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## **SBOE**

## "Money Cars Clothes"

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Money, cars, clothes, hoes Money, cars, clothes, hoes I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money

Mr Angel on the beat

Young mula baby, and the devil on the flow ha ha ha Young mullah baby, and the monsta on the hook ha ha, swizzy!

Young mullah baby, streeetzz...

Damn I hate a old fake ass nigga
Dats why you only see me with some ape ass niggas
We gotta eat early like break fast nigga
New Orleans land of where yo gate pass nigga
Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5-0-4
Pussy ass niggas don't survive no mo

And the niggas say they riders

Ain't riders no mo

From the deep part of the water where the divers won't go

Hey sharks, sup piranhas, Dem boys catfish, dem boys flounders

I pop on grove, I roll around ya,

Hit ya with that 2-2 7 times like a sandra

Fuckin with my...

Money, cars, clothes, hoes
Money, cars, clothes, hoes
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
Money, cars, clothes, hoes
Money, cars, clothes, hoes
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money

Yea, yea, ha ha
And fuck that fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck that nigga pussy ass nigga
Yea, yea young mullah baby, t streets...
T streets - fuck, what the fuck I look like

Fuck my verse, nigga

Swizz got the hook right

Asian let me catch em with the beam an it's cooked

right

Weezy be the crack in the jar and he shook right And I'm the nigga standin over the stove With a good price with a b? ride bitch Drive bricks an book flights Good by bad days, hello good nights No my coke look like Carmelo? Sittin in lebrons, driver seat reclined 2 woman, my mary j disc and my 9 It's my life, my life, my mutha fuckin life And fuck one time it's...

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Money, cars, clothes, hoes
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
Money, cars, clothes, hoes
Money, cars, clothes, hoes
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money

Ha ha. T streets, B A G swalla ha ha
We young mullah baby yea...
I murder that boy, I kill that bitch
Straight burn ya body up like a skillet bitch
I turn beef to me meyou, be my fil-let bitch
And ya stomach ain't gotta hurt for you to feel dat shit
So ain't no love for no otha so say I fuck dem tricks
Ain't no loves flyin now besides birds of dem bricks
Unless you talkin bout eagle dats the street I know
The person now the routes to couldn't see my flow
I clap a nigga 3 times, like the 3 syllables
Word that I know, called (clap) hol - ly - grove
Nigga fuck yo money, clothes, cars, hoes
Kids, friends, and foes, and you and den I get back to
the...

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I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
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