

Cash

Big Moe

I'm talking cash, nigga
Gripping grain, swaging lanes
We talking cash, nigga
Candy paint on all them RangeWe talking cash, nigga
Don't try to stop my shine
We talking cash, nigga
'Cause I tussle on the mindI'm talking cash, nigga
I'm talking cash, nigga
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I'm talking cash, niggaIt's Big Moe I stepped up in the door
Out the South side bitch I'm far from a hoe
I ain't even scared and you know I'm down to wreck it
I'ma hit the bed Moe-Yo gone get nakedGot to strap my glock, got to strap my ding-a-ling
Out the South side, Moe-Yo gone sing sing
I'ma swing swing, crawl down slow
It's that Big Moe and you know I'm no hoeI'ma knock down that hoe Toni Braxton
It's Moe-Yo come down there hating hoes I'm taxing
Slacking sleeping off, you can't be talking about my click
You know it's Wreck shop, hating hoes be on dickIt's that boy Moe, I'm out the South side
I done came down, Moe-Yo I'm gone chop
Ain't gone stop to the T O P
I creep I'm putting it down from the M O to the EMy nigga Noke Deezy, all about his cheezy
It's the Moe-Yo claim pussy got to be greasy
Got to keep it wet, on the mic I be's a vet
I'm coming down five thousand gotta get my checkIf you want me to be on your song or sing a damn hook
It gotta be five grand bitch I'm coming down cool
With my nigga what Blue U
Out the South side, M-O-E a damn foolWith my partner D-Reck, hoes they been checked
It's that Wreck shop, earning paper and our respect
And my brother K-Luv, my nigga Big Toon
Knocking down soon, Moe-Yo gotta get a roomAt the end of the fucking night, I'm gone be fucking
It's that Moe coming down, I do the gangsta strutting
My nigga King One, let's have fun
My partners Keke, Weets, the Lil Red coming down on hardMy nigga High G, you know he's down with me
M-O to the E, from the 1, 2, 3
The Wreck shop tree, that's where I be from
Partner Silly Yo coming down on fucking hardI'm talking cash, nigga
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'Cause I tussle on the mindSince I was 17, I've been sipping on sip
Bitch niggas come through empty out the clip
I love old school cars, with candy ass paint
Your other niggas pussies cause them other niggas fakeYou hollin' you a killa but I know you ain't no killa
I see you in the street bitch I'm a trill ass nigga
And now since the eighties, putting niggas down
Letting motherfuckers hear all that bass aroundI ride an Impala, don't pop my collar
Coming through the record company, want all my dollars
You ain't got my paper bitch, you don't get no dick
And I ain't put my dick in the uh you wrecked'Cause tramp hoes be talking, on the pilla walking
Out the street get them hoes, telling em bout all your clothes
And your car sitting on gold, and how much you get at shows
You shouldn't trust that bitch, that bitch will get you hitI see it all the time, bitches get knocked on the grind
Keep it ten with that wife, coming back in the middle of the night
Say bitch you need to stop, you need to sell some cock
You need to get off them rocks and get on private yachtsI'm talking bout they cousin, coming through bitches
buzzing
Drinking on Hennessey, bitch you don't know Pimp C
You late on the slab, coming through whipping ass
I whip it up in the lab and put it out like it's dark aroundI'm talking cash, nigga
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