

## My Money Straight

E-40

What's happenin' y'all this E-40 mayne  
I had to bring back that old school mob sound  
I had to go get my partna Black C and my nigga Guce  
Yumtombout, nigga our money is straight, nuggah  
Beotch!  
Please hold up me for one reason  
My money straight  
Whole bunch of ice I'm freezing  
My money straight  
And oh yeah, I'm E  
My money straight  
So please don't worry bout me  
My money straight  
Uhh, I'm breaking down a quarter pound on a dude who play with a Gillette razor blade  
With a bucket of battery acid to throw my candy in case the po-po ray  
I be beastin and I be savagin' and I be mobbin'  
Any bitch nigga that got a problem I'm molly whomp  
Hoes be giving me all kinds of kisses and hugges  
But they don't really wanna fuck me they wanna fuck my cousins  
I be thuggin' it to the fullest mayne I push  
Be all up in the courthouse smelling like Kush  
Hiding in the fire truck latter mane I be gone  
Every day by myself I smoke at least a half a zone  
Finger on the chrome, letting it be known  
Threwed in the dome, wanna know what's wrong  
I ain't never play to lose I play to win  
If it's money being generated then I want in  
My stacks won't fold it won't bend  
Brought a one room apartment (for what) just to keep my money in (beotch)  
Oh yeah, my money straight  
You can ask them bad bitches in my court until 8  
Looking like they can't wait to put it in they face  
If she ain't down with it then we plan a limit date  
Plus I represent this Bay, so I gotta keep it res-ial  
I'm gone off a pis-ial so fuck how they fis-ial  
A hundred dollar biz-ials I'm ballin' on you suckers  
Ridin' round top down if a player feeling smothered  
We customs made 4's on the whip, Bentley holes sitting nice  
The paint look blue but it's green in the light  
We goin call that a sprite rocking D-boy ice  
My D-boy swag I'm from that D-boy life  
Black Ceaser be the name Black C is what they call me  
R.B.O. the camp hundreds point be the army  
Yeah ya boy ballin sumthing like Spalding  
And it's only bad bitches that a real nigga call me  
Purple in my cup looking like I'm playing posses  
You can still get it with this chopper or the shotgun  
My money straight off the rose and the Vodka  
Errday we celebrate like I won an Oscar  
Gangsta, from the city of choppers and body bags  
We ride shit that move fast like it crawl that  
We keep them toys all year like Toys-R-Us  
You like a nigga that can't play bo's and dump truck  
I'm threwed what they created ghetto broads  
A trauma water cause ya trauma boy and still on call  
I'm balling like the Phoenix Suns, playing zone

And make these bitches run for it, Marion Jones  
Finger fuckin' the trigger like pussy when I felt the  
You wanna beef I touch ya hat broker helper  
When I'm on ya line can't nobody help ya  
Empty ass nigga not a leg that a felt up  
My money straight  
[Hook: Yung Jun]