

# Jay-Z

## "More Money, More Cash, More Hoes (Remix)"

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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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