

C-Bo**"Money By The Ton"**

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[Featuring Mississippi]

If you've got a ton of big face hundred dollar bills
How much money would you have?

And every hundred dollar bill weigh a gram
and there's 28 grams in an ounce and there's 16
ounces in a pound

How many pounds is it in a ton?

Got to be about your uhh uhh uhh.....

Verse One: C Bo

I slide thru the 5 double 0 drop S C

'97 Sport and shorts and matchin jew els

Worth about a quarter, mil-ticket is how we dress

True ballers fakin meal tickets up in the West

I know you wanna touch us cos at the clubs you ladies
rush us

cos we're all about our cash, luxury livin and hoes love
it

Havin money by the ton, Rolex and Bossalini

A nuchi give Versace cologne, now wanna see me
at my best or worst? I gets paper when I burst

repeatedly, heated, dumpin low-low's, you know I'll
burst

To get my cash on, I spin the A-1 dolla

For money by the ton, come get it with no soda

Chorus: Mississippi

Money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Ooohhhh ooohhhh, we make

money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Oooohhhh

Verse Two: C-Bo

I'm all about the paper, nothin can come between that
but Lexus, fully diamondback, ???? and bald caps

Holler "Thug", that's what we be, who you see?

Steepin out of ragboys, cornises and Bentleys

Six million dollar homes, we stays to the flow

Now how much cash can you stack in a twenty
thousand pound boat?

It's money by the tons, fo' sho' homey and all hunds

And if ya get past the gate, cameras and pitbills, you

can have some
Flossin, no one flosses like bosses do
but caution, when they float cos the wrong step,
bodyguards swoop
to protect those, diamond Rolexos
Sippin that XO on chromed-up leaky's and Lexo's
I put it down, pound for pound, surrounded by the
millions
Fancy cars, movie stars tryin to make a billion
Come show them my cash bundle, you are a pocket
addicted to money, they can't stop it, it's daily comin
by the ton
Chorus
Verse Three: C-Bo
Now how you picture mad loot, stretch Rolls and rag
Coupes?
Big faces laced, I want all my dollars brand new
I stand true to the game, on loot to the money train
Rolex's and diamond rings, big bodies with the blowed
brains
I bring the pain to get the cash like Jesse James
Til the wild wild West is drained by Major Pain
Who got the loot? Big bodied Coupes and S-Classes
And when we swoop, kickin the loot or catchin casket
Load up the rigs, with crazy big-faced hunds
Headed for the drug, still weighin it by the ton
Cos money makes the world go round, stackin off-
shore accounts
Waitin on the ?????
So be a baller, got to keep it on the slunder
Milli'ns by the hundred, transactions thru account
numbers
More money than you ever seen in big faced hunds
Comin in a hundred and twenty million every ton
Chorus (x2)

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