

B.G.

"Cash Money Roll"

Visit "[Cash Money Roll](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Nigga we don't drop albums, we drop classics

I ain't even gotta tell you how Cash Money Roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control
'Cause we do shows all seven days of the week
Top of the line rides flying up and down the street

Any kind of car C.M.B boys could claim it
(Cash Money Boys)
Lexus's, Benz's, and Truck Motor Bikes you name it
Rollin' all the time gotta get my shine on
Right here got the nine and in my left the PrimeCo
Phone

Rap dues I done paid it
I'm on a level that these niggaz can't fade it
Nigga I been hustlin' since twelve I done made it
Rappin' off nuthin' but Mannie Beats
(Mannie Fresh)

He the greatest, but wait hold up, you ain't heard the
latest
Million dollar contract a 150 pages, not minimum
We makin' maximum wages
Let me tell you about bayou classic how we played it

We hit Canal so deep click so strong
(Canal Street)
Every vehicle we rode in was on chrome
The Hummer sound had 'em jumpin' in the Super Dome

We got so much money we gave the bank a credit loan
We go shopping and spend 50 G's at the mall
But that hurt 'cause cash money go still ball
Until we fall

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

I'm a baller, drive cars with big rims
Leather seats, sound bumpin' all in your ears

The dress code T-shirts, Ree's and Bauds
(Reebok Soldiers, Girbauds)
It's 98, my money stack it don't fold

I'm a livin' legend, havin' fire weed sessions
Hide your bitch 'cause I will have in my possession
I'm top notch, it ain't no secret I'm hot
You can spot, my Rolex watch from down the block

I don't talk shit if I ain't able to prove it
My wrist all bitch, especially in the dark bitch
I'm a young nigga, tru 2 da game nigga, fog
And play'n with a little change nigga, fog

Fuck with me I put a little over your brain
But fuck that I ride and let my chopper rang nigga
Since 97 I got a lil' thicker and taller
Chancin' 6 figgaz, I'm the Cash Money Baller

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

Say B, I heard Cap had another baby
(Baby)
It's a lil' girl, pop the bottle let's celebrate
It's your second it's all good lay it down nigga
You hoe drove mutha fucker lay down nigga

You know I got a lil' Hot Girl to be
That's my world dawg she lookin' just like me
I'm straight out all the old money from my old habit
I'm spendin' that on ear rings with 10 karats

I got my lil' girl a Lexus for when she grow up
I flying from Tennessee to Texas trying to blow up
I need 10 G's a show for me to show up
And six weeks for me and my click to post up

We shining, wearing Rolex's that winding
Stacking money for days Nigga, big timing
Ducking hoes, shot callin', and ballin'
Keepin' it real, with my back against the wall'n

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin' outta control

I ain't even gotta tell you how cash money roll
'Cause it ain't no secret nigga we ballin' outta control

Visit [B.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.