

Money

Goapele

Jayo]W-wh-wha, what, wha-what what?

[E-40]BEOTCH!

Mobster, turn that shit up!

[Jayo]Yeah, uh-huh uh-huh UH

[E-40]Sinister shit

[Jayo]Uh-huh uh-huh WHAT?

[E-40]Jayo, Jayo smell me on this one

[E-40]

Jayo (Jayo)

I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin
lhello (lhello) but if I do that's what I do (that's what I do)

repeat 2X

Verse One: E-40

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 niggaz 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 do

Verse Two: Jayo Felony

I stabs a nigga, and cool-Aid came out
cause his heart pumps cool-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 niggaz 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

Chorus:

[Jayo]All my niggaz havin fancy dreams! (FANCY DREAMS!)
Comin up cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)

repeat 2X

[Jayo]All my bitches havin fancy dreams! (FANCY DREAMS!)
Comin up cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)

repeat 2X

Verse Three: E-40

KRRRRRACK 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, Hillsider, 1400 block Magazine Street
Narcotic ? bomb preparer heroin provider
I'm vicious, mean mugged and mad doggin niggaz 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

Verse Four: Jayo Felony

? 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
Niggaz 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

Chorus

Verse Five: Jayo Felony

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
Niggaz 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 be-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!!!

Chorus

*talking to end

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