

## 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