

Funny how time flies
Funny how one thing leads to another
Funny how mothers cry
Funny how we live at night and in the gutter
Funny how cash rules everything around me
Funny how people never seem to change
Funny how my closest friends is my rebuttal
Seems like it all can change and I can get paid
Whoa!

Nigga gotta find a way
Find a way to make some money
Nigga gotta find a way
Find a way to make some cash
Got to find a way

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I was giving this a lot of thought
Should I trip? Should I not? Should I set this off?
A whole lotta pressure is on my shoulders
My soul is with all my niggaz I roll with; so know this
Cut the bullshit, take it back to the music
use it right, don't matter what you do with it
I'm here to represent the real
I still stayed G'ed up unless must I will
I stayed up all night, I argue and fight by myself; this can't be right
Hmm cuz if the lights were the sound of the siren
I'd make you niggaz get a deal and act wild
I'm for real and I can see through these suckers that dick riding motherfuck
ers
Yeah, that's me bustin' cuz I'm a huslter for the chips
And I'm trippin 'cuz I'm sick of this shit
Listen

It wasn't about money up front
All a nigga wanted was a big gold chain and a blunt
Why? What do you mean?
Living my Auntie Mary and I ain't having a damn thang
I can't get a job; I might as well steal and rob
Man, life is so hard
Hanging in my homie garage while other niggaz
doing killing for a living in the city of stars
I got a lick but I ain't got caught
Nigga slippin' leaving a sack by the bar
And I seen where he set it, thought he had hid it
Nope, and I'm about to go get it
Come up, I gotta stay run up
Left eye open while I'm sleep with the gun up
Please don't run up about that money I'm funny
My nigga you'll get done up