

Daz Dillinger f/ E-40, Kurupt

"Gettin' Money"

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[Kurupt]

Yeah whassup, this Kurupt Young Gotti
I just left cocaine and, reupped on them pills
I got them blue devils bitch
I'm with my High Powered niggaz (E-Feezy)
High Powered Studios my nigga
We High Powered

[E-40]

They be hydrated and they thirsty
And youse, a triple O.G. if you can make it to see 30
Just cause that bitch is purty
Don't mean she's an angel mayne, she's dangerous
and skaynless
Suck you brainless and leave your ass broke and
chainless
The more I teach it to them I get 'em in my prime
Get off that square nigga's dick and get on mine
I'm the best thing that ever happened, to this Earth
since the washing machine
I'm the only rapper that I know that took dirty money
and made it clean
Wanna know why I'm seldom seen, and spit work as if
it's mescaline
Cause I had a wooden golf cart from 1 to 13{?}
That shit a triple beam, puffin stuffin a million dollar
dream
Getttin my rocks off as if it was a semen monkey
Ah-duh-a-damnit, d-d-d-damnit damnit damnit
People'll turn on you like Justin Timberlake did Janet

[Chorus: vocoder]

[Kurupt]

Yes, it's all about the money, skrilla for a killer
Young Magilla Gorilla takin trips to Venezuela
With a cool half a zip, we on a stackin trip
We tryin to stack our chips, stack up wax and dip
(You know we way on it now, we from Tha Dogg Pound)
Probably seen me all around, I did shows in yo' town
Nike Air Forces, spank Chuck Taylors

We don't pose with haters we communicate with
players
I'm a hater disintegrator, a player congratulator
A money motivator, I'm Gotti Yoda Vader
I keep it simple and plain, I'm elevatin the game
You see I fly like falcons, I'm sturdy as mountains
I bust on microphones, rhymes flow like fountains
I'm Kurupt, and I won't tell you again
I like smokin, drinkin, and makin some ends
It's all about the bread, I learned that at the age of ten
Listen

[Chorus]

[Daz Dillinger]

Whassup, E-40, Kurupt
I'm here (here) what it do
Yeah, my nigga John, whattup with the shit

Poppin we got it Puerto Rico, headin back to Miami
Me Kurupt and E-40 on dap keepin it handy
The ancillary, you know I'm bonafide G
On how it's 'posed to be, cause eyes don't see
I kick the real shit, I never fake it to make it
We got it on top if I ain't got it I'ma take it
The 7-oh-7-3, two-three-five-six-two
D-P-G, we do what we do
We got our family, we got to get it together
Gotta get our chinchilla for the coldest weather
See I'm a number one uno, never dos, the West coast
Like Rick Ross, we got the best smoke
Come and choke and inhale on that good good
You know we do it like this throughout the hood hood
You know we slappin dominoes and we mackin many
hoes
And nobody knows what goes on behind doors
Cause I'm

[Chorus]

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