

E-40

"Money Scheme"

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W-wh-wha, what, wha-what what?

Beotch

Mobster, turn that shit up

Yeah, uh-huh uh-huh uh

Sinister shit

Uh-huh uh-huh what?

Jayo, Jayo smell me on this one

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

Hello but if I do that's what I do

(That's what I do)

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

Hello but if I do that's what I do

(That's what I do)

Grindin' out of my aunty's 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 labeled 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

I stabs a nigga, and Kool-Aid came out

'Cause his heart pumps Kool-Aid, so I mixed it with my
Thunder chicken

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 Guy, for tryin' to swipe my pie
Nigga DIE while your bitch give up the Beaumont

All my niggaz havin fancy dreams
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

All my niggaz havin fancy dreams
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

All my bitches havin' fancy dreams!
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

All my bitches havin' fancy dreams!
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

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'm a Rider
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
Then I pass it to my nigga Mista Jayo

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 every time I bust a spit it's a hip-hop quote
Drinkin' Moesha Brandy, head spinnin' like hundred
spokes

All my bitches havin' fancy dreams!
(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
(A money scheme)

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 old 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 the shit because 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

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 bitch, by her weave

I had to, I had to make the bitch bleed, last New Year's
Eve
She 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

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(Fancy dreams)
Comin' up 'cause we all on a money scheme
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