

Money, Cash, Hoes (feat. DMX)

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 on Yo, 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 death That'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 buildings I'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 song Bed 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 seller 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? 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 happen When 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 meat But 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 on 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? 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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