

Cookie Money

Master P

(2x)

We cook dem chickens we flip dem chickens
We like U, P.S. the way we ship dem chickens
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We like U, P.S. the way we ship dem chickens (cookie money)

They tell stories in da hood about me
Ask, lettin da bush whats good about me
Call me, black breezy call me if u need me
Big twelve on a bird leavin chickens breezy
I tell stories man I tryna forgive
Put it in a zip black bag cook it up like ribs
I'm on the block on a 45 stacks safety all
How you want it white cream live hard its all
In the hood wit dem fens dey be addin to see me
Dats why these otha rappaz talk hard but want to be me
And I go to the church house and pray for the crack baby
Cuz wit all day mama I couldn't get da white Mercedes
I'm a gangsta my nine, I stay lookin good
And I'm straight from Uptown so Im reppin da hood
And I don't talk on my phone at least I got dat belly
Seen a deep car and baby dey still couldn't get me I'm gutta

When it comes to the chickens I flip em like gymnastics class
U need it just ask I move em over dem yellow and taxi cash
As far as the rack goes we tryna get black dope
I just need a helicopter and a lack in a black ropes
U know how the blacks roll dog look to my kinfolk
Gotta live dog, but we grindin like we still fo
Nice wit da hustle iz well, and I'm known from da South
To goes cold cuz like Sam I can sell
Slangin these chickens cookies tryna get that dope
And feelin blanks space wit hoes like tic tac toe
UPS aint got enough trucks, its New No Limit to da finish
And there's Guttar Music comin up, so we

[Hook x2: Master]