

Makin' it, doesn't matter how many  
Takin' it  
Well, I can't shake it  
Off of my back, damn monkey  
It's either too tight  
Or it's too slack

How much  
That's all it is ooh  
Ninety nine  
How much, yah  
Now, ninety nine  
You better hack it baby  
Yea, my time exploded, space blew up  
Need something in my Dixie cup  
Whoa, let me get it right  
There's the best pair of lips I've kissed all night

How much, well give it to me  
I'll pay you later  
Nine ninety nine  
Oh, I got a pocket calculator  
Yeah, wake up, it don't make sense  
Nickles and dimes  
Nine ninety nine

The lion and the lamb are locked in an embrace  
You won't get it till it's in your face  
Oh, I got me out of deeper red  
Don't panic  
Ah, it's where I want to be  
Yeah, oh  
A useful member of society, huh!  
I just need a little of that old money

Gimme ninety nine, yea  
Well, I can't shake it off of my back  
God damn monkey  
Aw, it's too tight, or it's too slack  
Yeah some things never change  
Price of bullets remains the same

Here we go  
Hand over fist, slap on the wrist  
Umm, nine nine  
That's all I'm askin' how much  
How much do you want to give  
Just a little bit  
Nine  
Yeah they operate  
Look at the state of my baby  
Will, it cost twenty grand, pitiful  
Yeah, that's a nine  
Put your money where your mouth is  
Cough it up  
Oh nickels and dimes  
Yeah, hun, oon