

WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Here Comes The Money"

Visit "[Here Comes The Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Here Comes The Money
Here We Go
Money Talks
Here Comes The Money

Chorus
Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money

Dolla, Dolla Dolla, Dolla

Ching Ching Bling Bling Cut The Chatter
If You Ain't Talking Money Than Your Talking Don't
Matter
Ching Ching Bling Bling Patting Pockets
We Take The Dolla Dolla Can't A Damn Oh Stop It, Shock
It
Here Comes The New Kid On The Block
Hold Dogs The Best The Bucks They Don't Stop

See First I'm Out Pimping Out On My Own
Bought Time I Elevate To Claim My Own Throne
Success In My Blood Call It Home Grown
Pores Reaking Test Stop To Roam
Power, Money's Got Me Crazy Cocky No Longer Need
You Poppy
I Know You're Mad Because You Can't Stop Me

And If You Wonder How This Playa And Scoutch A
Honey
I Say Gee Smell My Colone It's Called "Brand New
Money"
Making A Move Ain't A Damn Thing Funny
Pimping Hood Rats The Playboy Bunny
They See The....

(Chorus)

I'm A Global Dolla Dolla A Roll Without Fitting
I Like To Go Out smelling Fresh And Looking Spiffy
I Don't Like Clean Money I Want My Wrist To Be Filthy
Pops, With Every Time It's Fun I Can't Touch Until I'm
Sixy

So What Am I Suppose To Do, Rolling Do
And Their Patting The Pockets Until I'm Stuck Holding
You
Ching Ching Bling Bling Cashing Cash Lumps
In A Four Wheel Getting A Jacket I'm Selling 'Em Out My
Trunk

Whatever Whenever It Takes A Shake Dolla Dolla
And Throw It In MY Direction Wait A Minute Holla Holla
All Want To Know Where They Go When They're
Winning
I Make The Marshel Money Smelling Just Like A Mint
(Chorus)
If You Can't See The Money Get Your Eyes Cleaned With
Fyzine
I Need Fine Things I Shop At Seven Digits At A Time See
Cheering Chilling The Best Never Worst
We Never Got The Pebbles We Got The Rocks First

Make Bank Volts Locking Ching Ching
We Mocking We Rocking
My Families Christmas Stockings Are Shocking
Find Women Any Weather Naughty Dinners Mid-Leather
Calling Tricks WhatEver Sun, i Get Better

I'm One Smart Cookie That Bets And Smacks Rookies
My Stocks Are On Top Your Checks Bounce While Mine
Are Booking
Wrists I Must Rock It Chicks Stop And I Knock It
Cash It Looks Like I Got A Gang Of Fists In My Pocket
(Chorus)

Visit [WWE John Cena & Trademarc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.