

Outsidaz "Money Money Money"

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[Az-Izz]

I'm Az-Izz, y'all can't stop me
Make a G a day sellin stolen drop three's
Ain't nuttin funny, run up on you when it's sunny
Pump two in your tummy, all for the money
When I coped the five, with the Batman eyes
You could ride, but first hustlin ?Q-4-5's?

[Young Zee]

Yeah, yeah
Niggas live for it, niggas die for it
End up on the run, with thirty-five warrants
Ya boy will get'choo shot with'cha gun
Leave you layin there screamin at the top of your lungs
Zee rob white guys with nice lives
I'm tight cocked, only mess with girls that got five jobs
Do crack wit'choo, sit around and they laugh
Those same niggas get you for a pound and a half
Beef start, better keep the spark
'Cuz a fool and his money will soon depart

Chorus: Zee (Outsidaz)

I'm tryin to keep money (Keep money, money, money)
Deep money (Deep money, money, money)
Weed money (Weed money, money, money)
Leave my seed money (Seed money, money, money)
I need trick money (Trick money, money, money)
Quick money (Quick money, money, money)
Get me real rich money (Rich money, money, money)
I need... (Money, money, money)
I need... (Money, money, money)

[Yah Yah]

Yo...
You on the frozen budget, I'm holdin dutches
Anything I wanna do, I goes and does it
I'ma shine like a pile of golden nuggets
Catch me in GQ posin rugged
Nasty fellow, pick my nose in public
Wipe the snot on my clothes, shockin the hoes
Chillin with Chris, smokin pot in the Rolls

For the love of money, I'ma stay down
Trade pounds, and jail bound
Bringin drugs on the Greyhound

[Denzy]

Yo yo
Ayyo, Denzy, Benz Jeep, ten freaks behind me
(I like) M-P's and rhymin
(I like) M3's and diamonds
(I just) empty the nine if you attemptin to rob 'em
Start wilin', gettin money from bricks from Long Island,
uhh
Give me that paper dogg, I gotta have it
White ?liver? pockets so money is automatic
We done bought the carrots
And you still lookin sorta savage
There's a whole lotta money out there, you oughtta
grab it

Chorus

[DU]

My creation is free basin, replaced 'em
Won't see DU on VH1, you's a wannabe DJ Run
We lace blunts, peer pressure
At least take some, he play dumb
Always and forever heat wavin
Put a mask on y'all meet Jason
This paper need chasin
Roll with teenagers, smokin green acres
Smell that free fragrance, that's bomb weed baby

[Nawshis]

Keep your raps up, you'll be the king
Shoutin "Can't nobody do me a thing"
With mad jewelry to bling
Sittin chunky, then dip this honey
Pushin Excursions and Suburbans, gettin money
If these fake players and playa'rettes
They get me major vexed
I wave a tech, have 'em comin out they Avirex
So your ?willie pad? is gettin recalled
I'ma teach all y'all to speed ball

Chorus x2 with some variations

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