

## Mc Eiht "Strawberriez - N - Cream"

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Geah (hey)

Hey

We money makers in the house

You know how we do it

All I needs is my strawberriez -n- cream

All I needs is my strawberriez -n- cream

Gettin' paid is the american dream

All I needs is my strawberriez -n- cream

Geah

[high t]

Like the l.a. lakers

We tryin' to be a money maker

But that's kinda hard to do amongst a gang of salt-shakers

So how can money can a nation when playa-hation do

Think about it, probably of couple niggas playa hatin' you

Because you got a lil' sommethin, trying to keep shit tight

Not at the bar, gettin drunk, trying to pick a fight

But mad niggas got it backwards like they ass was in the front

Actin' like they smoke rock and now grass up in they blunt

I gots no words for em, just 'fist of fury' like bruce

I let loose on they ass, then hit the fence like juice

And don't be a broke nigga fuckin' everybody's bitch

Niggas'll get mad cause they gotta pay for this shit

Just cause you got more game then a next man, don't make it bad

Every real nigga got a hustle to 'em, even your dad

So do what you gotta, but don't cross that line

You get yours, I get mine, and everything'll be fine

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All I needs is my strawberriez -n- cream...

[eiht]

I needs money, that's why the palm itches  
Masterplans and schemes, so I can get riches  
Potent 20's to double up's and quarter pieces  
Fancy cars to condos with ? ? ? ?  
Pops out the dream (chin-chin)  
Cause it seems the corner just ain't workin  
In the cut, down the alley, see the one times lurkin'  
Everybody packs a sack skroll's not to large  
I hooks up a sweet deal with chico de barge  
Me's the shit, shippin, price is way to high  
I could take my chips by ? the product? , double up,  
kinda fly  
Cops the work but still strap cocked by the side  
Asked the bitch that I fuck if she was gon' take the ride  
Reply: cool!, what's my take on a china white sack?  
A thousand, bitch, to your ass, everyone that come  
back  
She say: cool baby, I'm in, try to regulate this cheese  
Kept a smile on my face while she dropped to her  
knees  
Picks up the phone and call chill ? ? ? ? ?  
But you's a fuckin' hard line they might ? ? ? ? ?

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[eiht]  
Touch down for pounds so I can makes my loot  
Look for a long hair, redbone in a nike suit  
Don't look suspicious, leave yo' dough at home  
Straight out the airport, hit me on the pay phone  
To the ho-tel, mo-tel  
Whatever pleases, just get my mail  
You knows the business  
Extra care with the sacks  
16 and done spent, bring 24 bag  
Don't let them show change on the pack  
Cause if they do, 187 is the fac'  
Did you make it, okay ? ? ? ? ?  
I'm on my way back with your pay  
Life is lookin kinda lovely to me  
Regulate out the state with the ghetto d  
My connection's tight, so don't believe the hype  
But y'all keep hypin, I make money off of the pipe

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Geah  
Hello  
Geah  
Regulators  
Paper chasing  
Real niggas standin on the ave, 24-7  
Tryin' to regulate that

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