

# Money On My Mind

Daz Dillinger

Now as I'm rollin' with my niggaz through the neighborhood  
I don't like to dream about gettin' paid and feelin' good  
I don't like to brag or boast, this West Coast to the utmost  
Daz and Kurupt kush'd out, blowin' on the best smoke

Dippin' in the Magnum, dat nigga Daz smashin'  
It's pimpin' on mine bitch, ain't no need for askin'  
Tick-tock ya don't stop, I aim for the bullshit, ya don't quit  
Top dolla, rollin' in my 6-6 Impala  
Gangsta than a motherfucker, if you with it then holla

You wanna bang out? We can do that too  
You got a problem with me, I got a problem with you  
You wanna solve 'em with me, nigga let's keep it all true  
Or I'll bomb on you nigga, make it do what it do

I got my [Incomprehensible] on nice, ice cream blue  
Got the ice-cicles drippin' nigga, this what it do

You wanna roll with me then let's roll  
You wanna take a stroll with me then let's stroll  
You wanna crack a hoe with me then let's go  
We can take her to the car, we can take her to the mo'

You wanna get high with me, let's get high  
You wanna get inside with me then let's ride  
I got a AK-47 and a automatic nine  
My mind's on my money and my money's on my mind

Daz, it's time to roll, once we get the money then we in control  
You know I keep it G from head to soul  
I step up in the spot, each pocket's on bulge  
I'm a gangsta to the fullest, D's and Vogues

Bitches keep on askin' Daz if J.D.'s at home  
We got winners like Alicia Keys and in Vogue  
This a Dogg Pound Gangsta affair in here nigga  
I'm bout to have the spot engulfed in smoke

Talk a lot with no heart, finna get mopped into a part  
I'm G'd, fly and flashy, I come in the party starts  
I'm so sharp, bout to meet Daz at King Park  
What it is fool?

Have the baddest bitches skinny-dip in pools  
It is what it is, it do what it do  
Now don't talk to me if I don't talk to you  
Bitch, now this what you could do

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You know we do it how we do it 'cause we doin' what we want  
Always keep it G'd and keep it G'd up in the streets  
We got that sticky, icky, icky nigga, won't you blaze a blunt?  
And we smokin' in the back and we smokin' in the front

Now throw your motherfuckin' sets in the air, yeah, yeah  
Throw your motherfuckin' sets in the air, yeah, yeah

We keep it D.P.G.'d up, rollin' weed up, kickin' back  
With both our feet up D A Z, K U R U P T, we 'bout to heat the street up  
And when we meet up you'll get beat as if you tried to cheat us  
We them D.P.G.C. niggaz in the flesh and you can't see us, see us

Six-deuce Chevro' motherfuckin' lets nigga  
Me, D A Z, Bigg Snoop and Nate nigga  
Warren G, Soopafly hot with K's nigga  
The best thing crackin' in the game today nigga

So don't resist and let it go my nigga, don't fight that  
We don't love you hoes, bitch and it's like that

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