

# Gangsta Boo, Money And The Powder

1 - money and the powder, money and the powder  
(misses gangsta boo got the) money and the powder (yup)  
Money and the powder, money and the powder  
(niggas pagin me for my) money and the powder  
Money and the powder, money and the powder  
(I got all you bitches jade, cuz of) money and the powder  
Money and the powder, money and the powder  
(up 24/7, cuz my) money and the powder

(gangsta boo)

I got the money and the powder  
Yeah, got the fuckin dollas, 40  
Increasin hours  
Trade your whole damn life for it  
Only tryin to be the richest bitch  
That roam the city streets  
Keep a bird flyin to the south  
For a winters peak  
South folk put me up on game  
Cuz the game aint changed  
Still the same way  
Likin me and your momma gaze  
Rappin get ya paid  
Thats cool, Im havin fun, see  
Live on stage, gangsta boo is what they call me  
Good sense of humor  
Kinda funny once you get to know  
Money over bitches, once on top  
You dont hear me though  
Stay smokin green  
Cuz I got it like that  
I stay up on some pure shit  
On and poppin like that  
So if you try to break me  
Never will you succeed  
Cuz a bitch like me, always got a plan b  
With hypnotize minds  
Blindin bitches when we come through  
To all enquiring minds  
Yours truly, gangsta boo

Repeat 1

(gangsta boo)

Its kinda hard bein the lady that I am, you see  
Without a shiesty ass nigga tryin to get with me  
But we gon ride and get high  
Glidin deep in the night  
In your pearl mercedes fixed with the blue headlights  
Okay, its on, pop the dom  
What about the 100, percent pure that you promised me  
Before you go under  
Call me lady, me, no  
Im takin over your hood  
Because its on, good  
Yellin that Im wishin you would  
Try to gank me for my shit  
Never buyin ya baby  
I be the one that rock your cradle  
Come and play with me baby  
Yee know, its bout the money  
It aint bout nothin else  
Dont try to play me bitch  
Be fuckin tryin to play with yourself

If its cool, then its cool  
If its not, then its not  
If ya ass actin shady, if its bricked or rocked  
Dont be crossin like a God when youre dealin with me  
Its not so easy bein hard  
Whatcha tryin to be?

Repeat 1

(gangsta boo)

What a trip, I got you bitches wantin to roll with me  
But back in 1993, you wouldnt fuck with me  
But now I got an album out  
Look at tv, Im on it  
Now youre lookin for some fame  
Plus all my niggas, you want em  
Never that, I cant be usin groupies  
To call em friends  
Because my money and my powder would be gone in the end  
I cant depend on you bitches when Im in some trouble  
Blow your bump and fuck me up  
Once imma fuck you up ?  
Get your squad, what they gon do? (not shit)  
I thought you knew  
With my black hooded crew  
We gon come and get you  
Cuz we got money to make  
Whatever nigga it take  
We got some kis in this shit  
We gotta bring home some play  
It aint no limit in this because we real to the fact  
If your ass black, you know you gotta hustle for scraps  
So imma holla  
Thanks for listenin all my ghetto girls and boys  
First comes money, then the powder  
Then relax, and youll enjoy

Repeat 1