

Carnivore

"Gotta Have Money"

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Ah
Very mellow, right fellas?
Yeah
You know if you ain't got no money, then you ain't got
jack
Check it out, right?

[Verse 1: Ed O.G.]
Now righteous is the way I live, that's how I gotta live
A girl don't seem to want you unless you got somethin
to give
But that's not positive, and it's a trip
The younger girls are sweatin a gangster, older girls
are on the dealer's dick
When I was livin foul, hey yo, I was knocked plenty,
troops
But since I changed my lifestyle I can't get any boots
Dealin and gangbangin, it might be negative
But I can't knock it, cause we all gotta live
It's the girls, the way they act, that really gets to me
Because I said "Excuse me" from the front seat of a
hooptie?
Nobody gased me, nobody souped me
Yeah, I'm a dog, girl, but I ain't Snoopy
I know why you play me, cause the car wasn't hooked
I know I look good, so it couldn't be my looks
But that's more foul than a third-string center
Givin me the cold shoulder, and it ain't winter?
But that's how the '90s is, it is wack
If you ain't got no money, then you ain't got jack

[Chorus]
Gotta have money to make it with the ladies in the
nineties
(Since he wasn't no type of big drug dealer) --> Biz
Markie

[Verse 2: Ed O.G.]
I'm tired of a girl playin innocent
When she know damn well she's a freak
Yeah, she can't accept I'm livin righteous

So she wants to fight this
And kicks it to a sucker in a jeep - why?
Because he got a car and I ride the bus
Hey yo, but I won't get locked up when five-o makes the
bust
But it seems girls' dreams is the money and the jeeps
And all the foul fellas get the flyest of the freaks
They like the guys with the gold that's mackin right in
check
And they love it when they're locked up callin 'em
collect
And when a righteous brother like me takes a step and
walks up
It's like "Do you have a boyfriend?" "Yeah, but he's
locked up"
I say, "How can you have a boyfriend if he's locked up?
He's probably somebody's girlfriend and he's gettin
knocked up"
But that's how the '90s is, it is wack
If you ain't got no money, then you ain't got jack

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Ed O.G.]

If you're involved with a fine girl, your bank in a knot
You think that she loves you, but she loves what you got
You can't get without givin, without givin you can't get
A sucker thinks she's sweatin but she's sweatin your
pocket
To get a little you gots to give a lot
It don't matter how you look, it matters what you got
And if you ain't got a car, link or bank
Don't think you gonna get some cause boy, you ain't
If you're a f-l-y g-u-y type of guy
Steppin to a girl without no m-o-n-e-y
You must be crazy cause she ain't givin
The first thing that she asks you is, "What you do for a
livin?"
If you're livin foul or if you're livin right
As long as you got money, she's yours for the night
But that's how the '90s is, it is wack
If you ain't got no money, then you ain't got jack

[Chorus]

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