

## Queen Pen % Tracey Lee "Where's Our Money?"

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[Guru talking]

Yeah, heh-heh, it's time y'all..

It's yours truly in the house, you know me

Baldhead Slick, that's right

That nigga who been puttin it down for years

Spittin fire

That's right, holdin it down in the streets

Fuck the industry bullshit

Switchin up from sweatsuits and kicks, to gators and  
slacks

Spittin nothin but pure facts,

Plus I got my clip with me this time

and we aimin at your head punk

Ill Kid Records, New Millennium duckets

Snatchin the cheese from right under you rats noses

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"

"When the mic's within my reach, I don't mean to  
preach"

"When the mic's within my reach..."

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"When the mic's within my reach" "I'm nice like that"

[Guru]

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps

I keep it tight like army boots, to ensure wealth

I meet suckers everyday that rhyme, they say they  
rhyme

Most of them, corny as hell, won't get paid a dime

Alotta these punks, they all sound the same

They all sound lame, fakin like they down with the  
game

Against me they'll fail, I'm like the black Frankie Hale

I leave 'em slumped, and they body dumped over the  
rail

Show me respect, then cut me a fat check

You little niggaz are like virgins, you haven't had ass  
yet

Wet behind the ears while I been spittin darts for years

Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called  
peers  
Them fools gassed you in the first place, dirtface  
Cocksucker thought you had wins got suck in the worst  
place  
And that's when I, attack your fears  
Cuz I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it  
back here

[Chorus]

It's me little homey, Gangsta B  
Head Slick poppin off and it's thanks to me  
Have the check in the mail to the bank for me  
Flagrant chief, cuz that's how my behavior be  
It's me gettin stocks and bonds, runnin with lots of  
dons  
Don't buy the chain if you can't cop the charm  
Me and my peeps carry lots of arms  
Where's our money? Where's our money?

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"

"When the mic's within my reach, I don't mean to  
preach"

"When the mic's within my reach..."

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"When the mic's within my reach" "I'm nice like that"

[Guru]

For the dough, I'll lay you out with no remorse  
You'll get tossed, legs and limbs lost, just for tryna  
floss  
I don't give a fuck if you think you're the man  
You think I give a damn? You better think of a plan  
I come through, like gangbusters to bang and crush ya  
Cuz the fake cats that you hang with are suckas  
One phone call, death to you all  
Picture me scuffin up my new kicks or shoes in a brawl  
Any problem with the law, I'll beat the case for real  
Beat you in the face with steel, leave you so you can't  
taste or feel  
For the cash, I'll take you out and your whole staff  
Have you lookin funny as hell, but I won't laugh  
It's gettin overcrowded in this rap game, so I slap  
lames  
Who kick phony lip, with their wack names  
I'm so and so, I'm this and that  
You get dissed and smacked, while I counterfeit your  
stacks

[Chorus]

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"

"When the mic's within my reach, I don't mean to  
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"When the mic's within my reach..."

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