

Iis Dahlia**"Money Ova Bi*@?es"**

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Verse 1 *(San Quinn)*

I'm sky ballin, a young California pimp
loungin in a stretch Bently sittin low on the tens
ice down, draped an dipped hittin bomb weed (bomb
weed)
pushin on stega shrimp, sippin Dom P (Dom P)
lavishly cordinated
savagly corperated
on casino, Mr. Gambino's Mobb affiliated
the world is mine that's what I read on the blimp
playin cops I'm a robber wit blue prints to the mint
didn't leave no evidence, back to my residence
snatch the Benjamin's an all the other dead presidents
my hoochies like to toss me the coochie
floss me in Gucci
but groupies would never cost me no Loochie
what I look like?
givin a hoe all my doe, like she wrote all my flows
bitch I'm all-pro
you be the same hoe on the stroll makin me mo dinero
so tip-toe through the rain, sleet an snow.

(Chorus) x2

I gotta get my Money Ova Bitches
they want the money, I want my riches.

Verse 2 *(Messy Marv)*

Quinnton mania, hoes I'm tamin ya
never praisin ya, never payin ya
nuthin mo than attention
havin paper is an addiction
your not bringin additions
then subtract yo self from my juristictions
this how I'm seein it
my crew would be the cleanest
pushin Benzes an Beamers
these hoes ain't pleased to meet us
pass us Master Cards an Visa's

illegal searches
we smokin roaches wit no crutches
bitches we cope from bein broke an do it like a hustla
an ain't no friends we all cousins
baby networkin
money ain't nuthin you got it all you need to quit perpin'
a quarter million wouldn't satisfy me
I be a master like P
an I act like Luni
only God can do me
burn a crutch wit doobie, approach smoothly
only ladies wit paper amuse me, an broke hoes choose
me
but lose bein in a pursuit of tryin to talk
for the conversation of fuck you an shit bitch it's goin to
cost.

(chorus) x2

Verse 3 *(San Quinn)*

I got 2 for 1, from ye-yo to indo
paper now, hoes later, the tradition in Fil-mo
dime-els, bricks of ye-yo, coke dealers crack sales
niggaz that tell on big wheelers
young killaz, bitches that jock, look at 'em stare
got 'em choosin, got hoes droolin on a playa
my gold teeth glare, shinnin like cheese goin "Gling"
knock out playa, K.O.P. in the street
I fuck wit big timers, ridin sideways wit young thugs
don't manipulise, of Fil-mo hood nudge
shake hood slugs, make hood drugs
never could, never would a nigga hoe trust
Money Ova Bitches
trust a bitch I never would
I'm too major
havin paper like Tiger Woods
famous in the Mobb
rob from the rich slang ye-yo to the poor
flippin, manipulatin a dumb hoe
fo way mo
I tell 'em BIA-TCH!!
I love ballin, how could I be tired of bein rich?
been off the hook so long, got disconnected
unexpected
an you niggaz is wrong fo payin hoes an hoes
protected.

(chorus until end)

