

**M****"Weed And Money"**

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-You a playa if you got bitches and blunts in your house, right?

(right right)

-but you a motherfuckin' TRU g,

if you get the muffins and she pay for the trees

-Understand what I'm sayin', nigga you feel me?

-Ya'll Captain Kirk ass niggaz ain't gonna survive in this 97 space age hustle

(so what you sayin'?)

(Chorus)

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts

We live for weed and money

(repeat 8x)

(Master P verse 1)

I stack greens like cheese

Smoke weed with g's

Sell cream to fiends

And roll with beams

Playa haters can't take me, hungry bitches can't break me

God you made me, but ain't no man gone fade me

Got me deep in this game, some niggaz don't change

Have mercy on P, just tryin' to have change

In my pockets I'm knockin', the feds can't stop me

Most hoes they jock me, I got knots in my pockets

Caviar and bitches, 6-4 and switches

Champagne and riches, but cooking keys in kitchens

Mansions with marble floors, knocking off chocolate hoes

Boots with ignition, Ferraris and drop rolls

I live with killers, dealers and TRU niggaz

No Limit guerrillas, mercenary killers

Beat's by the Pound, haters get clowned

Gone worldwide, but true to the underground

(P and Silkk)

Blow coheva blunts, keep e'm rollin' up  
Got your bitch fiening bro, P meaning what

(chorus 8x)

(Master P verse 2)

I scream with riches, tag teaming with bitches  
96 we went gold, haters thought we was finished  
97 went platinum, now they screaming NO LIMIT  
TRU niggaz don't fall off this only the beginning

(P and Silkk)

Coming up for what, making hella bucks  
Niggaz getting bumped or what, counting cash up  
Got this game sewed up, niggaz straight up no cut  
But ya'll couldn't fuck with us, ya'll couldn't fuck with us

(Master P)

Swingin' like Titanic, niggaz see us and panic  
After big bucks no whami, on our way to the grammy  
Ya'll couldn't fuck with killers, they call us dealers  
Niggaz livin' for scrilla, banking with peelas

(P and Silkk)

Army fatigues, niggaz straight like g's  
Livin' like soldiers with g's, soldiers at ease  
Slangin' fuckin' tapes like keys, swang 'em just like  
keys  
From Richmond to New Orleans, we be ballin'  
Keep them bitches down on they knees, keep 'em on  
they knees  
Got them smokin' on our weed, but not for free

(chorus 8x)

(Silkk)

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts  
I live for weed to make money  
Man I want so much cash when I wake up in the mornin'  
I can't even much count it  
Silkk the Shocker, or should I say  
The black Frank Nitty see,  
Oz's to make g's  
the mayor gave me and P keys to the city  
Livin' an American dream  
5 karats on my pinky ring  
Ladies wanna make love to me  
Niggaz wanna look at me all mean  
But it's aaight cause you still wonder  
I don't want your old lady  
But she still flip me the number, I wish she'd flip me

some money  
See um, it's aight to have cash and thangs  
Ghetto millionares to live fashion man  
600 we gonna be smashin' man  
But since I can't spend no bitches  
So I need some cash and thangs

(Chorus)

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