

Get Money, Spend Money, No Money

Ice Cube

Yeah
Gangsta
Uh

Tell me all my children
'Fore I come through, is the hood in the building? (yes)
You won't believe what I'm dealin
This West coast shit, oh what a feelin (ah)
Niggaz think I'm drug dealin
'Cause I roll by with no motherfuckin ceiling (none)
Is he worth a hundred million?
No need to ask Ice Cube how I'm livin (how ya livin loc?)
I still got the recipe
South Central LA is the pedigree
Don't try to tell me what it better be
I have your ass up in physical therapy
A outlaw like a Cherokee
The rap industry tried to bury me
But if I died on the mic up at Larry B
I'm so heavy you bitches couldn't carry me

Get money, spend money, no money, lookin like a dummy
(I really don't give a fuck)
Your money ain't my fuckin money, got a pocket full of money
(Come on homie throw it up)
(2x)

I don't accept no disrespect
Only thing I expect is self check
Just grin and bare it
Got an ass whoopin that your ass don't wanna inherit
Most rappers are parrots
They say what they told to say, to get a neck full of carrots/karats
Got your mama embarrassed
How long 'fore they callin us terrorists? Nigga, I'm serious
I, keep it gangsta but I keeps a job
'Cause it's, hard to sleep when you steal and rob
And ya, got to run here comes the blob
'Cause, Uncle Sam is like part of the Mob
Break your self he'll take your wealth
Don't get it twisted, you a motherfuckin elf
And Santa Claus will go for self
All you got is your balls and your health

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(I really don't give a fuck)
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(Come on homie throw it up)
(2x)

Niggaz brag about what they got
But we don't own a skyscraper, now that's paper (now that's paper)
One generation from slums
Happy for these little crumbs, you little bums
We saw you pull up but nigga shut up (shut up)
You always talkin about a fuckin car or truck
You always talkin about some fuckin rims or interior

That kind of shit'll keep our ass inferior
I'm tryin to eat tomorrow
Ain't tryin to hear about the little bitty shit you bought
Saw your little bitty house on "Cribs"
Where you fuck your wife and feed your kids (uh uh)
Nigga be quiet, ain't shit private
Everything for sale, you can buy it
All this self snitchin, all this self tellin
Motherfuckers goin back to the watermelon

Get money, spend money, no money, lookin like a dummy
(I really don't give a fuck)
Your money ain't my fuckin money, got a pocket full of money
(Come on homie throw it up)
(4x)