

Snoop Dogg, Money

Yeah what up

[Chorus]

Nigga want hundreds, hundreds, hundreds

I need money money money

Nigga want hundreds, hundreds, hundreds

Nigga I need money money money

Nigga want hundreds hundreds hundreds

Nigga want money money money

[Verse 1]

The biggest fast time is rhyme the size crime

Its been the same man since the game became mine

I spot four one of these at the same time

Looking like Snoop Dogg back in eighty-nine

Do I give a fuck, no I never have

I just blow my weed and take a bubble bath

I laugh at these niggaz, I aint mad at you niggaz

Cause half of you niggaz can't even fuck with me

I'm on it cause I'm so fucking city

And every town that I roll through I leave my G prints

LBC, now that's what I represent, can ya feel it (Eastside)

I'm hotter than a batch of fish grease in a skillet

I wanna say what up to all the G's, the killas, and the ballers, and the dealers

See where I'm from you either rate us, hate us or steal us

And right about now all the cap peelers gotta feel us

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 2 X]

[Verse 2]

Money, money is everything

It's the crack to the fiend

It's the king to the queen

It reigns supreme

It's the crop to the cream (say what)

It's a po man, no man, it's everybodys dream

Money, mo money, get money

But make sure you know that your folks don't get funny

Everybody claiming that they down on they luck

While I'm fresh dressed like a million bucks

I throw on my black socks with my all gold chucks

Now lets see which one of my trucks we gone use today

To slide away, (where we going) to Snoop World mother fucking U.S.A

Its all a dream, and dreams can come true

If it happen for me, shit it can happen for you

Meech from the beach, he keep shit cracking

And everything he touch guaranteed to go platinum

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 2 X]

[Verse 3]

Ya got to have cash to make it these days

And you can make at least one of a hundred different ways

You can holler at the homie Meech and get a dope track

And write you a rap, and try to get you to snap

Or you could stand on the streets and holler and wine

You can throw up insane, twenty crip or one nine

I chose DP cause financially money money money that's all a nigga see

See to get it, is to have it, interstate, maintain, don't get broke and fail the game

You might catch me in Brooklyn man hanging out with my sons and god sons, cause it's a blood th

Or you can catch me in Oakland, or I might be on my way back to the west coast

Still smoking, with a pound of that shit

Waiting for me at the crib with my dogs my wife and my two kids, getting money

[Chorus with slight variations repeat 5 X]

[Ad libs over chorus]

For all the niggaz out there getting their money

Money is the root of all evil huh

You know what

I mean, we already living in hell

So fuck, get your money man

I look at shit like this:

The mother fuckers that don't got money, they doing bad
And they don't give a fuck and they rob they steal they kill
And the mother fuckers that got money, they depressed
You know they can't enjoy it
So I mean, what's your pleasure
You wanna live with it our without it, shit I'm bout it
I got to have it, you feel me
[Chorus with slight variations repeat 5 X]