

## Hot Boys F/ Young Turk

### "Money Talks"

Visit "[Money Talks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim (na na nahh-nah)  
Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim (uh, uh-huh, what)  
Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim (na na nahh-nah)  
Just Tim-baland, and Lil' Kim (uh, uh-huh, what)

Yo, yo yo yo, this joint is strictly for heavyweights  
not them playa haters, knahmsayin?  
Cause in the Commission, you ask for permission to hit  
em, uhh

Verse One: Lil' Kim

My man Blake flew me to the Erie Lake  
Introduced me to this heavyweight, called hisself  
Drake  
First mistake, Jesus piece was fake  
But wait, he got singles in his cake, I ain't fuckin with  
him  
Number one rule, always keep your cool, even though  
you ain't a fool, and you see right through the nigga,  
how he figure?  
If he holdin less than six  
He gonna get the seven digits or visit, numbers in my  
Wizard?  
Duke ain't even worth the space  
Glass shoes and igloos put him dead in his place  
Damn Blake, can't tell this cat is a snake?  
I got 20/20 vision (uhh) funny money vision (uh-huh)  
No dough, no show, dodo, that's a no-no  
Just some famous words from the late Frank White  
I blink right, if your bank tight  
Duke wanted me to work for him, even flirt for him  
Wear a short skirt for him, he don't know  
I'ma end up hurtin him at the end of the day  
Shit, I got bills to pay, and it ain't my fault  
If money talk and bullshit walk, round one

Chorus: Andrea Martin

I'm in love wit ta mon, nearly twice my age  
I want to give it up anyway, because it more pay

More time, more money, have it your way  
(repeat 2X)

Know de money and the lovin is my style  
Me a forget it tonight

Verse Two: Lil' Kim

Mmm... uhh, UHH, uhh, uhh  
The play starts at 8:00, let's hit the venue  
Invited his man, and some bitch named Kendall  
Tried to style on em, shoes with the crocodile on em  
But the nigga still was corny, he bore me  
His preference was more sorta like soccer  
Me, I do operas with the Mali and the vodka  
out in Cali gettin proper, and I, betcha fifty  
My whole committee stay shitty ask Smitty with the  
Desert E's  
One glance at the Benz-y make ya freeze  
Please, I got a mil on these, whatchu talkin? I...  
hate this nigga in the worst way  
And I didn't wanna be here in the first place  
But uhh, It's just vendetta for my man  
Do anything for the fam, I'ma go along with the plan  
Tryin hard not to throw him off  
And I know he soft, when I cough, it's to cover up a lie  
and the lie keep me full of empathy  
So when I shit on this nigga, he gon' still pamper me  
I see, this nigga ain't about nuttin, cause he keep  
frontin  
He must be up to somethin, round em up, here I come  
Uhhh

Chorus

Verse Three: Lil' Kim, Trife, Lil' Cease

As the evening winds down, I'm making sure  
that my milli got rounds, plane ticket back to town, now  
I picked the place, Umberto's of course it's  
Italian where they confiscate, burners in they office  
Metamorphis anywhere, any year, who dare  
They the mob and they don't care, and I swear, while  
I'm  
contemplatin thinkin about later  
Here come the waiter with the phone in the tray,  
anyways  
"Is there a Queen in the house?" How could he say this  
out his mouth?  
I'm the only black chick with diamonds this thick, hopin  
it's my nigga Blake C.

Cause sometimes these cat's like to fool you

Check it, let me school you  
Remember when I said those niggaz robbed Leo  
Rolled on him, stuck him up in the black Geo  
They was creole, used to be a tight trio  
Til one fled with the dough, what's his name? (Rio!)

I was a girlie lover, smooth undercover  
Played they hoes in tight clothes like they was no other  
Dumbin like the Jungle Brothers, til they caught me for  
my gems  
All I'm sayin is what he did to me, do it to him, is you  
straight?

[Lil' Kim]  
You late, duct tape and cable rope  
Once I wrap it round his throat it's all she wrote,  
uhhhwha (oh oh)

nah nah nah nah (oh oh)  
whookie whookie whooooo! (oh oh)  
(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah  
(oh oh) wha!  
(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah (oh oh)

(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah wha  
[bullshit walks, money talks]  
(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah wha  
[bullshit walks, money talks]  
(oh oh oh) wha uh nah nah nah nah  
[uh, gotta get that money man, moeny talks]  
(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah wha  
[bullshit walks, money talks]  
(oh oh oh) nah nah nah nah wha  
[bullshit walks, money talks]  
(oh oh oh) wha uh nah nah nah nah  
[uh, gotta get that money man, moeny talks]

Visit [Hot Boys F/ Young Turk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.