

## Jay

# "Money Cash Hoes"

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Jay-Z:

Turn the lights all the way

Turn the lights all the way down

What Uhhuh Yeah

(Uhh)

Come on

Big flow

(GGRRRRRR)

Come on yeah come on

Yo Yo J-A-Y- I flow sick

Fuck all yall haters blow dick

I spits the game those that throw bricks

Money cash hoes money cash sticks what

Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street

Only wife of mines is a life of crime

And since, lifes a bitch it maybe skirts and big chests

How can I not flirt with death

Thats lifes a nick long as life prevent us

We gone send a lot of pretty price for guiness

Fuck it

Ice the rest and raise the price on these niggaz

Yall cant floss on my level

I ll invite you all to get wit us if ya ball is glitter

When I go all the harlem playaz wall my picture

If you get close enough you can read the scripture

It reads money cash hoes I heard it was that nigga  
what

Chorus: (repeat 2X)

Money cash hoes money cash hoes (WHAT)

Money cash hoes money cash hoes (UHH)

Money cash hoes money cash hoes (COME ON)

Money cash hoes (WHAT) hoes (WHAT) hoes (WHAT)

Flavors robust platinum and gold touch

Yall rap now, fat money lets slow it up

Niggaz try to stop Jay-Z to no luck

Roc-A-Fella foreva CEO what what

Us the villain, fuck your feelings

While yall playa hate we in the upper millions

Whats the dealings (huh) its like we all have been soft

Ever since Snoop came through and brushed the  
building

Im tryin to restore the feelings fuck the lord keep  
dealing

More money more cash more chilling

I know they gone criticize the hook on this song

Like I give a fuck Im just a crook on this song

Bed-Stuy Brooknon took on the world

Shit I led a life you can write a book on

Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street

Man and I tell ya itll be the best seller

Chorus: (2X)

DMX:

D-M-X and my dogs bite

Jigga my nigga rhyme all night

Thugs for life one night with this rap shit

Let em know when I rip they know what ll happen

When we clap shit

Actin like we owe em something

Then we show em something

Talk greasy I think they found em down the road or  
something

Fuckin wit a madman in a bad mood

Its like fuckin wit a mad dog that wasnt fed food

And the only thing thats stoppin him is you

Cuz the only thing that he ll be choppin is you

Topic include

Droppin a clue and the response from the street

This was one dog that loves raw meat

But gettin back to just cuz I love my niggaz

I shed blood on my niggaz

Let a nigga holler where my niggas

All Im a hear is right here my nigga

Chorus: (2X)

Roc-A-Fella shit uhhuh

Ruff Ryders

My nigga Swiss

Uhhuh uhhuh

Dont stop biatch

Uh

Uhhuh yeah

Second game yo

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