

Crash Test Dummies

"Money, Cash, Hoes"

Visit "[Money, Cash, Hoes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 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

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
Y'all rap now, fast money lets 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 yall playa hate we in the upper millions
Whats the dealings (huh) its 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 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 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
Its like fuckin wit a mad dog that wasnt fed food
And the only thing thats 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

Chorus: (2X)

Roc-A-Fella shit uhhuh
Ruff Ryders
My nigga Swizz
Uhhuh uhhuh
Dont stop biatch
Uh
Uhhuh yeah
Inspect the game yo

