

# Cashmere Thoughts

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z has a conversation with some cat]  
Hah, hah, hah, hah, yeah, yeah  
What it is player?  
You player, it's all about you  
How you gon' say that man  
If I had your hand I'd turn mine in  
Far as I'm concerned, if I had your hand, I cut mines off  
Hah man, you know man, I'm just dealin that hoe money  
You know hoe money is slow money but it's sho' money  
Check this out man, when you run up on your bitch  
this this is what you tell her  
Stick they hands in they panties, grab that knot  
Stick they arm in a car window, drop it like it's hot

[Jay-Z]  
Uhh, I talk jewels and spit diamonds, all cherry  
like a hymen, when I'm rhymin with remarkable timin  
Caviar and silk dreams, my voice is linen  
Spittin venom up in the, minds of young women  
Mink thoughts to think thoughts type similar  
Might you remember, my shit is col-l-l-ld like December  
Smoother than Persian rugs, the cashmere  
chromosomes make a nigga Jigga Jay-Z lethal drugs  
Eighteen carat gold pen, when it hits the sheets  
Words worth a million like I'm rappin em through platinum teeth  
I got the Grey Poupon, you been warned  
Cause all beef return well done filet mignon  
The Don, smell of Dom on my breath as I  
yawn, (slow) when you hoes try to con a pro  
As if you didn't know, Jay's about gettin dough  
Spittin flow like fine wines down your earlobe  
I'm smooth but deadly like a pearl handled pistol  
Honies hum in melody when I, rub it like crystal  
The proper etiquette, when I drop the subject verb  
then the predicate, with this rich nigga preterite  
I'm solid gold, I rap like a mink stole  
I stick pearl tongues your world'll never know  
From New York, to Paris, the vocal style vary  
From nice to deadly like a bad bag of D, now  
notice, the child swift like a locust  
Focus on the loc' I be the greatest nigga that wrote it  
Return of the Jedi, from Rio Degenero  
Worn da red eye, yet I, still feel the need to be fly  
I did die when I'm rappin then slide like satin  
You know the black eye white china in the brain cabinet  
I never cry if I did I'd cry ice  
From my nigga Sauce, I hit you with this advice  
Life's short, so play hard and stick hard  
and the only time you love em is when your dick hard

Whoooh! That's cashmere baby  
Nah, you know, that's just laid back man  
Man, shit, J to the A to the Y to the Z  
Yeah baby  
Motherfuckin pimp that's what he be  
Cashmere baby  
Don't get no hotter than that

Sho' you're right  
Them niggaz know

Check it out, check it out  
Ghettoes, Errol Flynn, hot like heroin  
Young pimps is sterile when I pimp through your burough in  
I gotta keep your tricks intact  
Cause I walk like a p-iyimp, talk like a mack man  
The star player, the golden bar layer  
The sweet Ms. Fine Thing puh-layah, sho' yo right  
I'm game tight, so watch it it change to night  
Go tell your peeps dawg I'm lethal til it ain't right  
I pimp hard on a trick, look  
Fuck if your leg broke bitch, hop up on your good foot