

MC Pooh

"Sex, Money & Murder"

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Life, it's all about sex, money and murder
To all those motherfuckers out there who can't deal
with it
You just a punk ass bitch

Sex, money and murder, elements of the streets
You either play the role or get your goddamn ass beat
See, I can get the pussy and money is a must
Try to stop me ashes to ashes, dust to dust

The suckers try to win, let the games begin
Meet me, Ant Banks, Kenny Wayne and the mac 10's
We were born to die any goddamn way
Here last week but you're dead today

No time for the bullshit, let the bullets disperse
Hospital to the morgue to the motherfuckin' hearse
Deep in the game since I was eleven
The streets are hell, so what the fuck is heaven?

I'm one of the biggest baby and refuse to get took
down
A goddamn killer comin' straight from the Oaktown
Step out of line, it's mandatory, I hurt ya
My hobbies in life, what? Sex, money and murder

Sex from your bitch
(Run, run up, punk)
Money from the crack
(Death, death is a cycle)

Murder is a hobby
Murder, murder is a hobby
Murder, murder is a hobby
That I had since way back

I live the life of a criminal and hustle each day
Fool step wrong, live loose, get blown away
The ave is the only home I knew
So to get what I got, I did what I had to

Kill, deal, rob, I didn't give a fuck

You had what I needed? You was shit out of luck
A chopper is mandatory, to lose is another story
Fools try to get with me, wind up history

You just mad 'cause I got yo' bitch
And now she's riding' on the dangerous dick
And I can tell by your face, you're mad and full of
steam
'Cause now your bitch is on Pooh-Man's team

She's my bitch, was yo' bitch, come and sucks my dick
It don't stop with this young ass trick
Run up punk and watch yo' friends desert ya
Because my lifestyle punk, sex, money and murder

Sex from your bitch
(Run, run up, punk)
Money from the crack
(Death, death is a cycle)

Murder is a hobby
Murder, murder is a hobby
Murder, murder is a hobby
That I had since way back

So much shit, gettin' talked by the other crowd
Always talkin' and don't know what the fuck about
I get criticized, ridiculed and other shit
But they go wild when I yell out, "Bitch"

So I can take a little criticism and laugh
And tell the critics they can kiss my ass
I ain't trippin', my money is made
I kick back and I straight get paid

Rated X is life, motherfuck PG
Death is a factor on the Oakland street
If you can't deal with life, don't fuck with my rap
It's like this 'cause it happen like that

Sex from your bitch, money from the crack
Murder is a hobby that I had since way back
A hit ain't shit, I learned it in class
"Creep slow, shoot fast"

This is the way I live, fuck pain and torture
Believe in life, sex, money and murder

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