

Jay-Z

"More Money, More Cash, More Hoes"

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Turn the lights all the way
Turn the lights all the way down
What, uh, huh, yeah
Come on, big flow
Come on, yeah, come on

Yo, yo J A Y, I flow sick
Fuck all, y'all haters blow dick
I spits the game for those that throw bricks
Money cash hoes money cash chicks what

Sex, murder and mayhem romance for the street
Only wife of mines is a life of crime
And since, life's a bitch in mini-skirts and big chests
How can I not flirt with death

That's life's a nigga, long as life prevent us
We gonna send a lot and pray to Christ forgive us
Fuck it, ice the wrists and raise the price on these
niggaz
Y'all 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 how real was that nigga
what

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

Flavors robust platinum and gold touch
Y'all rap now, fast money let's slow it up
Niggaz try to stop Jay-Z to no luck
Roc-A-Fella foreva CEO what, what

Us the villains, fuck your feelings
While y'all playa hate we in the upper millions
What's the dealings, it's like New York's been soft
Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the
buildings

I'm tryin' to restore the feelings fuck the law keep
dealing
More money, more cash, more chilling
I know they gone criticize the hook on this song
Like I give a fuck, I'm 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 it'll be the best seller

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

DMX and my dogs bite
Jigga my nigga rhyme all night
Thugs for life one night with this rap shit

Let 'em go and I bet 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
It's like fuckin' wit' a mad dog that wasn't fed food

And the only thing that's stoppin' him is you
'Cause the only thing that he'll be droppin' is you
Topic include, choppin' in two
Drop it to Clue and the response from the street
This was one dog that loves raw meat

But gettin' back to just 'cause I, love my niggaz
I shed blood, for my niggaz
Let a nigga holler where my niggaz
All I'ma hear is right here my nigga

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

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 hoes, hoes
(What, what, what)

Roc-A-Fella, shit, uh huh
Ruff Rydersm, my nigga Swizz
Uh huh, uh huh, don't stop biatch, uh
Uh huh, yeah inspect the game, yo

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