

Cash Over

Ice Cube

Whassup Cube dog?

I got this bitch ass nigga right here

Y'know, fuckin' with this tramp ass bitch

Puttin' her before the scrill' all the time, ya knowwhatI'msayin'?

Man I got this nigga transcripts, and every mother fuckin' thang

Tellin' this bitch all my mother fuckin' business

Puttin ass over cash everyday

Nigga fuck that, this Westside

Be gone you fuckin' peon, got the Don furious

Talkin' on the phone got the Federal curious

I'm serious! I don't give a fuck where he is

Snatch him out the factory, bring his ass back to me

How the fuck you think I got the name Bossalini?

(Punk)

Mack God Rap Genie, you can't see me

Up in this game ever since you was a lame

Y'all train at my school, nigga I rule

You never make me holla, smokin' on a fifteen dollar

From across the water, watch your daughter

She might catch the Holy Ghost from this rap sermon

While you vermin', smokin' Sherman

I'm rollin' somethin' German

(Bitch)

Money earnin' makin' mo' money

(Ching ching)

Enemies look so funny, with they clothes bummy

Don't need no honey, that's right

'Cause I'm thinkin' with my big head, fuck what my dick said

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

Now who's that nigga got these bitches lookin' silly?

(Me)

I'm the Big Willie for rilly, the real dilly

You can ask Phillie 'cause I got a year's supply

(Yup)

You must want to die, don't get the lye

After dark up at Griffith Park

Shallow grave for the mark check his heart

The game about to start big thangs automatic Pu Tang

(Automatic)

Keep your mind off them bitches, eyes on your riches

If it twitches give it stitches

If it jiggles or switches, fuck and take pictures, now

I'm livin' in a two-point zone, and I'm still bumpin'

Call me in the clutch, ain't lost my touch

Nigga what? On the microphone

If I drove it in the video, bitch, I can drive it home

Tight as a Corleone

(Tight)

You got to get your own, baby get on, now

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every motherfuckin' day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

Get your ass up and go to work, 'cause you know

On payday, nigga that shit gon' hurt

Fuckin' with a skirt instead of handlin' your bizness

Rich dude, now you got to make three wishes

I'm suspicious, of any motherfucker puttin' fuck over finance

'Specially fuckin' up my plans

I'm the boss, I can be late

But you'll never see her and me, over currency

Givin' you the third degree, 'cause you got

Too many broke bitches and you like bankin' for a penny

Stop fuckin' on them dum dums

Find one with some ass and some income

Who wanna win? Who wanna spin?

Who wanna make, twenty-five eight?

(Me)

Ice Cube the great pushin' rhymes like weight

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every goddamn day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

(Fuck)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go ahead let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know, I know that you love us)

We puttin' cash over ass, each and every day

Go on let the players play

(The hustlers we some money makin' motherfuckers)

(I know that you love us)

Never put that hoe, in front of that dough nigga

For what?

(Never fuck a bitch nigga)

For what? She ain't gon' love you

If you ain't got no dough fool

(Bitch fuckin' with me got to be workin')

(Gettin' paid yaknahmsayin?)

Gotta come up, scrilla scrilla y'all

(Never ass over cash nigga)

Scrilla scrilla y'all

(We greedy)

Cha ching

(She can get some CD's, push some keys)

Cha ching

(Ha ha ha, make the bitches shake they titties)

Cha ching, cha ching

(Over my knee)

Cha-ching, cha-ching

(Never ass over cash)

Never ass over cash

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>