

# 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 Brooklyn 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, 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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