

## Monty Python

### "The Curse of Money"

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[Intro - Sleep]

Hey wassup Cube?

Man I'm glad I caught you at your momma' house  
homey

Wassup man? You still got your pager right or you lost  
it?

(It's the curse, the curse....the curse, the curse)

Y'know my code right? I been pagin you for about a  
week man

(The curse, the curse) I heard about the deal ya got  
Greed, Khop (The curse, the curse)

Check this out, you owe a nigga somethin man

[Ice Cube]

Do the math baby, do the math (Ch-ching)

Do the math baby, do the math (Ch-ching)

Do the math baby (The curse, the curse)

Do the math baby (The curse, the curse)

It's the curse of money, once you get it, fool you got it

Buy a new pair of drawers and motherfuckers spot it

Niggas plotted, to have me knotted up in basements

till these cocksuckers see what they're faced with

Their fantasies of a life stress-free

Full of orgies, in the Florida Keys

But this bullshit is so thick, it's like mountains

Sick of threatenin all my lawyers and accountants

The decibals, gold diggers goin for the testicles

Soon they realise, I don't invest in hoes

Sometimes it's like hell on earth

When everybody tryin to get your ass for all your worth

It's the curse

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby

(The curse, the curse) Do the math

When you hot, they think you got more than you got

When you not, motherfuckers callin you a flop

I just laugh, the curse everybody wanna have

Before you sell your soul better do the math

I start to scream shit like "May day, may day"  
Cos motherfuckers think it's all grav-ay wit my pay day  
And like I said, it's the curse of money  
They start laughin at your jokes when they ain't that  
funny (Ha ha ha)  
See this ass kissin yes man  
Shakin hands with the left hand, get my weap-an, get  
to stepp-an  
Fuck every phony ass nigga round me  
Stick a shaft up your ass like Richie Roundtree (Yea  
yea!)  
Got to have some gas money if you goin  
If not who you fuckin? Who you flowin? Who you owin?  
In '98 don't shit come free  
Not even hard rhymes that's describin these hard  
times

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby, do it  
(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby, aha  
(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby  
(The curse, the curse) Do the math, ooh wee

When you hot, they think you got more than you got  
When you not, motherfuckers callin you a flop  
I just laugh (haha), the curse everybody wanna have  
Before you sell your soul better do the math

[Mack 10]

To relax I smoke a stick, the shit make me sick  
Gotta gang of new homies, and relatives on my dick  
No time for drama, busters get sprayed  
Bitches wanna get layed, and everybody need their  
bills paid (Everybody)  
Motherfuckers, sweat me like a spy  
They wanna kick it cos I, got the curse of mulah  
Make me wanna start scrappin and look at me to make  
it happen  
What the fuck was they doin before Mack 10 was rappin  
?!? Tell me  
(What the fuck?) how can I remain a man of seven  
figures  
when I'm rushed by gold diggers everytime I get  
bigger? (Ch-ching)  
Like David Banner, when I tweak I turn green  
And everytime I'm seen it's like people start to fiend  
It's the curse

[Ice Cube]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby [aha]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby [1 million, 2 million]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby [3 million]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math

When you hot, they think you got more than you got  
[Yeah they do]

When you not, motherfuckers callin you a flop  
[Motherfuckers]

I just laugh, the curse everybody wanna have  
Before you sell your soul better do the math [Better do it]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby  
[Get the fuck outta here]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby  
[With dollar signs in your eyes]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math baby [Ha ha, sheeit]

(The curse, the curse) Do the math

[Outro - Ice Cube]

Leave your ass broke

Rabbit ears, nigga for pockets, haha he

I'm cursed! Hahaha, but I love it

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