

Dave Berry

"Cash Over"

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[Mack 10]

Whassup Cube dog?

I got this bitch-ass nigga right here

Y'know, fuckin with this tramp-ass bitch

Puttin her before the scrill' all the time,

yaknowhatl'msayin?

Man I got this nigga transcripts, and every-mother-fuckin thang

Tellin this bitch all my mother-fuckin business

Puttin ass over cash everyday

Nigga fuck that, this Westside

[Ice Cube]

Be gone you fuckin peon, got the Don furious

Talkin on the phone got the Federal curious

I'm serious! I don't give a fuck where he is

Snatch him out the factory, bring his ass back to me

How the fuck you think I got the NAME Bossalini? Punk

Mack God Rap Genie, you can't see me

Up in this game ever since you was a lame

Y'all train at my school, nigga I rule

You never make me holla, smokin on a fifteen dollar

from across the water, watch your daughter

She might catch the Holy Ghost from this rap sermon

While you vermin smokin Sherman, I'm rollin somethin

German, bitch

Money earnin makin mo' money (ching ching)

Enemies look so funny, with they clothes bummy

Don't need no honey, that's right

Cause I'm thinkin with my big head, FUCK what my dick said!

Chorus: Ice Cube

We puttin cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play.. (the hustlers)

(We some money makin motherfuckers.. I know that you love us!)

We puttin cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play.. (the hustlers)

(We some money makin motherfuckers.. I know that

you love us!)

[Ice Cube]

Now who's that nigga got these bitches lookin silly? Me!
I'm the Big Willie for rilly, the real dilly
You can ask Phillie cause I got a year's supply (Yup!)
You must want to die, don't get the lye
after dark up at Griffith Park, shallow grave
for the mark check his heart, the game about to start
Big thangs automatic pu-tang (automatic)
Keep your mind off them bitches, eyes on your riches
If it twitches give it stitches
If it jiggles or switches, fuck and take pictures, now
I'm livin in a two-point zone, and I'm still bumpin
Call me in the clutch, ain't lost my touch
Nigga what? on the microphone
If I drove it in the video, bitch, I can drive it home
Tight as a Corleone
You got to get your own, baby get on, now

Chorus

[Ice Cube]

Get your ass up and go to work, cause you know
on payday, nigga that shit gon' hurt
Fuckin with a skirt instead of handlin your bizness
Rich dude, now you got to make three wishes
I'm suspicious, of any motherfucker puttin fuck over
finance
'Specially fuckin up my plans
I'm the boss, I can be late
but you'll never see her and me, over currency
Givin you the third degree, cause you got
too many broke bitches and you like bankin for a penny
Stop fuckin on them dum-dums
Find one with some ass and some income
Who wanna win? Who wanna spin?
Who wanna make, twenty-five eight? Me
Ice Cube the great.. pushin rhymes like weight

Chorus 2X

Never put that hoe, in front of that dough nigga
For what? (Never... fuck a bitch nigga)
For what? She ain't gon' love you if you ain't got no
dough fool
(Bitch fuckin with me got to be workin, gettin paid
yaknahmsayin?)
Gotta come up, scrilla scrilla y'all (Never ass over cash
nigga)
Scrilla scrilla y'all (We greedy)

Cha-ching! (She can get some CD's, push some keys)
Cha-ching! (Ha ha ha, make the bitches shake they tit-
ties)
Cha-ching, cha-ching! (Over my knee)
Cha-ching, cha-ching! (Never ass over cash)
Never ass over cash

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