

Cash (feat. D-Reck, Pimp C)

Big Moe

[Chorus: Noke D]

I'm talking cash, nigga

Gripping grain, swanging lanes

We talking cash, nigga

Candy paint on all them Range

We talking cash, nigga

Don't try to stop my shine

We talking cash, nigga

Cause I tussle on the mind I'm talking cash, nigga [Repeat: x4][Big Moe]

It's Big Moe I stepped up in the door

Out the Southside bitch I'm far from a hoe

I ain't even scared and you know I'm down to wreck it

I'ma hit the bed Moe-Yo gone get naked

Got to strap my glock, got to strap my ding-a-ling

Out the Southside, Moe-Yo gone sing sing

I'ma swing swing, crawl down slow

It's that Big Moe and you know I'm no hoe

I'ma knock down that hoe Toni Braxton

It's Moe-Yo come down there hating hoes I'm taxing

?Slacking sleeping off? you can't be talking about my click

You know it's Wreckshop, hating hoes be on dick

It's that boy Moe, I'm out the Southside

I done came down, Moe-Yo I'm gone chop

Ain't gone stop to the T-O-P

I creep I'm putting it down from the M-O to the E

My nigga Noke Deezy, all about his cheezy

It's the Moe-Yo claim pussy got to be greasy

Got to keep it wet, on the mic I be's a vet

I'm coming down five thousand gotta get my check

If you want me to be on your song, or sing a damn hook

It gotta be five grand bitch I'm coming down cool

With my nigga what Blue you

Out the Southside, M-O-E a damn fool

With my partner D-Reck, hoes they been checked

It's that Wreckshop, earning paper and our respect

And my brother K-Luv, my nigga Big Toon

Knocking down soon, Moe-Yo gotta get a room

At the end of the fucking night, I'm gone be fucking

It's that Moe coming down, I do the gangsta strutting

My nigga King One, let's have fun
My partners Keke, Weets, the Lil Red coming down on hard
My nigga High G, you know he's down with me
M-O to the E, from the 1, 2, 3
The Wreckshop tree, that's where I be from
Partner Silly Yo coming down on fucking hard[Chorus][Pimp C]
Since I was 17, I've been sipping on sip
Bitch niggas come through empty out the clip
I love old school cars, with candy ass paint
Your other niggas pussies cause them other niggas fake
You hollin' you a killer but I know you ain't no killer
I see you in the street bitch I'm a trill ass nigga
And now since the eighties, putting niggas down
Letting motherfuckers hear all that bass around
I ride an Impala, don't pop my collar
Coming through the record company, want all my dollars
You ain't got my paper bitch, you don't get no dick
And I ain't put my dick in the uh you wrecked
Cause tramp hoes be talking, on the pilla walking
Out the street get them hoes, telling em bout all your clothes
And your car sitting on gold, and how much you get at shows
You shouldn't trust that bitch, that bitch will get you hit
I see it all the time, bitches get knocked on the grind
Keep it ten with that wife, coming back in the middle of the night
Say bitch you need to stop, you need to sell some cock
You need to get off them rocks, and get on private yachts
I'm talking bout they cousin, coming through bitches buzzing
Drinking on Hennessy, bitch you don't know Pimp see
You late on the slab, coming through whipping ass
I whip it up in the lab, and put it out like it's dark around[Chorus]

Songwriters

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