

J. Cole

"Chris Tucker"

Visit "[Chris Tucker](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook: J.Cole]

Chris Tucker, money talk motherfucker
Chris Tucker, money talk motherfucker
Chris Tucker, money talk motherfucker
Aye, all you broke niggas be quiet

[Verse 1: J.Cole]

I can't control this urge to fuck hoes and splurge
My sidepieces got real jobs, nigga I don't fuck with no
birds
My main chick she got real hair, ain't never got to go
shop for hers
Got a neat freak that don't eat meat but goddamn she
rocking them furs
Ball so hard motherfuckers wanna find me, now the
hoe wanna climb me
If real recognize real, that's why it took a motherfucker
like Hov to sign me
Ball so hard I'm the truth nigga, All-Star game catching
oops nigga
If you a bitch and I'm a bitch, I'm Sheryl Swoopes and
you hoops nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 2: J.Cole]

Cole world, safe to say I'm cold blooded
In this cold life the more cold you are seem like the
more the hoes love you
So I book a flight, she land at eight,
She leave tonight with no luggage
Got the camera on in my bedroom, shootin' a video
with no button
Only nigga up in first class, old lady tryna be friendly
ay?
She think I'm in the NBA, why a nigga can't have his
MBA?
Next time I'mma flip the script, kick some shit that's
gon' shock her
You so tall what team do u play for? No bitch I'm a
doctor

Flow hella proper, Cole never flopped, nah
Float like a propeller no helicopter shit
Not stick like a bowlegged chick
Stick dick to a gold digger, won't give her dollar
Fuck your nine I'm a whole different caliber
Nigga say they pop cause they dont fill they collars up
Read a book get your knowledge up, book a flight get
ya mileage up
Bitch nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 2 Chainz]

I'mma start off with these four bars
I'm in a barbie at a sports bar
I'm rockin' gold balls, whip your ass with this crowbar
I'm like oh boy, catch your girl off that rebound
Fix her hair up, get her a re-do
Just my car out that paint shop, so I guess that's a
mothafuckin re-coupe
Let me demonstrate, gotta think about it before I go on
a dinner date
Might eat a rich bitch, yes I got me expensive taste
Got my pockets on full, stomach on full, gun on full, I
got full coverage
Niggas don't know the full story, I'm smokin on gas, full
service
Money talk, true story, if you don't got none then don't
say shit
Banana clips going ape shit, if you don't make money
you don't make sense
I got gold on my bracelet, got ya girlfriend chasin' it
Bust a nut in her mouth, so now she can baby sit, ugh!

[Hook]

[Outro: J.Cole]

Ay all you broke niggas be quiet
This liquor I've been sippin' got me kissing all these
models
And I might not see tomorrow, I might not see
tomorrow
Please don't tell my mama, Ive spent tuition on these
bottles
Just to pay back all these loans, man we gon' have to hit
the lotto

Visit [J. Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

