Colourful Leaves "Money"

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(Moola)

Money!

Money!

Haha!

Uh. who is it?

It's Gonzoe!!

Verse 1 *(Gonzoe)*

We in this for the cash right here

feel this here

this my year

year of years

khakis to Cordiers

they hittin me up nigga

now I juss stare

ice up

smash out

hittin no fear

on the same spot I cracked up

my first 5 dollars

same steez-aline, now wit out the poppin collars

everything bubbled out

dash board, pull it out

girls in the backseat runnin they mouth

switch up, shut up

kiss my boo before she nut up

spittin it all juss tryin to get some cut up

floatin

somebody rollin a blunt

somebody chokin

somebody pass the blunt

constantly smokin

the life, of a young tycoon

roll up green

pop X and lace 'em

an this life I lead I ain't set

if I ain't got a whip wit a grip or the woman I slip.

Come on.

Chorus *(Val Young & Gonzoe)*

(Come on, come on)
Money, Money, Money!
(Westside! Eastside!)
Don't you know that we.... need the paper?
(get it, get it, come on)
(yeah)
Money, Money, Money!
(uh, uh)
(what?!)
(Ritzy, Yukmeez)

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

Uh.

I rock I rock a afros, corn rows mouth full of golds young hustla hoppin outta Range Rove's fully equipped wit TV's and videos playin Jet Motto sip X-O a ghetto superstara livin life like there's no tomorrow hit the spot in Godfather convertable ??? smokin gonja from January 1st to Kwanza up in the Bahammas racin jet skis screamin "Cowabunga!" top of the world yup me and my potnas Smoke-A-Lot, Regime 20 a casa skiddin through the islands be the first to bust grab on my nuts scream in cuts then I smoke the famous weed wit Dutch

skee-skirt like Starsky
and Hutch
Young Ritzy and Yuk
quickly bust they enemies
get cheese like Vito Genevies
nigga please
the new era Regime
make 'em bow down kiss they ring
do they thing

my Lex got stick shift wit no clutch

push a button on the back of the steerin wheel and

wit no crutch

from here to Beijing stop hatin the shot calla that pop collars before I get yo ass wit the Rotwilers.

(Gonzoe)

Yeah we in it hit the spot how much money you got? Show an tell nigga doin all the big figgas yeah! An get... money, money, money! Westside! Eastside! (Don't you know that we.... need the paper?) Get it, got to have it baby, come on (Money, Money, Money!) it belongs to me (From the hood, to the corner, and the playa) Come on. (Money, Money, Money!) Westside, Eastside! (To the playas on the streets, got to get them g's) What? Regime, come on.

Verse 3 *(Gonzoe)*

Nigga we on some gangsta shit Young Ritz, throw yo drank up fire that dank up tell them girls any lie you can think of we finna get fucked we pervin off nade and the Alazae workin who searchin for a stiff who wanna follow and I voulen-teer wrap yo lips around my stuff like a bottle I shake it, and take it and take it you suckas can't make it cover it wit hatred capitol punishment make you taste it break down the mind of a Manson cuz they basic, no care to my right hand swear to bear arms

bust fo my loved ones an trust none got money an funds I call upon an worship more evil than good, I fully work it shots in ??? the world go perfect wit dolla bills my wounds can't heal fool my world too real fo dolla bills.

(Chorus)

Money, Money, Money! (Westside! Eastside!) Don't you know that we.... need the paper? (Gotta get it an spend it!) Money, Money, Money! (Come on, come on, come on!) For the hood the corner and the playa (Yeah tell 'em Val!) Money, Money, Money! (Get money, come on!) Playas on the streets, gotta get them G's. (What?!) (Come on!) (Shake it!) Come on! (7x) Ha!! Haaahaaa! Come on!

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