

Bout Money

38 Spesh

(Where's my fuckin' money?)
Shout out to the whole Roc', 585
East side to the west side
Uh, yeah, uh, TCF, motherfucker
(Where's my fuckin' money?)
Yeah, uh
Invasion, upstate
Right, uh
Joe, Jah
(Where's my fuckin' money?)
Let's go, right
Uh, uh, uh, uh
38 Special, let's go
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Where's my fuckin' money?)
(Yo, Green Lantern, man
You know how we do, man
We shittin' on niggas dot com)
Uh, uh, uh, listen, uh, yo

Now I'ma T.C.F nigga (Nigga) I ain't worried 'bout shit (Shit)
I'm all about money, I don't love no bitch (Bitch)
I'ma T.C.F nigga (Nigga) I ain't worried 'bout shit (Shit)
I'm all about money, I don't love no bitch

(What it's 'bout?)
It's 'bout money (Uh)
(What you 'bout?)
I'm 'bout money (Uh)
(What it's 'bout?)
It's 'bout money (Uh)
(What you 'bout?)
I'm 'bout money (Uh)
(What it's 'bout?)
It's 'bout money (Right)
(What you 'bout?)
I'm 'bout money (Right)
(What it's 'bout?)
It's 'bout money (Uh)
(What you 'bout?)
I'm 'bout money (Uh)

Yo, get your shit wet fuckin' with a real G
Hammers on deck and I squeeze 'til they empty
Leave a nigga needin' the paramedics
If he ain't got the cash we gon'- (Bllat)
(Where's my fuckin' money?)

Get your shit wet fuckin' with a real G
Hammers on deck and I squeeze 'til they empty
Leave a nigga needin' the paramedics
If he ain't got the cash we gon' bury him for credit
I bet it, to the funeral is where he headed
He dead it, he should have been more apologetic
Forget it 'cause I ain't trying to hear him cop pleas
I just want to hear them niggas scream, "Stop please"
Expensive-ass pair of jeans hangin' to my knees

Yeah, I drop Gs, you ain't got these
Bang bang boogie, bang-bang, boogie
My gang bring thangs that turn 'caine to cookies
I'm a major league nigga in the game with the rookies
I ain't got to explain why these lames is pussy
Push me, nigga you gon' see what I'm about
I'm on a whole 'nother level, that's why they call me Special (Hah-
hah, nigga)

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It's 'bout money
(What you 'bout?)
I'm 'bout money (Uh)

Get your shit wet fuckin' with a real threat
If you a killer why them niggas ain't killed yet?
I don't care how many homis that he had
Don't care about them bodies when his body in a bag
I'ma gettin' money nigga, I remind me of my dad
You niggas so bitch you remind me of a drag
Fag, I don't ever talk about a crime
These niggas'll drop a dime in the drop of a dime
Want to learn how to hustle? Then watch how I grind
Hit the block all week, pocket full of dimes
Gettin' money, no sleep, back up on my grind
Fuck a bitch and leave her, nigga, I don't feed her
Uh, that's what I'm 'bout, dog, I'll get your house robbed
I'll get your man shot down for an ounce, dog
I'll get your spouse, dog, for a small amount, dog
See I'm an unemployed nigga giving out jobs (Uh)

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