

## The Blues Brothers

### "Bout My Money"

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[Trick Daddy]

Let's see, what to do today?

Fuck that I'm goin to get my money

This one in a.. Thuggin memory

That thug nigga

Hollywood nigga

I did this one in that nigga name

Hollywood nigga, yall remember that mutha fuckin  
name

This bout that mutha fuckin money

NIGGA!!!!!!

To kill for cocaine and get a nigga killed

And a banana peel will get his whole hide flipped

He's bringin danger to the life of his home boy's

You can see the moon, but don't let him go alone boy

Bout my money, we goin to bump heads and it wont be  
long

That's why I got two choppers, one for the car, and one  
for the home

Got extra grip for when they hold on

Nextel, instead of these dial tones

and quarter game for these old tapped ass cell phones

And new back bone for my new dread homes

You aint been outta jail long, but nigga you dead wrong

Bout my money, nigga you shouldn't a played wit it

You're goin to remember the day when this A.K hit ya.

Chorus:

Bout my money

That shit there aint nothin funny

Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout  
my money

And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny

When I ask about my mutha fuckin money

That shit there aint nothin funny

Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout  
my money

And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny  
Have my mutha fuckin money

[Trick Daddy]

I read in the Book of Thugs, Chapter A.K Verse 47  
And it tells me all thugs niggas go to heaven  
But between the lines of verses 48 and 9  
Is what ya thug nigga's, drug dealin and doin time  
But verse 100, talks bout my money  
Say's its full of blood so all memphis is funny  
But nigga I don't want to hold your gold  
I just want to free your soul  
And be found somewhere in public when all this shit  
unfolds  
I done gave ya two bricks, and you aint gave me back  
shit  
You runnin around in your new bubble lights  
When verse sit lookin sick  
I aint here to hold ur sing, I just want my cream  
and you can keep your little watch and ring that go  
bling bling

Chorus

[Trick Daddy]

Now all this huffin and puffin  
aint goin to get you young fuck nigga's nothin  
But a shit bag and bullet holes through your bloody  
clothes  
Out of all the nigga's you mutha fuckin know  
I should have been the last nigga you want to  
muthafuckin know  
I'll meet ya at your front door, and im bringin my calico  
Nigga if u aint got my flow ur ass gotta go  
We'll get you mammy and all and layin em down on the  
front room floor  
Bout to do em all cuz I done have problems bout all this  
shit unfolden  
Bout my money, I came at it, and your son ain't have it  
Now this nigga I owe is goin to be the next nigga to go  
I only got 20 G's, and I owe 'em 84  
It ain't my muthafuckin fault, I'm short bout 64  
This nigga aint goin to fuck me no more

(Trick talking)

Chorus

