

# The Curse of Money

## Ice Cube

Hey wassup Cube?  
Man, I'm glad I caught you at your momma' house homey  
Wassup man? You still got your pager right or you lost it?  
(It's the curse, the curse)Y'know my code right? I been pagin' you for about a week man  
(The curse, the curse)  
I heard about the deal ya got  
(The curse, the curse)  
Greed, Khop  
(The curse, the curse)  
Check this out, you owe a nigga somethin' manDo the math baby, do the math, Ch-ching  
Do the math baby, do the math, Ch-ching  
Do the math baby  
(The curse, the curse)  
Do the math baby  
(The curse, the curse)It's the curse of money, once you get it, fool you got it  
Buy a new pair of drawers and motherfuckers spot it  
(The curse, the curse)  
Niggas plotted, to have me knotted up in basements  
Till these cocksuckers see what they're faced with  
(The curse, the curse)Their fantasies of a life stress-free  
Full of orgies, in the Florida Keys  
(The curse, the curse)  
But this bullshit is so thick, it's like mountains  
Sick of threatenin' all my lawyers and accountants  
(The curse, the curse)The decibels, gold diggers goin' for the testicles  
Soon they realize, I don't invest in hoes  
(The curse, the curse)  
Sometimes it's like hell on earth  
When everybody tryin' to get your ass for all your worth  
It's the curseThe curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math )When you hot, they think you got more than you got  
(The curse, the curse)  
When you not, motherfuckers callin' you a flop

(The curse, the curse)  
 I just laugh, the curse everybody wanna have  
 Before you sell your soul better do the math I start to scream shit like, "Mayday, Mayday"  
 'Cause motherfuckers think it's all grav-ay wit my pay day  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 And like I said, it's the curse of money  
 They start laughin' at your jokes when they ain't that funny  
 (The curse, the curse) See this ass kissin' yes man  
 Shakin' hands with the left hand, get my weap-an, get to stepp-an  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 Fuck every phony ass nigga round me  
 Stick a shaft up your ass like Richie Roundtree  
 (The curse, the curse) Got to have some gas money if you goin'  
 If not who you fuckin'? Who you flowin'? Who you owin'?  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 In '98 don't shit come free  
 Not even hard rhymes that's describin' these hard times The curse, the curse  
 (Do the math baby, do it)  
 The curse, the curse  
 (Do the math baby)  
 The curse, the curse  
 (Do the math baby)  
 The curse, the curse  
 (Do the math baby) When you hot, they think you got more than you got  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 When you not, motherfuckers callin' you a flop  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 I just laugh, the curse everybody wanna have  
 Before you sell your soul better do the math To relax I smoke a stick, the shit make me sick  
 Gotta gang of new homies and relatives on my dick  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 No time for drama, busters get sprayed  
 Bitches wanna get layed and everybody need their bills paid, everybody  
 (The curse, the curse) Motherfuckers, sweat me like a spy  
 They wanna kick it 'cause I, got the curse of Mulah  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 Make me wanna start scrappin' and look at me to make it happen  
 What the fuck was they doin' before Mack 10 was rappin', tell me?  
 (The curse, the curse) What the fuck? How can I remain a man of seven figures  
 When I'm rushed by gold diggers every time I get bigger? Ch-ching  
 (The curse, the curse)  
 Like David Banner, when I tweak I turn green  
 And every time I'm seen it's like people start to fiend  
 It's the curse The curse, the curse  
 (Do the math baby)

The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby, 1 million, 2 million)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby, 3 million)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math)When you hot, they think you got more than you got, yeah they do  
(The curse)  
When you not, motherfuckers callin' you a flop, motherfuckers  
(The curse, the curse)  
I just laugh, the curse everybody wanna have  
Before you sell your soul better do the math, better do itThe curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby, get the fuck outta here)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby, with dollar signs in your eyes)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math baby, ha ha, sheeit)  
The curse, the curse  
(Do the math)Leave your ass broke  
Rabbit ears, nigga for pockets  
I'm cursed but I love it

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