

Notorious BIG f Jay

"Angela Winbush I Love the Dough"

Visit "[Angela Winbush I Love the Dough](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, trickin ace, did they
ass in

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 Python

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, rocker, fellow, Bad Boy collabo

Two MC's with mad dough, jewelry on!

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 in floors

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

Visit [Notorious BIG f Jay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.