

Weed & Money

Master P

-Check this out
-You a playa if you got bitches and blunts in your house, right?
(right right)
-but you a motherfuckin' TRU g,
if you get the muffins and she pay for the trees
-Understand what I'm sayin', nigga you feel me?
-Ya'll Captain Kirk ass niggaz ain't gonna survive
in this 97 space age hustle
(so what you sayin'?)

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts
We live for weed and money

I stack greens like cheese
Smoke weed with g's
Sell cream to fiends
And roll with beams
Playa haters can't take me, hungry bitches can't break me
God you made me, but ain't no man gone fade me
Got me deep in this game, some niggaz don't change
Have mercy on P, just tryin' to have change
In my pockets I'm knockin', the feds can't stop me
Most hoes they jock me, I got knots in my pockets
Caviar and bitches, 6-4 and switches
Champagne and riches, but cooking keys in kitchens
Mansions with marble floors, knocking off chocolate hoes
Boots with ignition, Ferraris and drop rolls
I live with killers, dealers and TRU niggaz
No Limit guerrillas, mercenary killers
Beat's by the Pound, haters get clowned
Gone worldwide, but true to the underground

Blow coheva blunts, keep e'm rollin' up
Got your bitch fiening bro, P meaning what

I scream with riches, tag teaming with bitches
96 we went gold, haters thought we was finished
97 went platinum, now they screaming NO LIMIT
TRU niggaz don't fall off this only the beginning

Coming up for what, making hella bucks
Niggaz getting bumped or what, counting cash up
Got this game sewed up, niggaz straight up no cut
But ya'll couldn't fuck with us, ya'll couldn't fuck with us

Swingin' like Titanic, niggaz see us and panic
After big bucks no whami, on our way to the grammy
Ya'll couldn't fuck with killers, they call us dealers
Niggaz livin' for scrilla, banking with peelas

Army fatigues, niggaz straight like g's
Livin' like soldiers with g's, soldiers at ease
Slangin' fuckin' tapes like keys, swang 'em just like keys
From Richmond to New Orleans, we be ballin'
Keep them bitches down on they knees, keep 'em on they knees
Got them smokin' on our weed, but not for free

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts
I live for weed to make money
Man I want so much cash when I wake up in the mornin'
I can't even much count it
Silkk the Shocker, or should I say
The black Frank Nitty see,
Oz's to make g's
the mayor gave me and P keys to the city
Livin' an American dream
5 karats on my pinky ring
Ladies wanna make love to me
Niggaz wanna look at me all mean
But it's aaight cause you still wonder
I don't want your old lady
But she still flip me the number, I wish she'd flip me some money
See um, it's aight to have cash and thangs
Ghetto millionares to live fashion man
600 we gonna be smashin' man
But since I can't spend no bitches
So I need some cash and thangs

[Chorus]