

WWF

"Here Comes The Money Shane McMahon"

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Here Comes The Money
Here We Go
Money Talks
Here Comes The Money

Chorus
Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money

Dolla, Dolla Dolla, Dolla

Ching Ching Bling Bling Cut The Chatter
If You Ain't Talking Money Then Your Talking Don't
Matter
Ching Ching Bling Bling
Patting Pockets
We Take The Dolla Dolla Can't A Damn Stop It
Shock It
Here Comes The New Kid On The Block
Hold all ya bets, here's where the buck stops

See First of all I'm steppin' out on my own
'Bout time I elevated to claim my own throne
Success in my blood, call it home grown
Pores reakin' testosterone
Power and money's got my crazy cocky
No longer need you papi
I Know You're Mad Because You Can't Stop Me
And if you wonder how this playa done scopped ya
honey
I think she smelled my cologne, it's called brand new
money
Making a move ain't a damn thing funny
Went from pimpin' hood rats to Playboy bunnies
They See The....

(Chorus)

I'm A Global Dolla Dolla A Roll Without Fitting
I Like To Go Out smelling Fresh And Looking Spiffy
I Dont't Like Clean Money I Want My Wrist To Be Filthy
Pops, With Every Time It's Fun i Can't Touch Until I'm
Sixy

So what am I supposed to do, rollin' through
And Their Patting The Pockets Until I'm Stuck Holding
You
Ching Ching Bling Bling Cashing Cash Lumps
In A Four Whell Getting A Jacket I'm Selling 'Em Out My
Trunk

Whatever Whenever It Takes A Shake Down a Dolla
Dolla
And Throw It In MY Direction Holla Holla
All Want To Know Where They Go When They're
Winning
I Make The Marshel Money Smelling Juat Like A Mint

(Chorus)

If You Can't See The Money Get Your Eyes Cleaned With
Visine
I Need Fine Things I Shop At Seven Digits At A Time See
Cheering Chilling The Best Never Worst
We Never Got The Pebbles We Got The Rocks First

Make Bank Volts Locking Ching Ching
We Mocking We Rocking
My Families Christmas Stockings Are Shocking
Find Women Any Weather Naughty Dinners Whatever
Sun, I Get Better

I'm One Smart Cookie That Bets And Smacks Rookies
My Stocks Are On Top
Your Checks Bounce While Mine Boogy
Wrists I Must Rock It Chicks Stop And I Knock It
Cash It Looks Like I Got A Gang Of Fists In My Pocket
(Chorus)

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