

# Your Cash Ain't Nothin' But Trash

[Billy Lee Riley](#)

Walking down the main drag one night I met a fine chick that looked- just right she stopped in and I flashed my roll I told her she could have all of my dough she turned around, and with a frown she said this ain't no circus and I don't need a clown Your cash ain't nothin' but trash your cash ain't nothin' but trash your cash ain't nothin' but trash so there ain't no need in your hangin' around Just to make the hit with that chick I tried to get a Cadillac right quick the man at the place looked so strange I had nine hundred bucks and some change we disagreed, I tried to plead He said I ain't no chicken and I don't need your feed Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash then brother you're crawling we passed your speed I'm walking and counting my bucks the man with the gun said hands up I tried to get away but I was too slow he caught me and took all of my dough I heard him shout, as he cut out "you really lost nothing what you're crying about?" Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash and he took my watch and I passed out I woke in the arms of a big cop police station next stop the judge swung his fist down plunk plunk twenty dollar fine 'cause you're drunk dig up the dough, and you can go and all I had was a buffalo Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash Your cash ain't nothin' but trash but I sure better get me some more

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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