

## Cazuza

### "Mash for Our Cash"

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(\*talking\*)

Ha, hold up out the Shop looking good  
Know I'm tal'n bout, Rayface out the Shop  
Slim, them boys out the Shop  
It's going down, know I'm saying  
Me, C-Styles and Big Sin, 2002  
Drop L-Dogs looking good, this how it go down  
Know I'm saying, er'body acting bad  
Believe that Troy, this how we gon do it ha

[Hook]

Man I'm in my drop-drop, rolling on the chop-chop  
Boppers gon bop-bop, but it don't stop-stop  
Third Coast's finest, feel what we spitting  
Like a platinum Rolex, we just roll we ain't ticking  
Balling in the mix, gotta get the drank mix  
Ooh fool, this is what we do  
Throw up a deuce, then we just smash  
E, Slim and C watch us mash for our cash

[Slim Thug]

I top drop on 4's, and pop trunk on hoes  
I'm closing candy do's, free on blow snow  
From the Tre to the Fo', in my topless dancer  
It's that elbow pouncer, yellow bone enhancer  
I can make you catch cancer, cause I smoke so much  
I stack do' so much, I wreck the flow so much  
I get much respect, when I come down your block  
And what you call rags, but we call drops  
When my trunk unlock, the whole block gon stop  
Cause I'ma make the boppers bop, and your mama call  
the cops  
I got five T.V.'s, playing DVD's  
While me and three G's, blowing on three trees  
And it's 80 degrees, top dropping weather  
The weather done got better, I'm lied back on leather  
A young trend setter, whenever I ride  
I'm top dropping worldwide, representing H-Town

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I'm out the Shop don't stop, my top dropped for the  
summer  
Everything dipped in chrome, from my rims to my  
bumper  
Low pro Yokohamas, eight fifteen's knock  
(\*beeping\*), remote control air shocks  
Trunk pop hang flip, flop I'm on the tip-top  
Two liter Sprite, bout to hit the sip spot  
Haters get got, got a stash spot for glock  
Infrared dot, protect the rocks in my watch  
Dump it like a Sasquatch, when it chop your block  
Nuts the size of watermelons, did you see tell him we  
hot  
Got the game in a headlock, we coming through  
While them haters shoo-shoo, we run choo-choo's  
Like hoo-doo, we put hexes on niggaz  
T.V.'s in the headrest, DTS'ing these niggaz  
Best in Texas nigga, so back-back fool  
We ride with heat, the size of Shaq's shoes

[Hook]

[C-Styles]

Drop top trunk pop, I'm mashing fast  
Pop my trunk I show my glass, I'm acting a damn ass  
A screen on my dash, size of computer screens  
You can hear the six fifteen's, and the V-dozen  
machine  
I'm pulling up mean, and my candy still dripping  
Mix the Sprite with the lean, and I'm still sipping  
Got Mr. Q-Y, and them haters set tripping  
I got the Lexus back, and I'm S-Class flipping  
I swang to the lot, to get the drop PT Cruiser  
Throw the boy out the roof, representing Bogalusa  
We slamming E.S.G., we got's to get the Cardiers  
Cause we ball like Jason, Dujan and Battier  
Sixteen-five for a bird, so nigga quit hating  
In Texas they ride swangs, in Louisiana it's daytons  
Screens fall no hesitation, my trunk still shaking  
And the four 18's, got my Neons breaking

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Drop, tops  
Swang on bops, fuck cops  
Whoa, no  
That's how Dirty South niggaz roll

