

Eve

"Eve Ft Missy Ain't Got No Dough"

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Eve}

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 9-1-1

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 whiling, thirsty nigga want the
cock, uh

Let you live 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, babygirl gotta go

{Missy}

Ain't got no dough

Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow

Ya'll know ya'll can't buy shit

See me in the club tryna impress this, heh

Ain't got no dough

Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow

Ya'll know ya'll can't buy shit

See me in the club tryna impress this, heh

{Eve}

Yo, yo

You can say I'm bless I know

Niggas like 'em flashy drive a F50

Jets I go, go-tee ya'll blow, H-Y-Dro

Keep 'em leaning the club

Hoochies screaming ya'll don't know

Many bitches follow me

Daddy licking out your tongue, wanna swallow me
Wanna pile me, never put no smile on me
Better stop that
wanna see me beggin' for your chips
Bet I doubt that
Whatcha lookin' at huh?
Still speakin' to me think you pushin' it huh?
Know you pussy cat run
'Cause this bitch is gonna bite
I don't light fire
Grab it, choke, hold it down
Ride it Ruff Ryde
I can't give you what you need
OR give you what yu 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

{Missy}

Ain't got no dough
Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
Ya'll know ya'll can't bu shit
See me in the club tryna impress this, heh

Aln't got no dough
Broke ass iggas ain't got cash fow
Ya'll know ya'll can't buy shit
See me in the club trna impress this, heh

{Eve}

Yo, yo
Swizz got beats locked
Every time I drop shit's got
Think not and it dn't stop
This bitch top notch and
Ya'll keep watchin'
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
To 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
Douigh stack, cut backs, we don't want that
Frontin' but you flauint that
Somethin' whatcha want black
Cheapstack, 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

{Missy}

When Missy flow i give ya'll fever, yo
If your bitch is ugly you don't need her
Feed her, to a wild pack o' cheetah's
Yo I let ya'll bitches see I'm off the meter, heater
Me and Eve give ya seizures
Know I put your niggas down on their knees uuh, eat up
Then we treat you like skeezers, yo let me
Let me take a quick breather (Ahhh!)
Yo do ya'll smell them trees huh?
Do you hear them bangin' Swizz Beat huh?
Oh do you feel the rappin' Missy huh?
Well where you wanna roll wit me huh? Me huh?
One-two Misdemeanor
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Motherfucker now, mother fucker now what

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