

Eve

"Ain't Got No Dough"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Bet I make you a believer
Fever, what you catch when you see her
Cheater, that be you check your beeper 911
Never Eve stressin' for your lovin'
I don't want none

Peep her, two seater
Look at you nigga, actin' like you need her
You run blocks with your Henney on the rocks
You don't think I see you willing, thirsty nigga want the
cock
Let you lick for a minute 'fore I slide off
Get you mad, holla no smokey ride off

Stressing me, you ain't blessing me
With your '96 Rolley glistening and impressing me
Hear me though, want a job need a resume, ready
though
'Cause my time is like Presume
You got petty dough and I'm here to let you know
My time is priceless, so if you iceless, baby girl gotta
go

Ain't got no dough
Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
Y'all know, y'all can't buy shit
See me in the club trying to impress this

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Yo, yo
You can say I'm blessed, I know
Niggas like 'em flashy drive a F50
Jets I go, go-tee I'll blow, H Y dro
Keep 'em leaning in the club
Hoochies screaming y'all don't know

Hear me, bitches follow me

Daddy licking out your tongue, wanna swallow me
Wanna pile on me, never put no smile on me
Better stop that
Wanna see me beggin' for your chips
Bet I doubt that

Whatcha lookin' at?
Still speakin' to me think you pushin' it?
Know you pussy cat run
'Cause this bitch is gonna bite
I don't light the fire, grab it, choke it, hold it down
Ride it ruff ride

I can give you what you need or give you what you like
But the pay is kind of the low
So this pussy pawn stride
Wishin' you could touch me, lust me
Listen up daddy you ain't ready for the bed
Tryna to give it up

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Yo, yo, Swizz got beats locked
Every time I drop, shit's hot
Think not and it don't stop
This bitch top notching
Ya'll keep watching
Play the back baby while your team keep flockin'

Tryna to touch my ass
You ain't got the strength to mount this stallion, I pass
Whiling out I dash
You're that type of thug that's about they business
Piling out that cash
Long line of credit 'cause I like my thug to last

See they like it when I talk back
Dough stack, cut backs, we don't want that
Frontin' but you flaunt that
Somethin' whatcha want, black
Cheap stack, keep that
Fake money nigga, fake thug

We don't need that, what's that all about
I can see you from a mile running at the mouth
Lies poppin' out
Claimin' you's a hustlin' type of nigga, cut it out
You's an average type of cat
No money, no clout

When Missy flow I give y'all fever, yo, if your bitch is
ugly
You don't need her, feed her to a wild pack of cheetahs
Yo, I let y'all bitches see I'm off the meter, heater
Me and Eve give ya seizures, know I put your niggas
down
On their knees, eat up, then we treat you like skeezers
Yo, let me, let me take a quick breather

Yo, do y'all smell them trees?
Do you hear them bangin' Swizz Beats?
Oh do you feel the rappin' Missy?
Well where you wanna roll wit me? Me?
One-two, Misdemeanor, yeah, yeah, yeah
Motherfucker now what? Alright

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