

# Cookie Money

Master P

(2x)

We cook dem chickens we flip dem chickens  
We like U, P.S. the way we ship dem chickens  
We cook dem chickens we flip dem chickens  
We like U, P.S. the way we ship dem chickens (cookie money)

They tell stories in da hood about me  
Ask, lettin da bush whats good about me  
Call me, black breezy call me if u need me  
Big twelve on a bird leavin chickens breezy  
I tell stories man I tryna forgive  
Put it in a zip black bag cook it up like ribs  
I'm on the block on a 45 stacks safety all  
How you want it white cream live hard its all  
In the hood wit dem fens dey be addin to see me  
Dats why these otha rappaz talk hard but want to be me  
And I go to the church house and pray for the crack baby  
Cuz wit all day mama I couldn't get da white Mercedes  
I'm a gangsta my nine, I stay lookin good  
And I'm straight from Uptown so Im reppin da hood  
And I don't talk on my phone at least I got dat belly  
Seen a deep car and baby dey still couldn't get me I'm gutta

When it comes to the chickens I flip em like gymnastics class  
U need it just ask I move em over dem yellow and taxi cash  
As far as the rack goes we tryna get black dope  
I just need a helicopter and a lack in a black ropes  
U know how the blacks roll dog look to my kinfolk  
Gotta live dog, but we grindin like we still fo  
Nice wit da hustle iz well, and I'm known from da South  
To goes cold cuz like Sam I can sell  
Slangin these chickens cookies tryna get that dope  
And feelin blanks space wit hoes like tic tac toe  
UPS aint got enough trucks, its New No Limit to da finish  
And there's Guttar Music comin up, so we

[Hook x2: Master]