

C-Bo "Get The Money"

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* [Verse 1]

We getting money got the getting money
My nigga from Rap a Lot get the money
Nigga from tha row get the money
Stick wid it niggas is get the money
Westcoast mafia
I gave the gangbangin like fuck the money now I see
My riches to get my milk and honey as I touch the stage
Prescious my life of caine women scream my name
while
Sipping on champagne we came perpacked in this rap
game
And I'm a rider to deth living the life of fame to my last
breath
I see that when the money came that's when the
women changed
Fascinated by lexus and gold chains luxury cars
conversating with
Movie stars now they feening justing to know who we
are
We rap stars getting the paper like tony draper
Living major like 40 water far from pulling capers killa
California sunshine ya ass all mine as I drop the top on
cloud nine
From a 500 to a 600 mercedes ladys praying that they
catch me
On I 80 yea we get the money

[Chorus]

Rest in peace to the homeboy pac representing
westcoast till my casket
Drops I know you hate me cuz I'm getting my rice and
gravey
In my mercedes on I 80 with your lady we get the
money
Rest in peace to the homeboy pac representing
westcoast till my casket
Drops california be the state full of diamonds and well
boss playas
Pushing big body as L V-12 we get the money

[Verse 2]

Killa cali where the gangbangers kill thugs stacking
money
Make a mill come short on my scrill till I magnum off in
your grill
In luxury cars sitting on 20 inch wheels influenced by
Big ballers up on a hill addicted to having money
stacked up
In large bills I gotta shake the hills and blend in with the
real
Cuz I'm seeing too much of this penitentiary steel
Holler if you hear me my dogs touch me if you feel me
Got these pinky slugs my neighborhood tryina kill me
As I seem to escape death caught up in this rap game
Give a shot out to my locs caught up in the crack game

Stacking for caine but ghetto started the fame only
mission to game
From life of poverty pain I will remain the same
And money can never change these true thugs
dedicated
To the game to get the money

[Chorus]

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Drops I know you hate me cuz I'm getting my rice and
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In my mercedes on I 80 with your lady we get the
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[Verse 3]

I'm on blunted fast cars in the pit like movie stars
Hear the women scream their heads off when they find
out who we are
Platinum lexus full of baggets and crushed carrots
keep'em jocking
When I'm on stage with 30,000 rocking my lyrics spiced
out
Ear and neck wrist iced out versachi cloths keep me
glowing at night
When the lights out yeah I come dressed to impress
But only the best shit drank cristal and moët
My crew pack smith and wess with bulletproof vest
And if it's broke when I finished pissing then they
handle the rest
Like a don heavy head when the bed get rest body

parts

Scattered to ocean shores to the wild wild west fool
This is westcoast mafia better think before you jump
I meet my nigga teado at the roof in the rain with the
mausburg pump
Kill'em up my nigg fill'em up make sure they dead
I give a fuck no luck put slugs in both of they heads
We get the money

[Chorus]

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