

E**"Money Scheme"**

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Jayo] W-wh-wha, what, wha-what what?

[E-40] BEOTCH!

Mobster, turn that shit up!

[Jayo] Yeah, uh-huh uh-huh UH

[E-40] Sinister shit

[Jayo] Uh-huh uh-huh WHAT?

[E-40] Jayo, Jayo smell me on this one

[E-40]

Jayo (Jayo)

I hope I don't ever have to go back to slangin

Illello (Illello) but if I do that's what I do (that's what I do)

repeat 2X

Verse One: E-40

Grindin out of my Aunties, backyard that's the chronic

I been havin more candy than a pinata, more cake than
Betty Crocker

Get on the horn and hit me on my locker, cause I'm
fake ID havin

strikin and drivin on a suspended expired license
comes in buy it

from the nigga with the best quality and the lowest
prices

Spendin that capital that the big homey advanced me

in front of me with the next nigga

I love money plus I'm labelled rough rider

Known for bringin bitch ass niggaz out of hidin

Charlie Hustle, I hope I won't have to go back

to sellin sherm sticks, but if I do that's what I do

Charlie Hustle, I hope I won't have to go back

to sellin loop loop, but if I do that's what I do

Verse Two: Jayo Felony

I stabs a nigga, and Kool-Aid came out

cause his heart pumps Kool-Aid, so I mixed it with my
Thunderchicken

Barely livin, and smokin headache with a deuce-deuce

Now I gotta put my snub nosed back to use

I'm dangerous it gets crucial, cause I loves conflict

Fuck a headache I'm jackin niggaz for pounds of bomb
shit

And now my fingers is sticky like Sticky Fingaz from the
greenery

You gon' retaliate, nigga what that mean to me? Bitch!

When you shoot crooked it's Cartwright, on site I'm
takin flight

It's gon' rain on your head, I'm tearin the roof off this
bitch tonight

As you fall like God, for tryin to swipe my pie

nigga DIE while your bitch give up the Beaumont

Chorus:

[Jayo] All my niggaz havin fancy dreams! (FANCY
DREAMS!)

Comin up cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)

repeat 2X

[Jayo] All my bitches havin fancy dreams! (FANCY DREAMS!)

Comin up cause we all on a money scheme! (A money scheme!)

repeat 2X

Verse Three: E-40

KRRRRACK the freight, nigga FUCK the hype

BEOTCH! You gotta pay me just to BREATHE on the mic

High, higher than a dust cloud

Hella disrespectful, all up in the party talkin loud!

Systemized, a triple striker, when I was born

my mom and daddy shoulda named me Isiah cause I'ma ride

Sole survivor, Hillsider, 1400 block Magazine Street

Narcotic ? bomb preparer heroin provider

I'm vicious, mean mugged and mad doggin niggaz like the

like the Grinch Who Stole Christmas

I like to, like to, finger fuck bitches up in clubs

Take her home and get rug burns on my nuts!

Stuck! Gordon's Gin and Donald Duck

NUT! All on her spine and on her butt

FUCK! Major clientele (major clientele)

Then I pass it to my nigga Mista Jayo

Verse Four: Jayo Felony

? up the glass is shatterin, bitch it ain't matterin

They scatterin, see me and forty start splatterin

The cowards are heartless, so you burn like flames

Niggaz that got snake eyes get broke up like dice
games

Fuck a bitch, why? Cause skeezers don't please us

So I just go around sippin fine wine like Jesus

And everytime I bust a spit it's a hip-hop quote

Drinkin Moesha Brandy, head spinnin like hundred
spokes

Chorus

Verse Five: Jayo Felony

Still drinkin Krypton

brothers is Snapple then I snap like a snapping turtle

Nigga, shittin on the world keeps my land fertile

I grow my own shit, Fruits, vegetables and tobacco

It's third down and forty nigga

You know you gon' get tackled

Get your land while you can home-man

Niggaz so dope they named me twice like Duran Duran

Killa nigga put honey on em, and feed em to my hogs

See I leave no evidence for the police dogs

Now off the low stroll we go so let's flow

Lil' bitch, we be sippin cause the people said so

You can't tell a lettuce from a cabbage silly rabbits

get these chips even if it means lettin these
motherfuckers have it!

Verse Six: E-40

Nigga got out of line, I had to ice him

Reached into my drawers, and pulled out my strap

Motherfucker got out of place, I had to chop him

Reached into my d-da-da-das and pulled out my strap,
check it out

Nickle plated chrome planet Clint Eastwood special

designed strictly for staplin and toe taggin

Po-Po wrote me up a citation cause I was saggin and
draggin

my b-ah-bitch, by her w-uh-weave

I had to, I had to make the bitch bleed! Last doo-doo
bootch

who tried to hit me with a fryin pan, my attitude wasn't
carin

Backslapped that hoe in front of her parents

More ki's than a janitor

It gets mannisher and mannisher and mannisher

Smokin on a roach, loitering in a McDonald's parkin lot

throwin up gang signs

to ? as if he was some kind of first base coach

I luh I like my egg poached, hard over easy!!!

In the drive through, hollerin at her breezy!!!

Chorus

*talking to end

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