Money, Cash, Hoes

Dmx

Turn the lights all the way
Turn the lights all the way down
What, what
Come on, big flow
Come on, 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?
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
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Money cash hoes, hoes, hoes
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Money cash hoes, hoes, hoes
Flavors robust platinum and gold touch
Y'all rap now, fast money let's 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 dealings it's 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 till be the best seller
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
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Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, hoes, hoes
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
It's like fuckin' wit a mad dog that wasn't fed food
And the only thing that's 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
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, hoes, hoes
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, money cash hoes
Money cash hoes, hoes, hoes
Roc-A-Fella shit uhh-uh
Ruff Ryders
My nigga Swizz
Uhh-uh uhh-uh
Dont stop biatch
Uh, uh-huh yeah

Inspect the game yo

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