

E-40 F/ The Click

"Bout My Business"

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[Caddillac Tah]

Yeah..

Yeah, yeah, yo

I got a knack for pushin crack, and cookin raw coke
Fresh off the boat, no vest but I tote, and wear it like a
coat

I'm starin through the scope, with one eye open and
one shut

Zero in on the target, spark him and watch his head
bust

Ain't shit to discuss, unless it's moneybags
or the SK-8, drop Jag with funny tags

Honey laugh now but die later when the lead dump
And double barrel slugs like Elmer Fudd, I'm
handsome

[Black Child]

Some of your favorite rappers is flamin, I'm bangin
things at them

They claim they gangster, lettin mens give brains to
them

I aim the stainless, let the games begin

Bang bang dangerous, my gun gang famous

My hoes don't speak english, catch 'em at the foreign
money exchange

New Armani leather in the Range

When you see my gang, tuck in your chain

We stuck in the game, we fuckin the same, bang!

[Chorus: INC]

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business
(bang!)

[B.C.] Shout out my niggaz en route to riches (bang!)

[B.C.] I doubt we different, hustlers pitchin (bang!)

[B.C.] And we all gon' get away, all my niggaz say

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business
(yeah!)

[B.C.] Whatta, bout my bitches who mouth is ridiculous
(yeah!)

[B.C.] Gettin money and nigga it's insignificant (yeah!
what?)

[B.C.] Always get your pay, I love it when I hear 'em say

[Black Child]

It's back to business, stackin riches
If you, act suspicious, it's a Wrap like Reynolds
Black Continental, mac outta the window
Black's out of his mental, I black out with pistols
It ain't confidential, all the shit I been through
Now I'm gettin money and a mill' is essential
Bang bang, nigga, 'til the day we die
A tooth for a tooth and a eye for a eye

[Caddillac Tah]

Nigga you know it's, business befo' pleasure, money
over chicks
Dummies in the clip, nickel on my hip patrollin through
the strip
Bet a stack, head crack, no rollin to the six
Scoop up my chips, then I split, with my beautiful bitch
Like Jada Pinkett Smith, for that paper I leave stinkin
and stiff
Your pinky and wrist, and your necklace
Get removed nigga, my wolves is playin hardball
Leavin him bloody like a Pelican Bay yard brawl

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Who wanna know why I got so much beef with so many
rappers?
Drama, it's the INC redrum spun backwards
Karma, is a muh'fucker watch your actions
Cause the clip to the max slips in bananas
I catch fire like matches {*whew*} then blow out
And the flyest crews goin the fastest
Pull up to the hottest club in New York, with my hazards
on
No tags, I just drove it off the showroom floor
Straight cash, bout my paper, I'm on my gangster
Doin this shit for ten years, niggaz I'm major
Maybach and all that, same behaviour
Money over bitches, bitches over strangers
Guns befo' bangers but bangers do
For niggaz that had enough and ain't got no clue
that they can get slayed, flex and get sprayed
And spin they head like yo' hottest DJ's, motherfuckers!

[Chorus]

[Merc] I'm bout my money and bout my business..

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