

Ja Rule "Money"

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What up love?
You thought I wouldn't recognize ho like stats
I peep you at the strip joint
You and that little black chick
Acting like you so innocent
When you in the six
Usually that bring the freak right out of a bitch
I knew something was wrong
Lesbian I go on
Ain't nothing wrong with bump n' grinding right
I like mines tight
You like yours licked
And we both like bitches to get high high wit
You opted to leave a nigga with no options
You freak hoe dance topless baby
What's ya sitch
You ride dildo
Plastic nympho
Only see dick in porno
Hun lidten
I can make your life a world of difference
Throw me in the mix of your sexual experiences
See what happens
In like two weeks
These hoes is freaking
Making about two g's a piece a weekend
That's what I'm saying

Chorus x2:
It ain't easy pimped out
Flossing furs
Diamonds
Matching sets his and hers
Keep ya hoes on point
Tell them watch the fuzz
Cause
Bitch better have my money

Keep my ones on top
My tens on lock
My hoe in the drop

Got a hot little co-op
Prestigious
Rock a cuban link with Jesus
Lord have mercy
Let me touch this
Tease it
For reasons
I can't explain to you lord
Cause you know my actions are censored
Don't diss chips to fuck with no broad
This one can get it
Damn near split it
Yeah picture me paying for some pussy I ain't even
smelled yet
Let alone got wet
But I'm willing to make a bet
That the next time we riding
If she ain't riding
On the turnpike you you bobbing
While I'm weaving
Getting weede
Believe me
This pimp shit ain't easy baby
I tell you ain't no hoes like the ones I got
They make you fiend for that pussy coming up out ya
pockets

Chorus x2:
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Baby girl you so hot I feel like Iceberg Slim
I pimp plenty women
Got to tip my hat to a ten
Just been in too many run ins with dead ends
[Money Lyrics On]
Comparisions range from thick ones to thin
Explosive sex thoughts coming from this young work
horse
I spend hard times like D.A.'s in criminal courts
Fro the love of my life I'll cut down on the sport
For the jewels with ice and creep to never get caught
You know the game
You and I is one in the same
But you got my name

tattooed on ya leg
Shit is serious
Now you calling me acting delirious
Used to be my best bitch
Now somewhat resistant
Street life got you hot like Heather Hunter
Worn out and don't nobody want ya
First time i met ya you played me out of pocket
I ain't know no better bitch
Now stop it
Game is the topic
And what's between your legs is the product
Use it properly
And you'll make dollars bitch

Chorus x2:
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