

# Money, Cash, Hoes

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z:]

Turn the lights all the way  
Turn the lights all the way down  
What Uhhuh Yeah  
(Uhh)  
Come on  
Big flow  
(GGRRRRRR)  
Come on yeah come on

Yo Yo J-A-Y, I flow sick  
Fuck all y'all haters blow dick  
I spits the game for those that throw bricks  
Money cash hoes money cash chicks what  
Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street  
Only wife of mines is a life of crime  
And since, life's a bitch in mini-skirts and big chests  
How can I not flirt with death  
That's life's a nigga, long as life prevent us  
We gonna send a lot and pray to Christ forgive us  
Fuck it  
Ice the wrists and raise the price on these niggaz  
Y'all cant floss on my level  
I'll invite you all to get wit us if ya ball is glitter  
When I go all the harlem playaz wall my picture  
If you get close enough you can read the scripture  
It reads money cash hoes how real was that nigga what

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

Money cash hoes money cash hoes (WHAT)  
Money cash hoes money cash hoes (UHH)  
Money cash hoes money cash hoes (COME ON)  
Money cash hoes (WHAT) hoes (WHAT) hoes (WHAT)

Flavors robust platinum and gold touch  
Y'all rap now, fast money lets slow it up  
Niggaz try to stop Jay-Z to no luck  
Roc-A-Fella foreva CEO what what  
Us the villains, fuck your feelings  
While yall playa hate we in the upper millions  
Whats the dealings (huh) its like New York's been soft  
Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the buildings  
I'm tryin to restore the feelings fuck the law keep dealing  
More money more cash more chilling  
I know they gone criticize the hook on this song  
Like I give a fuck I'm just a crook on this song  
Bed-Stuy Brooknon took on the world  
Shit I led a life you can write a book on  
Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street  
Man and I tell ya itll be the best seller

[Chorus: 2x]

[DMX:]

D-M-X and my dogs bite  
Jigga my nigga rhyme all night  
Thugs for life one night with this rap shit

Let em go and I bet they know what'll happen  
When we clap shit  
Actin like we owe em something  
Then we show em something  
Talk greasy I think they found em down the road or something  
Fuckin wit a madman in a bad mood  
Its like fuckin wit a mad dog that wasnt fed food  
And the only thing thats stoppin him is you  
Cause the only thing that he'll be droppin is you  
Topic include; choppin in two  
Drop it to Clue and the response from the street  
This was one dog that loves raw meat  
But gettin back to just cause I, love my niggaz  
I shed blood, for my niggaz  
Let a nigga holler where my niggaz  
All I'ma hear is right here my nigga

[Chorus: 2x]

Roc-A-Fella shit uhhuh  
Ruff Ryders  
My nigga Swizz  
Uhhuh uhhuh  
Dont stop biatch  
Uh  
Uhhuh yeah  
Inspect the game yo