

Bryan Adams Feat. Mel C

"Cash, Cash Mo Money"

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[Bigg Ramp Talking]

Wusup, wusup look, man you got to get yo paper right
Get yo money right, you heard me, nobody ain't gonna
do it for ya

You gotta get up and hustle, strap up and do yo thang
Bigg Ramp, Tec-9, Lil' Ya Rest In Peace Yella and
The "U" gonna do this how ya love that

[Bigg Ramp]

Lay down on a ride, in them fancy car's, I try to come
up

I end up buyin' for it, Momma can't put the house up

We payin' rent, and we might get evicted

The money spent on the bad habit that I got

That's all that's helpin' me,

all the hell I started runnin' with the dope fiends

Momma taught me right from wrong when I was small

But I was hard head baby boy, all I wanted to do was
ball

Started hangin' with the wrong crowd, know all the time

Momma love me, but she still kicked me out huh and

She gonna take me back in forty eight hour's

But I'm livin' on V.L. dog, I'm high AK and showers and

To get five gee's try'na come up, I bust three head's

How much is that? Dog that's fifteen gee's

So I can shine, like them nigga's on the end of my
street

But if I keep bustin' head's I'ma be on my feet

[Chorus]

Where the Cash at Mo Money Mo Money

I'm often tired of bein' broke, dog that ain't funny

I got to strap up and hit the streets

Handle my business, handle my business

What would you do if you was me

[2x]

[Lil' Ya]

Nigga call me big head, I spend big head's

On the regular, TV's flexin' in the Lex on my cellular

The fifty five inches turnin', while I burnin' rubber

Distribute my Hummer, collect snap's and brother's
My click consist of nigga's all about they Luci
Meltin' cheese, makin' cheese, haters boot me
Wanna shoot me, But I got two full AK Glocks and
Pass a joint, lookin' out my rear view mirror
Fuck up and I'ma get rid of ya
I used to dream, started to scheme and I became rich
Moved out of town and started fuckin' Bill Gates bitch
I got a crushed out livin' room set and on the wall
I got a picture of the whole Connect and
In my bed room crushed out marble dresser
Everyday I got to get laid, my man bring the record
I like big stack's, money make the world go round
I've been stackin', ask the teller at my back Uptown
Wootay!

[Chorus-2x]

[Tec-9]

Been good, understood, paper chaser, I be
Hater's can't fade me, burin' at four hundred degrease
Sit you down, bout to act a clown, Me from Uptown
Been around, I done laid my law down
Baby girl shake that ass, let a nigga get the digits
Sexually I'm wit it, make yo body explicit
Let's take a ride to the other side in the bubble eye
Lexus, Rolex dog I'm stayin' on time
I'ma ex-crime commiter, ex-wig splitter
No need to be bitter, I'ma hot girl go getter
Me and my nigga Bigg Ramp, in the tented window
Burban
Flossin', tossin', nigga got me swervin'
The heart shaped, Gcuizy with a bucket to sip on
Fifty gee's for the ride, one point five for the home
Only one way, how we do it in that U.P.T.
We ball until we fall, chasin' that paper
You see my style, now you say ya wanna be just like me
Persian rug's, surrounded by thug's, nothin' but love
Now you got to love the way I rip it, versatile with the
style
I handle all audience, from senior citizens, down to
Juvenile
How ya like me now, swimmin' in money up to my neck
Don't knock me, what 'cha say! get yo mind off of my
pocket
I got somethin' that look like a rocket for all you
Robbers and jackers, I can't stop and I won't stop I'm
known as a factor
Livin' like I hit the lotto, candy red El Durago
It's pumped by the Conto, got pictures by Picasso
Where the money nigga

[Chorus-Till the end]

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