Money, Cash, Hoes

JAY-Z

Turn the lights all the way
Turn the lights all the way down
What? Yeah, come on, Big flow
Come on, yeah, come onYo, yo JAY, I flow sick
Fuck all y'all haters blow dick
I spits the game for those that throw bricks
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, chicks, what?Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street
Only wife of mines is a life of crime
And since life's a bitch in mini skirts and big chests
How can I not flirt with deathThat's life's a nigga, long as life prevent us
We gonna sin a lot and pray to Christ, forgive us
Fuck it, ice the wrists and raise the price on these niggaz
Y'all can't floss on my level
I'll invite you all to get wit us if ya ball is glitter
When I go all the harlem playaz wall my picture
If you get close enough you can read the scripture
It reads money, cash, hoes, how real was that nigga, what?Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?Flavors robust platinum and gold touch
Y'all rap now, fast money lets slow it up
Niggaz try to stop Jay Z to no luck
Roc A Fella foreva CEO, what? What?
Us the villains, fuck your feelings
While y'all playa hate we in the upper millions
What's the dealing', huh, it's like New York's been soft
Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the buildingsI'm tryin' to restore the feeling' fuck the law keep dealin'
More money, more cash, more chilling
I know they gone criticize the hook on this song
Like I give a fuck I'm just a crook on this songBed Stuy Brooknon took on the world
Shit, I led a life you can write a book on
Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street
Man and I tell ya it'll be the best sellerMoney, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes,

what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?DMX and my dogs bite
Jigga, my nigga rhyme all night
Thugs for life one night with this rap shit
Let 'em go and I bet they know what'll happenWhen we clap shit
Actin' like we owe 'em somethin'
Then we show 'em somethin'
Talk greasy I think they found 'em down the road or somethin'Fuckin' wit a madman in a bad mood
It's like fuckin' wit a mad dog that wasn't fed food
The only thing thats stoppin' him is you, what?
'Cos the only thing that he'll be droppin' is you, what?Topic include
Choppin' in two
Drop it to Clue and the response from the street
This was one dog that loves raw meatBut gettin' back to just 'cos I love my niggaz
I shed blood for my niggaz
Let a nigga holler where my niggaz
All I'ma hear is right here my nigga, come onMoney, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh
Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on
Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what?Roc A Fella shit, uh, uh
Ruff Ryders, my nigga Swizz
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Dont stop Biatch
Uh, uh, uh, yeah
Inspect the game yo
Inspect the game yo
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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