

Money Talks

C-Murder

Money talk and uhh cash rules
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool now
What huh what huh what huh what yo yo yo yo

I use to flip birds, now I just flip words
When cops come to get me,
it's because some shit that they heard
Like I'm out to get dough
Like I'm out to get mo
Hacking like 6 to the 4
Like 6 double 0, like
Four, or either two doors
Money no like C to the E O
Oh I forgot like ju don't know
Like I'm out to get cream
Like fiend I just don't f**k around
Just bust around
Till niggas get the f**k out of town
I wanted the house, so I got the house
I wanted the car, so I got me the car
Don't start, cause no heart is what got me this far
I the type of nigga that don't give a f**k
Just walked up and laughed at the cop
Type of nigga to go up in traffic
and start blastin the glock
Rap's still down, C huh, pass me the rocks
I don't be playing it serious
I'm actually looked after he shot
It's no love, for y'all 16 bullets
Four slugs peace, ain't no bigger thugs than me and C
So you got the mightious touch,
for all the records you sold
Like nope, mad f**k em got touch nigga, just went gold
I'm like a drug dealer,
I hold nothing less than a quarter
This is my last. last year I was just testing the water
Five to the 0 4 nigga, yo that's my hood
Any fool gotta make this much
I just that good

Money talk and uhh cash rules
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now
Get money, make money, get money,
get money, make money, get money, make money

Money, money make the world spin like tops
and two glocks for the motherf**kers we suing my rocks
It's like the movies,
niggas using uzi's wishing for peace
But instead they ducking bullets and the niggas that pull it
You reconsidered, cause I'm bitter,
dumping weapons like litter
After I blast you motherf**kers,
and the niggas that with ya (fool)
A come up is a come up
Haters please don't run up
Or get done up at sun up, cause I never put my gun up (nigga)

Cash rules, it's like possessing my mind
I do a crime and did the time, still hustling for mind
A bitch gotta floss, and I gotta be the boss
Fake niggas getting tossed, cause money talks

Well I'm that whompter, Fiendy, want fetachini
cabbage to the collard greeny
Shocker clean, he se me rockin up my dream as genies
Wanna cream me, so I had to join his tightest teamy
Seventeen, survivor meet the 3rd Ward Bossalinie
No such terms as let me when we all got plenty
Walking em skinny, cause I never over-looked a penny
Money talks, my whomps, whomps
The ATM, don't play with him,
his money make the dikes wanna lay with him
Lyrical liquid paper spitting stones for cluckers wages
Finally, on Decatur, serving jumbos just like a waiter
C uhh, Murder and Silkk, they pay us for our trouble
He maded that platinum go double
That's why money talks

Aiyyo, money talks like most bitches
Sometimes I don't no what to do with these riches
This paper, is just like my misses
All day, fulfilling my wishes
Did ya heard me

We look for money, money never look for us
C-Murder, Bossalinie of the rap industry
Fiend, Mr. Whomp Whomp, excited prices, deep yacht Jones
Silkk Tha Shocker, Vito, Da 504 Boyz
Take those
No Limit soldiers, till the world blow up by ???
ya heard me