

## Agrama Gigi

### "Money, Houses, and Cars"

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Bad A\$\$: This life of ours  
the same thing that got a nigga here get me there

(evrything you see, aint always what it seems to be)  
yeah yeah, the same thing that got a nigga here get  
me there  
come on, Bad A\$\$, Kurupt, The Gang

Verse 1: Bad A\$\$

I'm just trying ta make a dollar out of nothing  
turn zero into somethin'  
and it's, one life we live, with this, one shot to give  
you got chances, we use none risking your life  
you know we got guns, why you come and get us with  
knives  
it's a cold thang, the game, just take folks under  
it feels better if you say that god just called his number  
when you do we kept a self situations like that  
in situations where it's likely somebody might gat  
no bad intentions, we all like to jump in the car  
no destination but we all thinkin hard to get far

Chorus x2: Bad A\$\$

Money, houses, and cars, this life of ours, goin where  
we came a long way , but still we got so far to go to get  
there  
(the same thing that got a nigga here get me there,  
and if it don't, it wasn't  
sposed to)

Verse 2: Kurupt, Bad A\$\$

[Kurupt]  
I got gangsta ass niggas with so much heat  
G'd up rides with so much beat  
G'd up apparal, dope by the barrels, gangsta ass  
goodfella nigga  
Kurupt and nell???  
I once had a bitch that ate so much dick

that she couldn't do nuthin for me, but blow one of the  
homies  
as I ease my way right up the streets  
me, D-a-z, Bad A\$\$, and Priest  
we gotta hit the spot where the homies meet  
where all the OG's round up the fleet  
cuz the homies is crazy shit  
and we all about stackin' up a grip  
no funny ass niggas, no scandliss ass ho's  
and we don't give a fuck about a bitch

[Bad A\$\$]

I can't worry bout a bitch  
I'm tryin ta get rich by next week  
and I can get me some pussy when it ain't nuttin to eat  
my life, this life of ours buyin nuttin, houses and cars  
ghetto stars, doin our thing  
like bust a bitch, bust a bitch, and get rich with my  
gang  
we brang, to the table, what you aint able  
a few pies to cut, cuz we ride for bucks in the worst way  
today Tuesday, I got a date on Thursday, and fuck  
what you say  
you say dirt about us when we aint there  
when we come around, you fuckin clown, you act  
scared  
Tupac is dead, stop questioning life  
you had to talk to the feds, that's the test in the life  
go in where, a long way from here to get there  
you gotta mash to maintain  
blast thats the gang thang  
(the same thing that got a nigga here get me there)

Chorus x2

Verse 3: Kurupt, Bad A\$\$

[Kurupt]

(I, I, I, I)

I heard gangstas don't ride with disguises  
but I'm quick to throw the mask on to get my blast on  
so call it what you want, yeah yeah, that's all cool  
but me and the homies bout to act the fuckin fool  
dump if you dump  
nigga pull the pump  
lay a nigga (lay a nigga), for the homies spray a nigga  
this aint the Sony, so you can't play a nigga  
the homies quick to cock, A-K a nigga  
with no hesitation  
penaltants populate the population  
a nickel plated penetration

khakis, t-shirts and stars  
homies, busta's, riders and mark's  
all y'all niggas here wanna be hard  
but no nigga with heart when the heater spark  
just ask the homie Bad A\$\$  
he'll put you d on how it's sposed to be in the whole  
family  
as I ease my way right up the streets  
me, D-a-z, Bad A\$\$ and Priest  
we gotta hit the spot where the homies meet  
where all the OG's round up the fleet  
cuz the homies is crazy as shit  
and we all about stackin' up a grip  
no funny ass niggas, no scandliss ass ho's  
and we don't give a fuck about a bitch, (bitch, bitch,  
bitch)

[Bad A\$\$]

yeah, 1-9-9-9, the Gang, all in your face at close range  
Mr. Bad A\$\$, yeah yeah yeah yeah, it don't quit, we  
keep it crackin like this  
ugh, aww yeah yeah yeah, it don't quit

It aint over till I'm done  
aint nowhere to hide, so why run  
I don't battle with rappers, either bomb or draw guns  
you can hate me, cuz I got skills and live real  
and my life is well woven in these stack of dollar bills  
I should kill, I would come and kill your ass  
but your only mission is destruction, why get in your  
path  
I'll let you kill yourself, while I chill with wealth  
and let the story be the word on the streets, a few  
weeks  
I gotta eat, fuck fuckin with you and being broke on the  
streets  
duck duckin with you and gettin' smoked, that's a no-  
no  
what you think it's fifty five or 4-4  
money, houses, and cars, nigga I gotta go

yeah yeah yeah yeah  
it don't quit we keep it wreckin like this, ha ha ha ha  
yeah yeah yeah yeah it don't quit  
nigga you can suck a fat dick  
yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah  
we keep it crackin, keep it crackin like this (this, this,  
this, this)

