Cash Money Roll

B.G.

(Baby of BigTymer$)
Nigga we don't drop albums, we drop classicsVerse 1:I ain't even gotta tell you how Cash Money Roll
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin outta control
Cause we do shows all seven days of the week
Top of the line rides flying up and down the street
Any kind of car C.M.B (Cash Money Boy$) boys could claim it
Lexus's, Benz's, & Truck MotorBikes you name it
Rollin all the time gotta get my shine on
Right here got the nine & in my left the PrimeCo Phone
Rap dues I done paid it
I'm on a level that these niggaz Can't fade it
Nigga I been hustlin since twelve I done made it
Rappin off nuthin but Mannie (Mannie Fresh) Beat$
He the greatest, but wait hold up, you ain't heard the latest
Million dollar contract a 150 pages, Not minimum
We makin maximum wages
Let me tell you about bayou classic how we played it
We hit Canal (Canal Street) so deep click so strong
Every vehicle we rode in was on chrome
The Hummer sound had em' jumpin in the SuperDome
We got so much money we gave the bank a credit loan
We go shopping and spend 50 G's at the mall
But that hurt cause Cash Money go still ball
Until We FallChorus:
I ain't even gotta tell you how Cash Money Roll!
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin outta control!
(Repeat twice)Verse 2:I'm a baller, drive cars with big rims
Leather seats, sound bumpin all in your ears
The dress code: t-shirts, Ree's (Reebok Soldiers) & Bauds (Girbauds)
It's 98, my money stack it don't fold
I'm a livin legend, havin fire weed sessions
Hide your bitch cause I will have in my possession
I'm top notch, it ain't no secret I'm hot
You can spot, my Rolex watch from down the block
I don't talk shit if I ain't able to prove it
My wrist all bitch, Especially in the dark bitch
I'm a young nigga, tru 2 da game nigga, fog
And play'n with a little change nigga, fog
Fuck with me I put a little over your brain

But fuck that I ride and let my chopper rang nigga
Since 97 I got a lil thicker and taller
Chancin 6 figgaz, I'm the Cash Money BallerChorus: x3Verse 3:
Say be(Baby), I heard Cap had another baby
It's a lil girl, pop the bottle let's celebrate
It's your second it's all good lay it down nigga
You hoe drove mutha fucker lay down nigga
You know I got a lil HotGirl to be
That's my world dawg she lookin just like me
I'm straight out all the old money from my old habit
I'm spended that on ear rings with 10 karats
I got my lil girl a Lexus for when she grow up
I flying from Tennessee to Texas trying to blow up
I need 10 G's a show for me to show up
And six weeks for me and my click to post up
We shining, wearing Rolex's that winding
Stacking money for days Nigga, big tyming
Ducking hoes, shot callin, and ballin
Keepin it real, with my back against the wall'nChorus:
I ain't even gotta tell you how Cash Money Roll!
I ain't even gotta tell you we ballin outta control!
(Repeat three)
I ain't even gotta tell you how Cash Money Roll!
Cause it ain't no secret nigga we ballin outta control!(Baby talkin shit at the end)

Songwriters
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