

Gavin Rossdale

"Money"

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[DJ Muggs]

Yo

I got this plan to make some money

I want you to keep this shit to yourself

At 6:15 am this truck pulls out the post office

I'm like a shootin' wisher

Now it makes one stop before it goes to Sacramento

which is a mail drop-off at First Federal Loan and

Savings

[B-Real]

I did whatever I could to get by

Slang dope, jack people, hands in the sky

When you livin' on the edge, yeah holmie it's a high

You get caught up in the drama and eventually you die

Livin' in a hard world some are livin' lies

Son you better wise up and open up your eyes

Shit it never easy, homie people will connive

Better have a hustle if you mean to survive

Why you're so greedy, can you tell us all why

Look homie believe me, you're fuckin' metal ply

For the Dollar everybody is a target that's real

Talkin' is smog you're fate's signed and sealed

You could be the next one cross 'em in the path

What maybe if you do the math you can avoid the

blood bath

All the Money that we stole too weak to take greed

Give it to an honest man the Money is still deep

[Chorus] x 4

Dollar bill y'all

Dollar bill y'all

Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all

[Sen Dog]

Fiend for the mean green

Never get enough is a mother fuckin' gangsta dream

For the love of the cash flow

You could live fast and you could die slow

Show where's the can bet your ass you believe it

'Cause niggaz that you know try hard to be schemin'

Work hard is fuck, for everything to rock
You a dead motherfucker 'fore I get got
Fools got game floss and drop names
My move's faster than a runaway train
Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit
Catch you on your knees and you want some dick
Spot a gold nigga with a hairline trigger
Each root your name the reputation get bigger
For the love of the Money, pussy, drugs
Fools change and get all twisted up

[Chorus] x 4
Dollar bill y'all
Dollar bill y'all
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all

[B-Real]
Only if ya better keep your eyes peeled
'Cause you were talkin' for jacks and that's real
Whether you rap or do biz or drug deal
Homie, for the Dollar you can get yourself killed
He decided to jet, it could happen with no discussion
Straps of all pain, fool's fuckin' eruptin'
For the green little papers, jackin' your neighbors
But what if your neighbor put arms in his favor
Moved up the heater to mash you punk bitches
Don't wanna earn shit, you wanna jack for the riches
Nothin' in life's for free, my nigga learn that
You burn someone, they might just burn back
Scorchin' niggaz to the third degree
Auh y'all triggers deserve to be
Put out of you misery, you're history son
When your body disappears then the mystery come

[Chorus] x 4
Dollar bill y'all
Dollar bill y'all
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all

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