

**C****"Money By The Ton"**

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Featuring Mississippi]

If you've got a ton of big face hundred dollar bills

How much money would you have?

And every hundred dollar bill weigh a gram

and there's 28 grams in an ounce and there's 16  
ounces in a pound

How many pounds is it in a ton?

Got to be about your uhh, uhh, uhh.....

Verse One: C-Bo

I slide thru, the 5-double 0 drop S-C

'97 Sport and shorts and matchin jew-els

Worth about a quarter, mil-ticket is how we dress

True ballers fakin meal tickets up in the West

I know you wanna touch us cos at the clubs you ladies  
rush us

cos we're all about our cash, luxury livin and hoes love  
it

Havin money by the ton, Rolex and Bossalini

A nuchi give Versace cologne, now wanna see me

at my best or worst? I gets paper when I burst

repeatedly, heated, dumpin low-low's, you know I'll  
burst

To get my cash on, I spin the A-1 dolla

For money by the ton, come get it with no soda

Chorus: Mississippi

Money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Ooohhhh ooohhhh, we make

money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Oooohhhhh

Verse Two: C-Bo

I'm all about the paper, nothin can come between that

but Lexus, fully diamondback, ???? and bald caps

Holler "Thug", that's what we be, who you see?

Steepin out of ragboys, cornises and Bentleys

Six million dollar homes, we stays to the flow

Now how much cash can you stack in a twenty  
thousand pound boat?

It's money by the tons, fo' sho' homey and all hunds

And if ya get past the gate, cameras and pitbulls, you  
can have some

Flossin, no one flosses like bosses do

but caution, when they float cos the wrong step,  
bodyguards swoop

to protect those, diamond Rolexos

Sippin that XO on chromed-up leaky's and Lexo's

I put it down, pound for pound, surrounded by the  
millions

Fancy cars, movie stars tryin to make a billion

Come show them my cash bundle, you are a pocket  
addicted to money, they can't stop it, it's daily comin  
by the ton

Chorus

Verse Three: C-Bo

Now how you picture mad loot, stretch Rolls and rag  
Coupes?

Big faces laced, I want all my dollars brand new

I stand true to the game, on loot to the money train

Rolex's and diamond rings, big bodies with the blowed  
brains

I bring the pain to get the cash like Jesse James

Til the wild wild West is drained by Major Pain

Who got the loot? Big bodied Coupes and S-Classes

And when we swoop, kickin the loot or catchin casket

Load up the rigs, with crazy big-faced hunds

Headed for the drug, still weighin it by the ton

Cos money makes the world go round, stackin off-  
shore accounts

Waitin on the ??????

So be a baller, got to keep it on the slunder

Milli'ns by the hundred, transactions thru account  
numbers

More money than you ever seen in big faced hunds

Comin in a hundred and twenty million every ton

Chorus (x2)

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