through your bloody clothes
Out of all the nigga's you mutha fuckin know
I should have been the last nigga you want to muthafuckin know
I'll meet ya at your front door, and im bringin my calico
Nigga if u aint got my flow ur ass gotta go
We'll get you mammy and all and layin em down on the front room floor
Bout to do em all cuz I done have problems bout all this shit unfolden
Bout my money, I came at it, and your son ain't have it
Now this nigga I owe is goin to be the next nigga to go
I only got 20 G's, and I owe 'em 84
It ain't my muthafuckin fault, I'm short bout 64
This nigga aint goin to fuck me no more
Bout my money
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