

Get Money, Spend Money, No Money

Ice Cube

Yeah

Gangsta Tell me all my children 'fore I come through
Is the hood in the buildin'? Yes
You won't believe what I'm dealin', this West Coast shit
Oh, what a feelin', ahh Niggaz think I'm drug dealin'
'Cause I rolled out with no muthafuckin' sealin', none
Is he worth a hundred million?
No need to ask Ice Cube how I'm livin', I'm livin' lo I still got the recipe
South Central LA is the pedigree
Don't try to tell me what it better be
I have your ass up in physical therapy I outlaw like a Cherokee
The rap industry tried to bury me
But if I died on the mic up in Larrabee
I'm so heavy you bitches couldn't carry me Get money, spend money, no money
Lookin' like a dummy, I really don't give a fuck
Your money ain't my fuckin' money
Got a pocket full of money, c'mon homie, throw it up Get money, spend money, no money
Lookin' like a dummy, I really don't give a fuck
Your money ain't my fuckin' money
Got a pocket full of money, c'mon homie, throw it up I don't accept, no disrespect
Only thing I expect is self check
Just grin and bare it, got an ass whoopin'
That your ass don't wanna inherit Most rappers are parrots, they say what
They told to say to get a neck full of carrots
Got your momma embarrassed
How long 'fore they callin' us terrorists, nigga, I'm serious I keep it gangsta but I keeps a job
'Cause it's hard to sleep when you steal and rob
And ya got to run , here comes the blob
'Cause Uncle Sam is like part of the Mobb Break your self, he'll take your wealth
Don't get it twisted, you a muthafuckin' elf
And Santa Clause will go for self
All you got is your balls and your health Get money, spend money, no money
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Got a pocket full of money, c'mon homie, throw it up Niggaz brag about what they got
But we don't own a skyscraper, now that's paper

One generation from slums
Happy for these little crumbs, you little bums
We saw you pull up but nigga shut up, shut up
You always talk about a fuckin' car or truck
You always talkin' 'bout some fuckin' rims or interior
That kinda shit will keep an ass inferior
I'm tryna eat tomorrow, not tryin' to hear
'Bout the little bitty shit you ball
Saw your little bitty house on Crips
Where you fuck your wife and feed your kids
Nigga be quiet, ain't shit private
Everythin' for sale, you can buy it
All this self snitchin', all this self tellin'
Muthafuckas goin' back to the watermelon
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