

Gonzoe "Money"

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(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
'cause 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!

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