

**Dmx****"More Money, More Cash, More Hoes"**

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[Jay-Z]

Turn the lights even lower!

Hovah

Memphis Bleek

Beanie Seigels (uh-huh)

Roc-a-fella y'all (yeah yeah)

[DMX]

Jigga, my nigga, rhyme all night

[Jay-Z]

To the top wit my niggas

Pop wit my niggas

Drive by in whips, rock rocks wit my niggas

Break day on the hottest block wit my niggas

Just cause I

[DMX]

Love my niggas (uh-huh)

[Jay-Z]

Chill wit the crew (uh-huh)

Real wit the crew

4 million sold, look- still wit the crew

Break bread wit the fam

Till I'm dead wit the fam

Duck cops. Shake feds wit the fam

Flip them pies wit my hustlas (uh-huh)

Ride for my hustlas

Die for my, lie for my, cry for my hustlas

Roll wit my duns (uh-huh)

Cold wit the guns (uh-huh)

If he slow wit my ones hit the floor when I come

I fuck wit them hoes that fuck wit them clothes

That's real wit them shoes, keep it real wit they dudes

I'm sick wit the flow and this is all I know

More money, more cash, more hoes biatch!!!!!!

[Chorus- Jay-Z & DMX]x2

More money, more cash, more hoes (what?)

More money, more cash, more hoes (uh)

More money, more cash, more hoes (come on)  
More money, more cash, more hoes (what, what, what)

[Memphis Bleek]

Ay yo, M-E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek  
No need to dress warm, I brought plenty of heat  
Y'all can't do nothing with this here  
For one, I pack three 9s like the year  
Y'all funny money hustlas  
7 gram hustlas  
Type to bust a O down wit ya man hustlas  
I hold bank dough, dough 6-5-4  
While you ho talk that, look for a walk dough  
Petty crime niggas  
Petty time niggas  
Sold petty drugs came up wit petty thugs  
Now you got game in you  
Wanna be a menace and you got Kane in you  
I'll put them thangs in you  
I'm a hot lil' nigga  
I ain't gotta tell niggas  
You came too deep, one fell niggas  
I'm layin in the cut but still don't give a fuck  
Roc-a-fella forever, Memph man, what what

[Chorus]x2

[Beanie Seigel]

Peep the kid from P-H-I-L-L-Y  
North west south west south side  
Spit it for them bitches and niggas who stay fly  
B-Mack, Roc-a-fella till I die  
Met Jay, dropped on a album in a week  
Without unsigned hype or battle of the beats  
The first time niggas heard me spit it in the streets  
I gave y'all a thousand bars wit Memphis Bleek  
Stay strapped, heat in the car under the seat  
6 hammers even though we only 3 deep  
We clap up niggas  
Smack up niggas  
Duck tape, rope, and wrap up niggas  
Think shit a joke, go head crack up niggas  
Get treated like Coke and get capped up niggas  
The only thing funny  
Is y'all never seen big face money  
Till them big face 20s

[Chorus]x2

[Jay-Z]

Roc-a-fella shit

1999 (uh-huh)  
You about to witness a dynasty (you are not ready)  
unlike no other  
Get down or lay down Ya heard!  
No publishin' for niggas  
I know y'all niggas wonderin, like:  
When them niggas gone stop? (come on)  
We got a date for you-  
nevuary 31st, 19-neva hate (haha)  
I know y'all niggas ready to kill yaself, too  
Just go head and do it!  
Jump off a buildin, slit ya wrists!  
Just do it!  
The world'll be a better place (haha)  
Roc-a-fella  
Beanie Seigel  
Memphis Bleek  
Hovah Hovah  
Ya heard me!

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