

# 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