

## Ice Cube "Cash Over"

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Whassup Cube dog?  
I got this bitch ass nigga right here  
Y'know, fuckin' with this tramp ass bitch  
Puttin' her before the scrill' all the time, ya  
knowhat!msayin?

Man I got this nigga transcripts, and every mother  
fuckin' thang  
Tellin' this bitch all my mother fuckin' business  
Puttin ass over cash everyday  
Nigga fuck that, this Westside

Be gone you fuckin' peon, got the Don furious  
Talkin' on the phone got the Federal curious  
I'm serious! I don't give a fuck where he is  
Snatch him out the factory, bring his ass back to me  
How the fuck you think I got the name Bossalini?  
(Punk)

Mack God Rap Genie, you can't see me  
Up in this game ever since you was a lame  
Y'all train at my school, nigga I rule  
You never make me holla, smokin' on a fifteen dollar  
From across the water, watch your daughter

She might catch the Holy Ghost from this rap sermon  
While you vermin', smokin' Sherman  
I'm rollin' somethin' German  
(Bitch)

Money earnin' makin' mo' money  
(Ching ching)  
Enemies look so funny, with they clothes bummy  
Don't need no honey, that's right  
'Cause I'm thinkin' with my big head, fuck what my dick  
said

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

Now who's that nigga got these bitches lookin' silly?  
(Me)  
I'm the Big Willie for rilly, the real dilly  
You can ask Phillie 'cause I got a year's supply  
(Yup)

You must want to die, don't get the lye  
After dark up at Griffith Park  
Shallow grave for the mark check his heart  
The game about to start big thangs automatic Pu Tang  
(Automatic)

Keep your mind off them bitches, eyes on your riches  
If it twitches give it stitches  
If it jiggles or switches, fuck and take pictures, now  
I'm livin' in a two-point zone, and I'm still bumpin'  
Call me in the clutch, ain't lost my touch

Nigga what? On the microphone  
If I drove it in the video, bitch, I can drive it home  
Tight as a Corleone  
(Tight)  
You got to get your own, baby get on, now

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every motherfuckin'  
day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

Get your ass up and go to work, 'cause you know  
On payday, nigga that shit gon' hurt  
Fuckin' with a skirt instead of handlin' your bizness  
Rich dude, now you got to make three wishes

I'm suspicious, of any motherfucker puttin' fuck over  
finance  
'Specially fuckin' up my plans  
I'm the boss, I can be late  
But you'll never see her and me, over currency

Givin' you the third degree, 'cause you got  
Too many broke bitches and you like bankin' for a  
penny  
Stop fuckin' on them dum dums  
Find one with some ass and some income

Who wanna win? Who wanna spin?  
Who wanna make, twenty-five eight?  
(Me)  
Ice Cube the great pushin' rhymes like weight

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every goddamn  
day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)  
(Fuck)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go ahead let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know, I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day  
Go on let the players play  
(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)  
(I know that you love us)

Never put that hoe, in front of that dough nigga  
For what?  
(Never fuck a bitch nigga)  
For what? She ain't gon' love you  
If you ain't got no dough fool  
(Bitch fuckin' with me got to be workin')  
(Gettin' paid yaknahmsayin?)  
Gotta come up, scrilla scrilla y'all  
(Never ass over cash nigga)  
Scrilla scrilla y'all  
(We greedy)

Cha ching  
(She can get some CD's, push some keys)  
Cha ching  
(Ha ha ha, make the bitches shake they titties)  
Cha ching, cha ching  
(Over my knee)

Cha-ching, cha-ching  
(Never ass over cash)  
Never ass over cash

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