

Spice 1, Money Gone

Cappin him in is b-brain with the n-nine
He never woulda th-thought, I'd be gettin mine
So now I'm on the r-run cause I took his cash
I had to b-bust a cap in his fuckin ass
Nigga a n-n-n-nine w-w-went bang
It was a g-g-ghetto th-th-thang
19-nuh-nuh-90 wuh-wuh-one
A lotta n-n-n-niggaz d-died young
The 187 wuh 187 fuh-fact
Its comin up, c-comin up b-b-back
The future of the g-gangsta f-f-funk
Buckin with d-d-dank in the sk-skunk
I gotta g-g-gotta g-g-go
And sell me a s-sell me another O, O, O, O

(CHORUS)

Money gone
Money gone

I gotta g-g-gotta get it goin on
I deal with m-m-money g-g-gone
The figgity f-f-five-O is on my nuts
Mad cause they c-can't get a c-c-cut
Where everytime I dr-drive around the bl-block
They see my goin b-bump and s-s-stop
And ask me k-k-question, wuh-whats my name
But he can get f-fucked in the g-game
Cause I ain't for the f-f-f-for the p-p-pen
I hadta d-d-do em, d-do em in
Emptied out the cl-clip in his d-dome
And now its m-m-money g-g-gone

(CHORUS)

My nigga g-got the 40 sh-shootin dice
He said what they h-hittin for Sp-Spice
Livin up in the g-ghetto with the g-gats
Slangin dope made my p-p-pockets f-f-fat
The nigga on the b-block with the biggest knot
Seven f-f-fat fifty dollar n-knot
Bought a s-six five st-st-stang
The ring on my m-m-mobile rang
I got it g-goin on in the m-mix
All the broke fiends get a f-f-fix
I wonder if they t-task is about to hit
But I don't give a g-g-give a sh-sh-shit
Cause I'mma uga-O.G. in the z-zone
And my money ain't never g-g-g-gone

Yeah 187 in the motherfuckin house
Peace to my niggaz, Black Jack
Y'all in the motherfuckin house
Hookin me up with that dope shit
The last track on my motherfuckin album
We kickin it funky gangsta
Yeah, side ways to the next light
Peace motherfucker I'm outta here like last year