

Makin' it, doesn't matter how many
Takin' it
Well, I can't shake it
Off of my back, damn monkey
It's either too tight
Or it's too slack

How much
That's all it is ooh
Ninety nine
How much, yah
Now, ninety nine
You better hack it baby
Yea, my time exploded, space blew up
Need something in my Dixie cup
Whoa, let me get it right
There's the best pair of lips I've kissed all night

How much, well give it to me
I'll pay you later
Nine ninety nine
Oh, I got a pocket calculator
Yeah, wake up, it don't make sense
Nickles and dimes
Nine ninety nine

The lion and the lamb are locked in an embrace
You won't get it till it's in your face
Oh, I got me out of deeper red
Don't panic
Ah, it's where I want to be
Yeah, oh
A useful member of society, huh!
I just need a little of that old money

Gimme ninety nine, yea
Well, I can't shake it off of my back
God damn monkey
Aw, it's too tight, or it's too slack
Yeah some things never change
Price of bullets remains the same

Here we go
Hand over fist, slap on the wrist
Umm, nine nine
That's all I'm askin' how much
How much do you want to give
Just a little bit
Nine
Yeah they operate
Look at the state of my baby
Will, it cost twenty grand, pitiful
Yeah, that's a nine
Put your money where your mouth is
Cough it up
Oh nickels and dimes
Yeah, hun, ooh