

Jay

"Cashmere Thoughts"

Visit "[Cashmere Thoughts](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Jay-Z has a conversation with some cat]

Hah, hah, hah, hah, yeah, yeah

What it is player?

You player, it's all about you

How you gon' say that man

If I had your hand I'd turn mine in

Far as I'm concerned, if I had your hand, I cut mines off

Hah man, you know man, I'm just dealin that hoe money

You know hoe money is slow money but it's sho' money

Check this out man, when you run up on your bitch

this this is what you tell her

Stick they hands in they panties, grab that knot

Stick they arm in a car window, drop it like it's hot

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, I talk jewels and spit diamonds, all cherry

like a hymen, when I'm rhymin with remarkable timin

Caviar and silk dreams, my voice is linen

Spittin venom up in the, minds of young women

Mink thoughts to think thoughts type similar

Might you remember, my shit is col-l-l-l-d like December

Smoother than Persian rugs, the cashmere
chromosomes make a nigga Jigga Jay-Z lethal drugs
Eighteen carat gold pen, when it hits the sheets
Words worth a million like I'm rappin em through
platinum teeth
I got the Grey Poupon, you been warned
Cause all beef return well done filet mignon
The Don, smell of Dom on my breath as I
yawn, (slow) when you hoes try to con a pro
As if you didn't know, Jay's about gettin dough
Spittin flow like fine wines down your earlobe
I'm smooth but deadly like a pearl handled pistol
Honies hum in melody when I, rub it like crystal
The proper ettiquette, when I drop the subject verb
then the predicate, with this rich nigga preterite
I'm solid gold, I rap like a mink stole
I stick pearl tongues your world'll never know
From New York, to Paris, the vocal style vary
From nice to deadly like a bad bag of D, now
notice, the child swift like a locust
Focus on the loc' I be the greatest nigga that wrote it
Return of the Jedi, from Rio Degenero
Worn da red eye, yet I, still feel the need to be fly
I did die when I'm rappin then slide like satin
You know the black eye white china in the brain cabinet
I never cry if I did I'd cry ice

From my nigga Sauce, I hit you with this advice
Life's short, so play hard and stick hard
and the only time you love em is when your dick hard
Whoooh! That's cashmere baby
Nah, you know, that's just laid back man
Man, shit, J to the A to the Y to the Z
Yeah baby
Motherfuckin pimp that's what he be
Cashmere baby
Don't get no hotter than that
Sho' you're right
Them niggaz know
Check it out, check it out
Ghettoes, Errol Flynn, hot like heroin
Young pimps is sterile when I pimp through your
borough in
I gotta keep your tricks intact
Cause I walk like a p-iyimp, talk like a mack man
The star player, the golden bar layer
The sweet Ms. Fine Thing puh-layah, sho' yo right
I'm game tight, so watch it it change to night
Go tell your peeps dawg I'm lethal til it ain't right
I pimp hard on a trick, look
Fuck if your leg broke bitch, hop up on your good foot

Visit [Jay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

