

# Snoop Dogg "Money"

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Yeah what up

[Chorus]

Nigga want hundreds, hundreds, hundreds  
I need money money money  
Nigga want hundreds, hundreds, hundreds  
Nigga I need money money money  
Nigga want hundreds hundreds hundreds  
Nigga want money money money

[Verse 1]

The biggest fast time is rhyme the size crime  
Its been the same man since the game became mine  
I spot four one of these at the same time  
Looking like Snoop Dogg back in eighty-nine  
Do I give a fuck, no I never have  
I just blow my weed and take a bubble bath  
I laugh at these niggaz, I aint mad at you niggaz  
Cause half of you niggaz cant even fuck with me  
I'm on it cause I'm so fucking city  
And every town that I roll through I leave my G prints  
LBC, now that's what I represent, can ya feel it  
(Eastside)  
I'm hotter than a batch of fish grease in a skillet  
I wanna say what up to all the G's, the killas, and the  
ballers, and the dealers  
See where I'm from you either rate us, hate us or steal  
us  
And right about now all the cap peelers gotta feel us

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 2 X]

[Verse 2]

Money, money is everything  
It's the crack to the fiend  
It's the king to the queen  
It reigns supreme  
It's the crop to the cream (say what)  
It's a po man, no man, its everybodys dream  
Money, mo money, get money  
But make sure you know that your folks don't get funny  
Everybody claiming that they down on they luck

While I'm fresh dressed like a million bucks  
I throw on my black socks with my all gold chucks  
Now lets see which one of my trucks we gone use today  
To slide away, (where we going) to Snoop World  
mother fucking U.S.A  
Its all a dream, and dreams can come true

If it happen for me, shit it can happen for you  
Meech from the beach, he keep shit cracking  
And everything he touch guaranteed to go platinum

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 2 X]

[Verse 3]

Ya got to have cash to make it these days  
And you can make at least one of a hundred different  
ways  
You can holler at the homie Meech and get a dope  
track  
And write you a rap, and try to get you to snap  
Or you could stand on the streets and holler and wine  
You can throw up insane, twenty crip or one nine  
I chose DP cause financially money money money  
that's all a nigga see  
See to get it, is to have it, interstate, maintain, don't  
get broke and fail the game  
You might catch me in Brooklyn man hanging out with  
my sons and god sons, cause it's a blood thing  
Or you can catch me in Oakland, or I might be on my  
way back to the west coast  
Still smoking, with a pound of that shit  
Waiting for me at the crib with my dogs my wife and  
my two kids, getting money

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 5 X]

[Ad libs over chorus]

For all the niggaz out there getting their money  
Money is the root of all evil huh  
You know what  
I mean, we already living in hell  
So fuck, get your money man  
I look at shit like this:  
The mother fuckers that don't got money, they doing  
bad  
and they don't give a fuck and they rob they steal they  
kill  
And the mother fuckers that got money, they  
depressed  
you know they can't enjoy it  
So I mean, whats your pleasure

you wanna live with it our without it, shit I'm bout it  
I got to have it, you feel me

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 5 X]

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