

Money & The Powder

Gangsta Boo

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 winter's peak
South folk put me up on game
Cuz the game ain't changed
Still the same way
Likin' me and your momma gaze
Rappin' get ya paid
That's cool, I'm 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 don't 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]

It's 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, it's on, pop the Dom
What about the 100, percent pure that you promised me
Before you go under
Call me Lady, me, no
I'm takin' over your hood
Because it's on, good
Yellin' that I'm 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, it's 'bout the money
It ain't 'bout nothin' else
Don't try to play me bitch
Be fuckin' tryin' to play with yourself
If it's cool, then it's cool
If it's not, then it's not
If ya ass actin' shady, if it's bricked or rocked
Don't be crossin' like a God when you're dealin' with me
It's not so easy bein' hard
What'cha tryin' to be?

Repeat 1

[Gangsta Boo]
What a trip, I got you bitches wantin' to roll with me
But back in 1993, you wouldn't fuck with me
But now I got an album out
Look at TV, I'm on it
Now you're lookin' for some fame
Plus all my niggas, you want 'em
Never that, I can't be usin' groupies
To call 'em friends
Because my money and my powder would be gone in the end
I can't depend on you bitches when I'm in some trouble
Blow your bump and fuck me up
Once I'mma 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 ki's in this shit
We gotta bring home some play
It ain't no limit in this because we real to the fact
If your ass Black, you know you gotta hustle for scraps
So I'mma holla
Thanks for listenin' all my ghetto girls and boys
First comes money, then the powder
Then relax, and you'll enjoy

Repeat 1