

## **Kin6 X**

# **"Cash Up"**

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(laugh) its da X man!  
Expected by all, competed by none  
I release to all my fans, haters, whatever.. Cash Up  
Lets bust it come on... (laugh)

(Chorus)

Cash up  
Betchu can't cash up  
Cash up  
U can not cash up to me  
Cash on da table  
Cash in da attic  
Money-Flowin-Every-Day

(Verse 1)

Cash up to a killa, yea bills in da bank  
So much money on my mind, dat i cant even think  
I think im goin crazy, im almost on da brink  
Money so dirty, I smell it, and it stinks  
Looked at my chain and i found da missin link  
Dropped it on da ground it da thing went clink  
Against the others, but one went clack  
Polished da problem, got ridda dat  
Wallets as big, as joe is fat yea  
Standin ovations, man im gettin hand claps  
Cuz i shine on stage, even brighter in da back  
The ladies go wild when i tilt da fitted cap  
They stick to me like a bowl of tree sap  
Gold diggas cant find me on da map  
Spend money on myself, no time for dat  
Read my name back, it starts wit a K  
Just begun rappin, so i cant afford da jakes  
When i hit the mic, its like the whole earth shakes  
The deaf can now hear, and da stupid go blind  
If ur fake, ur nothin, now get behind.. da king...  
Its go time

(Chorus)

Cash up

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Cash up  
U can not cash up to me  
Cash on da table  
Cash in da attic  
Money-Flowin-Every-Day

(Verse 2)

Listen to dat beat bump, a K-X original  
Dont need a Dj, aint dat unbelievable?  
I care not about bein fan pleasurable  
I rap only, to make my story hearable  
Not on a podium, i choose to be lyrical  
Spherical, da whole world goes around!  
Can you cash up in carrollton? I run this town  
Spend hours in da booth, dats proof of sound  
Smoke a cuban, and then go another round  
Wit da devil himself, make him look like a clown  
True killas, is all dat i surround  
Myself wit, for any night on da town  
U will never hear, of da king gunned down  
Less im on da west side, windows down, ridin round  
For no reason, less im tryin ta bust a hound  
Revenge, you can say im addicted  
Turn on the X and you will get twised  
C-No, i hope ur listenin  
Dats a warnin to you and tyrone westin  
Cuz Im makin money and u aint makin nothin.. killa  
Da X

Chorus)

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Cash up  
U can not cash up to me  
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Cash in da attic  
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(Verse 3)

This song, was supposed to be a shiner  
But i dont do dat, yea, keep it Fort Minor  
Classical, call me an old timer  
When i talk, its like ridin a freight liner  
Take u back in time, an old country diner  
Miners, await my arrival  
Ive dined with my rival, stabbed em in da back  
Keep ur enemies closer, plz stand back

G money, u wanna make a diss track?  
I'll melt u on here, like i do wit my tac  
You can call blackhand, and ill bring tank back  
Or dopeboy magic, maybe even big pac  
Turn off da lights, i love da pitch black  
I cant see haters, its like my heads in a bag  
But i hear em, so i throw shots like im mad  
In all directions, till it clicks, then im sad  
Dont need a trojan, i be usin glad bags  
Only way ill die, is if i loose da blue rag  
Im immortal, under protection of da C  
My mics rite now, hittin 100 degrees.. (Boom Sound)  
Cash up to me

Chorus)

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