

The money callin'

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Jumpin' out the gym)
I'm stuffin' all this money in my jeans, yeah, for real
I be with my boys ballin', bitch we jumpin' out the gym
The money callin', yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
1-800-555-O-P-I-U-M
I be with my boys, bitch we ballin', jumpin' out the gym
I got five carat flintstones sittin' in my ear
The money callin', callin', callin', callin'
The money callin', callin', callin', callin'
I be with my boys, bitch we jumpin' out the gym
Rockstar lifestyle, Rolling Stone, nah, for real
The money callin', 1-800-555-O-P-I-U-M
The money callin', diamonds flawless
I be with my boys, bitch we jumpin' out the gym (Homixide)

Yeah, dunk on a nigga, Shawn Kemp
I gotta shoot above the rim
I don't know buddy, who is him? (Haha)
Spin 'em, spin 'em, spin 'em, spin 'em (Haha)
Just call, 1-800-555, Homixide, we ready to spin 'em (Haha)
We ride, we put 'em to bed
Homixide Gang, shoot at no legs
Head-tap the boy, knock off his dreads
And I pray on my B's, he dead (Haha, haha)
If he make me mad, I'll spin myself
I got these bands so I put on his breath
With all that dissin', he think he tough (Haha)
If I catch him, might be his last breath (Haha)
Ayy, if I catch him (Ah)
Might just stretch him (Ah)
Just call Homixide, 555 (On 5)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (On 5)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (On 5, on 5)
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