

It was a Saturday night on the streets of Cali
Threw on my dope silk suit, brushed off my suede Bally's
Threw on enough gold for any girl's pleasure
Left a pound and a half of that shit still in the dresser
I slapped a clip in my nine, threw a clip in my sock
Hit three grand up off the dresser, it was ten on the dot
Now my beeper started beepin, I threw that shit in the sink
I didn't need it no more, I had more money than Prince
See, I was quittin the game and tonight was my fling
You see, on the streets they're players but only one king
Now that's the title I held but the game is real fast
You gotta get in and get out if you expectin to last
Now my homeboy Evil was downstairs chillin in his brand new Ben
Z
I had many adversaries but very few close friends
We broke to the set, E parked the car on the grass
High-signin was his trademark and he did it with class
Hit the door like two titans, the whole jam stopped to stare
And as we walked through the crowd they threw bills in the air
I spied my man Jazz maxin out with two stone cold freaks
"Yo, what's up Ice, you rich now, man, you too good to speak?"
Now Jazz was a player from the east coast, the Bronx
He was known to be hard on the women and a brother he'd stomp
Smack a bitch in a minute, some say just for fun
And he was known for his chrome-plated pearl-handled gun
"Yo Ice, you my brother and I love you and all
But what's up with that six g's you owe me, man
'member when your boys took that fall?
And I posted the bail cause yo ass was locked up"
Evil gave Jazz ten g's and Jazz shut the fuck up
Just then I saw Donald-D hit the front door
More gold than a Aztec, black leather he wore
Hoes grabbed for they niggaz when D hit the set
Cause what Donald