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 mindI'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]

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