

## Contagion

### "Money"

Visit "[Money](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(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  
wit no crutch  
my Lex got stick shift wit no clutch  
push a button on the back of the steerin wheel and  
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

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  
here  
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!

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