

Jerk

"Money Ain't A Thang"

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Jay-z:

Uh uh, uh huh, uh huh

JD:

So So Def

Jay Z:

Yeah, yeah

Chorus:

JD:

In the Ferrari, a jaguar, switchin' four lanes
Wit the top down screaming out
Money ain't a thang

Jay Z:

Bubble hard in the double R flashing the rings
With the window cracked holler back
Money ain't a thang

JD:

Jigga, I don't like it if it don't gleam, gleam
And the hell with the price cause
The money ain't a thang

Jay Z:

Bring it down hard for my dogs
That's locked in the bang
When you hit the bricks, new whips
Money ain't a thang

JD:

Come on
Ya'll wanna floss wit us
Cuz all across the ball we burn it up
Drop a little paper, baby toss it up
Ya slackin or your pimpin, turn it up
See, the money ain't a thang

Jay Z:

Flex the rolls, sign a check for ya hoes
Jigga style is love, X and O
Save all your accolades, just the dough
My game is wide, all names aside
Tryin to stay alive
Hundred thou for the bracelet
Foolish ain't I, the chain will strain ya eye
Twin platinum gun son, aim for the sky
Ice on my bullet, you die soon as I pull it
Willies wanna rub shoulders, ya money too young
See me when it gets older, ya bank account grow up
Mine is one zero zero zero o'ed up
Damn near out the rear trunk when I roll up
More tie till I close up, it's all basics
I been spending hundreds since they had small faces
Rob your stash out, doubled out in Vegas
Me and JD got it locked crazy
Where you at haters?

Chorus

JD:

In the K-6, I live the life
Eatin crab, watching bitches shake shit all night
I make the big moves, do the big things
Take small groups, turn em into big names
The big dog with the big chains frost bit bracelet
The match can tell ya I'm the shit man
The type of nigga' that you need in yo' crew
Type of dude that will do shit you won't do, can't do
Get more burnin' than a candle
Too hot to hold, too much to handle
In the black C low, he know if she look
She go bye-bye with da-da, and I ain't gotta say no
more
I'm the truth like A-I, got the proof and stay fly
In the safest shit you could never buy
Know why? Cuz I write the songs that the whole world
sing
I don't know 'bout ya'll but every night I swing

Chorus:

Jay Z:

Shit ain't for real 'till ya'll ship a meal'
And ya hit a R&B chick and she fit the bill
Said she loved my necklace, started relaxing

And that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction
Went from wholesome, to jigga, you owe some
Baby, I don't play all my jerry is light grey
Platinum, spend you're whole life in the day
What's down, is it bad, roll the dice

JD:

Yeah, yeah, so let's play
So what, you went gold and rock a rolley with a ice
bezel
It's gonna take a lot more to see my level
Where I'm at, yo, check, you better double that
And personally your rap is where the trouble at
I'm a Benz bubble cat, leather with the wood grain
And the platinum frame, screaming it's not a game
Gleaming, from ear to ear, wrist to wrist, ring and
chain
Even me and Jay-Z got it locked, crazy

Chorus

JD:

So So Def, Rockafella, Calabo
You know, all we do is rock
Rock on

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