

Big Moe "Cash"

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I'm talking cash, nigga
Gripping grain, swaging lanes
We talking cash, nigga
Candy paint on all them Range

We talking cash, nigga
Don't try to stop my shine
We talking cash, nigga
'Cause I tussle on the mind

I'm talking cash, nigga
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It's Big Moe I stepped up in the door
Out the South side bitch I'm far from a hoe
I ain't even scared and you know I'm down to wreck it
I'ma hit the bed Moe-Yo gone get naked

Got to strap my glock, got to strap my ding-a-ling
Out the South side, Moe-Yo gone sing sing
I'ma swing swing, crawl down slow
It's that Big Moe and you know I'm no hoe

I'ma knock down that hoe Toni Braxton
It's Moe-Yo come down there hating hoes I'm taxing
Slacking sleeping off, you can't be talking about my
click
You know it's Wreck shop, hating hoes be on dick

It's that boy Moe, I'm out the South side
I done came down, Moe-Yo I'm gone chop
Ain't gone stop to the T O P
I creep I'm putting it down from the M O to the E

My nigga Noke Deezy, all about his cheezy
It's the Moe-Yo claim pussy got to be greasy
Got to keep it wet, on the mic I be's a vet
I'm coming down five thousand gotta get my check

If you want me to be on your song or sing a damn hook

It gotta be five grand bitch I'm coming down cool
With my nigga what Blue U
Out the South side, M-O-E a damn fool

With my partner D-Reck, hoes they been checked
It's that Wreck shop, earning paper and our respect
And my brother K-Luv, my nigga Big Toon
Knocking down soon, Moe-Yo gotta get a room

At the end of the fucking night, I'm gone be fucking
It's that Moe coming down, I do the gangsta strutting
My nigga King One, let's have fun
My partners Keke, Weets, the Lil Red coming down on
hard

My nigga High G, you know he's down with me
M-O to the E, from the 1, 2, 3
The Wreck shop tree, that's where I be from
Partner Silly Yo coming down on fucking hard

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Since I was 17, I've been sipping on sip
Bitch niggas come through empty out the clip
I love old school cars, with candy ass paint
Your other niggas pussies cause them other niggas
fake

You hollin' you a killa but I know you ain't no killa
I see you in the street bitch I'm a trill ass nigga
And now since the eighties, putting niggas down
Letting motherfuckers hear all that bass around

I ride an Impala, don't pop my collar
Coming through the record company, want all my
dollas
You ain't got my paper bitch, you don't get no dick
And I ain't put my dick in the uh you wrecked

'Cause tramp hoes be talking, on the pilla walking
Out the street get them hoes, telling em bout all your
clothes
And your car sitting on gold, and how much you get at

shows

You shouldn't trust that bitch, that bitch will get you hit

I see it all the time, bitches get knocked on the grind
Keep it ten with that wife, coming back in the middle of
the night

Say bitch you need to stop, you need to sell some cock
You need to get off them rocks and get on private
yachts

I'm talking bout they cousin, coming through bitches
buzzing

Drinking on Hennessey, bitch you don't know Pimp C
You late on the slab, coming through whipping ass
I whip it up in the lab and put it out like it's dark around

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