Bitch

E-40

Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes
Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin'
Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes
Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin'
Money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money

Talkers, they say I won't last, but I surpass

Every nigga that hated, look at me momma I made it

I started with a pinch of that yowda when I was jugglin'

Then my yapers started tripling, quadrupling then sextupling

North California where the hustlers reside

Where we learn to keep our silence like carbon monoxide

Some of my homies go to school to be a cook or a chef

Some of my fellas in the slums sell marijuana and meth

Never met Condoleezza, but I got rice for sale

On the hillside of Vallejo helping my momma pay her bills

Taking my chances on going to jail, avoiding them prison walls and them cell

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E'ery now and then I like to spoil myself

Got rich thrice, then I did it again

Shoutout to Obama for letting my folks up out the pen

Everyday my birthday I don't know about you

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Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin'
My nigga, I got money, I need money, I got money, I need money
I got money, we need money, I got money, I need money

Sometimes I act my age sometimes the size of my shoe

Bandit cause your Chicken McNuggets been getting guala Ain't no telling what nigga do for a dolla On my momma and them kids I was down on my dick Took 20 to the lot dropped down on the bid Security at the gate hold it down where I live He probably hit for 10, 000 in tips Remember to be encircled when I'm hounding a bitch Better run when I'm housing a bitch Forreal, quarter million no deal my nigga Scrambling in the field for chicken I gotta get it Rubber band wrapped around wads full of digits I'm just tryna move my mom out the trenches 750 for this liquid that I'm kissing Deposit for the show was pocketed, can't miss it Me and 40 been chasing the same mission Mozzarella fetching the fella be go to forreal

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I got money, I need money, I got money

American gangsta got nothing on him Check my resume stronger than a triple shot of gin, shit I play to win Got 12 zips of that and a pack of Virgina Slims Don't care my nigga me no scared Get the whole spraying two gun I got your head Code red, be my practical tactic Like when she was on the flight getting back to the capital right say she working under pressure Stripping after hours to cover the next semester Buy my only concern about sex when I text her Brighten up a lecture 22s hop out fresher than Clyde Drexler Hustling professor, automatic chamber, night vision and suppressor Couple bands extra 40 water told me it's at least 100 tucked in the back of the Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin' Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin' Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin' Money in my jeans goin' stupid on hoes Money, ballin' like this, you don't gotta pack clubs, ballin' My nigga, I got money, I need money, I got money, I need money I got money, I need money, I got money, I need money