

# Money Talks (feat. Master P, Silk & Fiend)

## C-Murder

Money talk and uhh, cash rules  
I 'bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now  
What huh, what huh, what huh, what, yo, yo, yo, yo I use to flip birds, now I just flip words when cops come to  
get me  
It's because some shit that they heard  
Like I'm out to get dough, like I'm out to get mo'  
Hacking like 6 to the 4 like 6 double 0 like four, or either two doors Money no like C to the E O, oh I forgot like  
Ju don't know  
Like I'm out to get cream, like Fiend I just don't fuck around  
Just bust around till niggas get the fuck out of town  
I wanted the house, so I got the house I wanted the car, so I got me the car  
Don't start, 'cause no heart is what got me this far  
I the type of nigga that don't give a fuck  
Just walked up and laughed at the cop Type of nigga to go up in traffic and start blatin' the glock  
Rap's still down, C huh, pass me the rocks  
I don't be playing it serious, I'm actually looked after he shot  
It's no love, for y'all 16 bullets Four slugs peace, ain't no bigger thugs than me and C  
So you got the mighteous touch for all the records you sold  
Like nope, mad fuck em got touch nigga, just went gold  
I'm like a drug dealer, I hold nothing less than a quarter This is my last, last year, I was just testing the water  
Five to the 0 4 nigga, yo that's my hood  
Any fool gotta make this much, I just that good Money talk and uhh, cash rules  
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now  
Get money, make money, get money  
Get money, make money, get money, make money Money, money make the world spin like tops  
And two glocks for the motherfuckers we suing my rocks  
It's like the movies, niggas using uzi's wishing for peace  
But instead they ducking bullets and the niggas that pull it You reconsidered 'cause I'm bitter, dumping weapons  
like litter  
After I blast you motherfuckers and the niggas that with ya  
(Fool)  
A come up is a come up, haters please don't run up  
Or get done up at sun up, 'cause I never put my gun up  
(Nigga) Cash rules, it's like possessing my mind  
I do a crime and did the time, still hustling for mind  
A bitch gotta floss, and I gotta be the boss  
Fake niggas getting tossed, 'cause money talks Well, I'm that whompter, Fiendy  
Want fetachini cabbage to the collard greeny  
Shocker clean, he see me rockin' up my dream as genies

Wanna cream me, so I had to join his tightest teamySeventeen, survivor meet the 3rd Ward Bossalinie  
No such terms as let me when we all got plenty  
Walking 'em skinny, 'cause I never over-looked a penny  
Money talks, my whomps, whomps, the ATM, don't play with himHis money make the dikes wanna lay with  
him  
Lyrical liquid paper spitting stones for cluckers wages  
Finally, on Decatur, serving jumbos just like a waiter  
C, uhh, Murder and Silkk, they pay us for our trouble  
He maded that platinum go double that's why money talks[Unverified]  
Money talk and uhh, cash rules  
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now  
Get money, make money, get money  
Get money, make money, get money, make moneyAiyyo, money talks like most bitches  
Sometimes I don't no what to do with these riches  
This paper, is just like my misses  
All day, fulfilling my wishes, did ya heard me?We look for money, money never look for us  
C-Murder, Bossalinie of the rap industry  
Fiend, Mr. Whomp Whomp, excited prices, deep yacht Jones  
Silkk Tha Shocker, Vito, Da 504 Boyz  
Take those No Limit soldiers, till the world blow up by [unverified]  
Ya heard me?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>