

## Coolio "Money"

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

Money is your home on the range  
Money puts the weapon in the stock exchange  
Ya make money on your 9 to 5  
uhh to earn your livin so you survive  
It takes money to pay your rent and to eat  
Without money your home be on the street  
So you steal some money and got to jail uhh  
and then you turn around and need sumtin for bail  
When you need twenty cents to call your lawyer  
to plead innocence and say they never saw ya  
But before ya ya lawyer a-get you free  
He asks how will you pay his fee?  
But you have no money, you're in a jam  
Your lawyer don't give a damn, watch the cell doors  
slam  
It takes money money (money money)  
Cash, money money (money moneyyy) to the bill  
It takes money money (money money), that's right  
Cash, money money, for real  
Hook:  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all  
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Make the homies rob and steal, kid for real y'all  
It takes money to buy that TV set  
It takes money to place that casino bet  
It takes money to buy that radio  
and money for gas so your car will go  
It takes money for you to buy a house  
It takes money for a trap to catch a mouse  
It takes money to take a vacation trip  
a cruise around the world on a pleasure ship  
It takes money to get interest from the bank  
It takes money for a homey to buy your tape  
It takes money to pay for your doctor bill  
and your psychiatrist if you're actin ill  
It takes money for a king to have a queen  
It takes money for the king to buy her ring

It takes money for a castle when the king is crowned  
cos money what make the world go round  
It takes money money (money money)  
Cash, money money (money moneyyy), that's right  
It takes money money a-to the bill  
A-to the B-I-double L, BILL for real  
Hook  
Well if ya got kids a-then you know  
the more you spend the more they grow  
They go from two to four in a row  
but don't think that the growin is thru cos you'se a fool  
They go from four to six and what they bear  
they have you spendin all your money like a millionaire  
They go from eight to nine and then to ten  
Your baby got'cha spendin money again  
Wit'cha money now gone your rent is due  
and now your landlord is houndin you  
But you go to lay down and rest your head  
but the bill collector done took your bed  
And when you got twentys and fives and tens  
then sometimes you got friends  
But when you only got pennys, nickels and dimes  
then you only got friends some of the time  
So you make a million dollars to pay a tax  
to keep the IRS off your back  
Uncle Sam got his and I got mine  
and now I got friends all o' the time  
It takes money money, uhh (money money)  
Cash, money money (money moneyyy), that's right  
It takes money money (money money)  
Cash, money money, a-to the bill  
A-to B-I-double L, BILL for real  
Uhh  
Hook

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