

Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J

"Power of the Dollar"

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* end corrections to the typist

[Talking]

Ya'll niggas wanna get high, well we gonna get high
then

This shit right here is drugs, ya'll for sell baby
50 Cent uh, take it how you wanna take it nigga

[Verse 1]

Yo aiyyo, aiyyo, there is six different wings in the spot,
choose one

Some get addicted, some do it for fun

Boy my hoes are clean, just like my guns

And I keep them in a safe place, just like my funds

I keep all my big bills, give my wifey the ones

Frontin' and I'll clap your ass and leave you for dead
son

Niggas who know me, know how I get down, I'm fresh
out the pound

NYPD crit the flip, get on some New York undercover
shit

Fuck wit dogs you ain't familiar wit, and get bit

Niggas scripted through the hit, for some paper and
shit

It's all about the cash, keep it in a stash

Some niggas talk shit wit they ass, I see through them
like glass

Popo lookin' for me, for some shit I did in the past

If you don't like me at first, I'm gonna grow on you like
a rash

This rap shit, I got it in smash, I'm built to last

Feel the wrath, I bust that ass, sit back and laugh
(haha)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You don't have to respect a nigga, but respect his cash

Cause for the money, niggas will murder that ass

I came up fast, I watched a lot of gats blast

The power of the dollar (the cash, the cash)

[Verse 2]

Nigga don't you ever forget, I call the shots
I run the spots, extort your pops, flossin' drops
I'm "Livin Off Xperience" like Lox, I'm hot
Check what I got, shorty got knocked
Comin' up out the capsule spot
On the uptown block, he couldn't run from the cops
So my man got shot
In a jet black Brasada, across the street from his
mom's crib on his block
I told him get them niggas that cash, they murdered
that ass
Niggas told 'em slow down, he was movin' too fast
Heard the shot, went through his face after the glass,
he crashed
Hit the three on his niggas grass, the cattle said it got
low fast
The kid who had it done was a crude fella
Who woulda thought he wile out over that mozzarella
We ain't know them, but now we know better
Not to fuck with his cheddar, his man pack a beretta
He won't hesitate to squeeze that, over that green back
Believe that, now niggas know that he's back

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I ain't got a worry in the world, if it's beef, don't sing it,
bring it
Parents warn their kids, about people like me
I'm out of order, I turn your only daughter, into a
transporter
Before I die, I'm gonna see more blow than Rich Porter
(woo)
50 Cent, don't get it fucked up for greens, I for greens
Let it go back to Smith, I dissect it
I check and correct it, flow perfected
I make shit hectic, I wreck shit, nigga check it
If you ain't tryin' to feel the flames from the blast
Respect a nigga cash
My smile will rock niggas to sleep, pack heat
Fuck the police, handle beef on the street
On a scale of 1 to 10, I'm a 9 with 2 MM's
If your man want to get involved, I'll bring it to him
Niggas been wantin' me dead, I'm still here kid
They send their dogs to come get me
They wet shit, but they ain't hit me
Word in the hood is 50, shifty
Niggas they don't want to go against me
Cause they know I hunt your ass alive

[Chorus]

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