

# Trick Daddy, Bout My Money

[Trick Daddy]

Let's see, what to do today?  
Fuck that I'm goin to get my money

This one in a.. Thuggin memory  
That thug nigga  
Hollywood nigga  
I did this one in that nigga name  
Hollywood nigga, yall remember that mutha fuckin name

This bout that mutha fuckin money  
NIGGA!!!!!!

To kill for cocaine and get a nigga killed  
And a banana peel will get his whole hide flipped  
He's bringin danger to the life of his home boy's  
You can see the moon, but don't let him go alone boy  
Bout my money, we goin to bump heads and it wont be long  
That's why I got two choppers, one for the car, and one for the home  
Got extra grip for when they hold on  
Nextel, instead of these dial tones  
and quarter game for these old tapped ass cell phones  
And new back bone for my new dread homes  
You aint been outta jail long, but nigga you dead wrong  
Bout my money, nigga you shouldn't a played wit it  
You're goin to remember the day when this A.K hit ya.

[Chorus:]

Bout my money  
That shit there aint nothin funny  
Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout my money  
And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny  
When I ask about my mutha fuckin money  
That shit there aint nothin funny  
Don't start duckin and runnin when it go to gunnin bout my money  
And sonny, don't be stuntin and lookin funny  
Have my mutha fuckin money

[Trick Daddy]

I read in the Book of Thugs, Chapter A.K Verse 47  
And it tells me all thugs niggas go to heaven  
But between the lines of verses 48 and 9  
Is what ya thug nigga's, drug dealin and doin time  
But verse 100, talks bout my money  
Say's its full of blood so all memphis is funny  
But nigga I don't want to hold your gold  
I just want to free your soul  
And be found somewhere in public when all this shit unfolds  
I done gave ya two bricks, and you aint gave me back shit  
You runnin around in your new bubble lights  
When verse sit lookin sick  
I aint here to hold ur sing, I just want my cream  
and you can keep your little watch and ring that go bling bling

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

Now all this huffin and puffin  
aint goin to get you young fuck nigga's nothin  
But a shit bag and bullet holes through your bloody clothes  
Out of all the nigga's you mutha fuckin know  
I should have been the last nigga you want to muthafuckin know  
I'll meet ya at your front door, and im bringin my calico

Nigga if u aint got my flow ur ass gotta go  
We'll get you mammy and all and layin em down on the front room floor  
Bout to do em all cuz I done have problems bout all this shit unfolden  
Bout my money, I came at it, and your son ain't have it  
Now this nigga I owe is goin to be the next nigga to go  
I only got 20 G's, and I owe 'em 84  
It ain't my muthafuckin fault, I'm short bout 64  
This nigga aint goin to fuck me no more

[Trick talking]

[Chorus]