

Bad Azz

"Money, Houses And Cars"

Visit "[Money, Houses And Cars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Kurupt]

Bad A\$\$: This life of ours

the same thing that got a nigga here get me there
(evrything you see, aint always what it seems to be)
yeah yeah, the same thing that got a nigga here get
me there

come on, Bad A\$\$, Kurupt, The Gang

Verse 1: Bad A\$\$

I'm just trying ta make a dollar out of nothing
turn zero into somethin'

and it's, one life we live, with this, one shot to give
you got chances, we use none risking your life
you know we got guns, why you come and get us with
knives

it's a cold thang, the game, just take folks under
it feels better if you say that god just called his number
when you do we kept a self situations like that
in situations where it's likely somebody might gat
no bad intentions, we all like to jump in the car
no destination but we all thinkin hard to get far

Chorus x2: Bad A\$\$

Money, houses, and cars, this life of ours, goin where
we came a long way , but still we got so far to go to get
there

(the same thing that got a nigga here get me there,
and if it don't,

it wasn't

sposed to)

Verse 2: Kurupt, Bad A\$\$

[Kurupt]

I got gangsta ass niggas with so much heat

G'd up rides with so much beat

G'd up apparal, dope by the barrels, gangsta ass
goodfella nigga

Kurupt and nell???

I once had a bitch that ate so much dick

that she couldn't do nuthin for me, but blow one of the
homies

as I ease my way right up the streets

me, D-a-z, Bad A\$\$, and Priest

we gotta hit the spot where the homies meet

where all the OG's round up the fleet

cuz the homies is crazy shit
and we all about stackin' up a grip
no funny ass niggas, no scandliss ass ho's
and we don't give a fuck about a bitch
[Bad A\$\$]
I can't worry bout a bitch
I'm tryin ta get rich by next week
and I can get me some pussy when it ain't nuttin to eat
my life, this life of ours buyin nuttin, houses and cars
ghetto stars, doin our thing
like bust a bitch, bust a bitch, and get rich with my
gang
we brang, to the table, what you aint able
a few pies to cut, cuz we ride for bucks in the worst way
today Tuesday, I got a date on Thursday, and fuck
what you say
you say dirt about us when we aint there
when we come around, you fuckin clown, you act
scared
Tupac is dead, stop questioning life
you had to talk to the feds, that's the test in the life
goin where, a long way from here to get there
you gotta mash to maintain
blast that's the gang thang
(the same thing that got a nigga here get me there)
Chorus x2
Verse 3: Kurupt, Bad A\$\$
[Kurupt]
(I, I, I, I)
I heard gangstas don't ride with disguises
but I'm quick to throw the mask on to get my blast on
so call it what you want, yeah yeah, that's all cool
but me and the homies bout to act the fuckin fool
dump if you dump
nigga pull the pump
lay a nigga (lay a nigga), for the homies spray a nigga
this aint the Sony, so you can't play a nigga
the homies quick to cock, A-K a nigga
with no hesitation
penaltants populate the population
a nickel plated penetration
khakis, t-shirts and stars
homies, busta's, riders and mark's
all y'all niggas here wanna be hard
but no nigga with heart when the heater spark
just ask the homie Bad A\$\$
he'll put you d on how it's sposed to be in the whole
family
as I ease my way right up the streets
me, D-a-z, Bad A\$\$ and Priest
we gotta hit the spot where the homies meet

where all the OG's round up the fleet
cuz the homies is crazy as shit
and we all about stackin' up a grip
no funny ass niggas, no scandliss ass ho's
and we don't give a fuck about a bitch, (bitch, bitch,
bitch)
[Bad A\$\$]
yeah, 1-9-9-9, the Gang, all in your face at close range
Mr. Bad A\$\$, yeah yeah yeah yeah, it don't quit, we
keep it crackin
like this
ugh, aww yeah yeah yeah, it don't quit
It aint over till I'm done
aint nowhere to hide, so why run
I don't battle with rappers, either bomb or draw guns
you can hate me, cuz I got skills and live real
and my life is well woven in these stack of dollar bills
I should kill, I would come and kill your ass
but your only mission is destruction, why get in your
path
I'll let you kill yourself, while I chill with wealth
and let the story be the word on the streets, a few
weeks
I gotta eat, fuck fuckin with you and being broke on the
streets
duck duckin with you and gettin' smoked, that's a no-
no
what you think it's fifty five or 4-4
money, houses, and cars, nigga I gotta go
yeah yeah yeah yeah
it don't quit we keep it wreckin like this, ha ha ha ha
yeah yeah yeah yeah it don't quit
nigga you can suck a fat dick
yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah
we keep it crackin, keep it crackin like this (this, this,
this, this

Visit [Bad Azz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.