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, yoI 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 doorsMoney 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 houseI 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 copType of nigga to go up in traffic and start blastin' 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 bulletsFour 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 quarterThis 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 goodMoney 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 moneyMoney, 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 itYou 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 talksWell, 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?

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