

Unknown

"Cashmere Thoughts"

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[Jay Z has a conversation with some cat]

Hah hah hah hah yeah yeah

What it is player?

You player it's all about you

How you gon' say that man

If I had your hand I'd turn mine in

Far as I'm concerned if I had your hand I cut mines off

Hah man you know man I'm just dealin that hoe money

You know hoe money is slow money but it's sho' money

Check this out man when you run up on your bitch

this this is what you tell her

Stick they hands in they panties, grab that knot

Stick they arm in a car window, drop it like it's hot

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, I talk jewels and spit diamonds, all cherry

like a hymen, when I'm rhymin with remarkable timin

Caviar and silk dreams, my voice is linen

Spittin venom up in the, minds of young women

Mink thoughts to think thoughts type similar

Might you remember, my shit is col-I-I-I'd like December

Smoother than Persian rugs, the cashmere

chromosomes make a nigga Jigga Jay-Z lethal drugs

Eighteen carat gold pen, when it hits the sheets

Words worth a million like I'm rappin em through
platinum teeth

I got the Grey Poupon, you been warned

Cause all beef return well done filet mignon

The Don, smell of Dom on my breath as I

yawn, (slow) when you hoes try to con a pro

As if you didn't know, Jay's about gettin dough

Spittin flow like fine wines down your earlobe

I'm smooth but deadly like a pearl handled pistol

Honies hum in melody when I, rub it like crystal

The proper ettiquette, when I drop the subject verb

then the predicate, with this rich nigga preterite

I'm solid gold, I rap like a mink stole

I stick pearl tongues your world'll never know

From New York, to Paris, the vocal style vary

From nice to deadly like a bad bag of D, now

notice, the child swift like a locust

Focus on the loc' I be the greatest nigga that wrote it

Return of the Jedi, from Rio Degenero

Worn da red eye, yet I, still feel the need to be fly

I did die when I'm rappin then slide like satin

You know the black eye white china in the brain cabinet

I never cry if I did I'd cry ice

From my nigga Sauce, I hit you with this advice

Life's short, so play hard and stick hard
and the only time you love em is when your dick hard
Whooh! That's cashmere baby
Nah, you know, that's just laid back man
Man, shit, J to the A to the Y to the Z
Yeah baby
Motherfuckin pimp that's what he be
Cashmere baby
Don't get no hotter than that
Sho' you're right
Them niggaz know
Check it out, check it out
Ghettoes, Errol Flynn, hot like heroin
Young pimps is sterile when I pimp through your
borough in
I gotta keep your tricks intact
Cause I walk like a p-iyimp, talk like a mack man
The star player, the golden bar layer
The sweet Ms. Fine Thing puh-layah, sho' yo right
I'm game tight, so watch it it change to night
Go tell your peeps dawg I'm lethal til it ain't right
I pimp hard on a trick, look
Fuck if your leg broke bitch, hop up on your good foot

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