

Money 2 Fold

Bad Azz

Yo what's up? (Aiiyo, what's up Kurupt)
A nigga feel so low that I can't come up
Dippin down the 101 blazin smoke
A trunk full of beats for why'all to go

Kurupt, Snoop, let's do the damn thing
Show all the little homies how the Dogg Pound bang

Dash, fast, the upper class
Went from low life to a brother with cash

Spending all of my time and like half my cash
Went from smoking dimes to smoking mafia bags
Went from sometimes to smoking all in the bath
And Lord knows I might host the Weed Award Show

I'm looking for the 105 getting off the 405
Be with this bad bitch, she living in the south
I'm met her at the club with my nigga Gotti
5-3, thick, with a lot of pride

That's what I love about the homes (What's that?)
Its just like a nigga getting trained, the homie spittin game
This shit makes no sense
I'm trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents

Money and funny niggas don't mix at all
And Cali's the perfect whether to get your chips and ball
So you can touch it while you're here or die without
I'd rather have it, since it really don't matter

The world spin around much longer
They thought that the West Coast leave
But we still be float
Mo' money 2 fold
Nigga ice cold
Mo' money 2 fold

A G is a G which we all know
A bitch is a bitch as a hoes a hoe
Watch as I strut these, cousin, I'ma bank æm bank æm
Dammit, it feels good, gangsta

Its three gangstas in a Cadillac
With TV's, CD's, some weed and three weeks
Chucks and French braids, blunts and gold chains
Hats and white T's, fag acts like police

When we on the East Coast we get nothing but love
All up in the club, DJ holla'd out who we was
I looked around, seen some MC's and grabbed the mic
And then I lit they ass up to keep the party on the high

Hit me on the Motorola holla at the homie
What's up sitting down sipping a Corona (What's up Kurupt!)
About to dip through, blaze up a quarter

Ounce, bounce with the homies and make the tour bounce

I like my Hennesey with Coke, I like my weed chronic smoke
I like my, Gin straight, my Benjamin's big faced
My women get big face, my niggas get big lace
Big homes and big Bentley's coup and star chrome

We rolling through the wild wild west
No respect to the click, who keeps it so dick
Most niggas probably want to bust us or even duck us
But the thing is we doing the right thing so you niggas can't touch us

I been no one fuck a little bit give me a lot
I want a steak not an 8-gun on a block
I want a skyscraper, not no apartment building
And I want billions in case I got part with millions

In case anybody ain't reach the top, that's cause they ain't deserve to
Now shut the fuck up before I get my guns out
And I ain't playing no games
So check a nigga I ain't sayin no names

How move it, who I move, but that's what they want
But they just can't see me, I slide up on 'em
Nigga that don't work his shit up off a coke
Work that bitch from a corner into a comba, nigga ya want to?

Dipping down the block where all the homies at
Fleetwoods and Lax on the homies straps
Nigga I rise for the hood home boy
What up Dogg, it all ain't good home boy

Like we said before, your face to the floor
We holding up your motherfucking candy store
And don't nobody get up til we hit the door
I said lay down and don't get up!

Dogg Pound gangstas in gray and blue

Took over the world just by staying true
You can bang to the boogie and hang out all late
But get some money 2 fold cause the game don't wait