

## **Eve**

# **"Got No Dough"**

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Ain't Got No Dough Lyrics

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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 wilin', thirsty nigga want the  
cock, uh

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, babygirl gotta go

1 - [Missy]

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, heh

Repeat 1

[Eve]  
Yo, yo  
You can say I'm bless I know  
Niggas like 'em flashy drive a F50  
Jets I go, go-tee I'll blow, H-Y-dro  
Keep 'em leaning the club  
Hoochies screaming y'all 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 the fire  
Grab it, choke it, hold it down  
Ride it ruff ryde  
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  
Try-na to give it up

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Eve]  
Yo, yo  
Swizz got beats locked  
Every time I drop shit's hot  
Think not and it don't stop  
This bitch top notch  
And ya'll keep watching  
Play the back baby while your team keep flockin'  
Try-na 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

[Missy]

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 cheetas  
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 uhh, eat up  
Then we treat you like skeezers, yo let me  
Let me take a quick breather (Ahhh!)  
Yo do y'all smell them trees huh?  
Do you hear them bangin' Swizz Beats 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, motherfucker now what?  
Aight

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