

# Money, Cash, Hoes (feat. DMX)

## JAY-Z

Turn the lights all the way  
Turn the lights all the way down  
What? Yeah, come on, Big flow  
Come on, yeah, come on Yo, yo JAY, 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 sin a lot and pray to Christ, forgive us  
Fuck it, ice the wrists and raise the price on these niggaz  
Y'all can't 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? 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? 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 y'all playa hate we in the upper millions  
What's the dealing', huh, it's like New York's been soft  
Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the buildings I'm tryin' to restore the feeling' fuck  
the law keep dealin'  
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 it'll be the best seller 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? 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? DMX 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 somethin'  
Then we show 'em somethin'  
Talk greasy I think they found 'em down the road or somethin' Fuckin' wit a madman in a bad  
mood  
It's like fuckin' wit a mad dog that wasn't fed food  
The only thing thats stoppin' him is you, what?  
'Cos the only thing that he'll be droppin' is you, what? 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 'cos 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, come on 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? 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? Roc A Fella shit, uh, uh  
Ruff Ryders, my nigga Swizz  
Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Dont stop Biatch  
Uh, uh, uh, yeah  
Inspect the game yo  
Inspect the game yo  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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