

## Notorious B.I.G. F/ Jay-Z, Angela Winbush "Z, Angela Winbush - I Love The Dough"

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\*dice game intro\*

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uhh

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh

Hah, what, I like this

Uhh, uhh, I like this

What? Uhh, what?

Uhh

Verse One: Jay-Z

We push the hottest V's, peel fast  
through the city, play Monopoly with real cash  
Me and Biggie and the models be, shaking they saditty  
ass  
And parotta be, somethin you cats got to see  
And the watches be all types and shapes of stones  
Bein broke is childish and I'm quite grown  
Run up in the club with the ice on, me and Paisan'  
Scope the spot out, see somethin nice and I'm gone  
You cats is home, screamin the fight's on  
I'm in the fifteen hundred seats, watchin Ty-son  
Same night, same fight  
But one of us cats ain't playin right, I let you tell it  
People place yourselves in the shoes of two felons  
And tell me you won't ball every chance you get  
and any chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
Cats pop bottles bone chicks that pay for hors d'ourves  
and rack up frequent flier mileage

Chorus: Angela Winbush

Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey

Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.

I'm poppin Magnums while Jigga bag somethin  
Watch is platinum, got jet lag from  
flights back and forth, pop corks of the best grapes  
Make the best CD's and the best tapes  
Don't forget the vinyl, take girls break spinals  
Biggie be Richie like Lionel, shit  
You seen the Jesus, dipped to H classes  
Ice project off lights, chick flashes  
Blind your broke asses, even got rocks in big  
mustaches  
Rock top fashions  
Ain't shit changed, except the number after the dot  
on the Range, way niggaz look at me now, kinda  
strange  
I hate y'all too  
Rather be in Carribean sands with Rachael  
It's unreal, out the blue Frank White got sex appeal  
Bitches used to go, "Ewww!"  
Still tote steel, tryin to see five mil  
off the sin-gle, for real  
You ain't fazin the amazin  
While your gun's raisin, mine is blazin  
See you on see me all talkin to sweetness  
Take it for weakness and leave quick  
Blocker, Roc-a-, Fella, Bad Boy collabo  
Two MC's with mad dough, ju' know!

Chorus: Angela Winbush

I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Jay-Z, Notorious B.I.G.

Miracu-lous, pockets stay full  
Niggaz skip the bull cause we matadors  
Snatch the P-89's that we pack in the drawers  
And we, clappin doors in your Acuras  
Snap like, cameras on amateurs  
Make you all dance, hold a hammer to yours  
Jig and Big rock ice, no cracks or flaws  
Erybody got a part to play, back to yours  
Run up in your crib now, crack your doors  
Watch the real players live, it's a habit to floss  
Play the charts like the Beatles, y'all adapt you lost  
And toast Cristal on behalf of y'all  
Too bad for y'all, ain't too many as bad as yours  
truly, do we, we laugh at y'all  
Little bastards y'all

Uhh, uhh  
We hit makers with acres  
Roll shakers in Vegas, you can't break us  
Lost chips on Lakers, gassed off Shaq  
Country house, tennis courts on horseback  
Ridin decidin cracked crab or lobster  
Who say mobsters don't prosper  
Niggaz is actors, niggaz deserve Oscars  
Me I'm, critically acclaimed, slug past your brain  
Reminesce on dames who, coochie used to stink  
When we rocked house pieces and puffy Gucci links  
Now we buy homes in unfamiliar places  
Tito smile everytime he see our faces  
Cases catch more than outfield-ers  
Half these rappin cats, ain't seen war  
Couldn't score if they had point game, they lame  
Speak my name, I make em dash like Dame

Chorus: Angela Winbush

I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
(repeat to fade)

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