

Ain't Got No Dough

Eve

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Bet I make you a believer
Fever, what you catch when you see her
Cheater, that be you check your beeper 911
Never Eve stressin' for your lovin'
I don't want nonePeep her, two seater
Look at you nigga, actin' like you need her
You run blocks with your Henney on the rocks
You don't think I see you wilin', thirsty nigga want the cock
Let you lick for a minute 'fore I slide off
Get you mad, holla no smokey ride offStressing me, you ain't blessing me
With your '96 Rolley glistening and impressing me
Hear me though, want a job need a resume, ready though
'Cause my time is like Presume
You got petty dough and I'm here to let you know
My time is priceless, so if you iceless, baby girl gotta goAin't got no dough
Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
Y'all know, y'all can't buy shit
See me in the club trying to impress thisAin't got no dough
Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
Y'all know, y'all can't buy shit
See me in the club trying to impress thisYo, yo
You can say I'm blessed, I know
Niggas like 'em flashy drive a F50
Jets I go, go-tee I'll blow, H Y dro
Keep 'em leaning in the club
Hoochies screaming y'all don't knowHear me, bitches follow me
Daddy licking out your tongue, wanna swallow me
Wanna pile on me, never put no smile on me
Better stop that
Wanna see me beggin' for your chips
Bet I doubt thatWhatcha lookin' at?
Still speakin' to me think you pushin' it?
Know you pussy cat run
'Cause this bitch is gonna bite
I don't light the fire, grab it, choke it, hold it down
Ride it ruff rideI can give you what you need or give you what you like
But the pay is kind of the low
So this pussy pawn stride

Wishin' you could touch me, lust me
 Listen up daddy you ain't ready for the bed
 Tryna to give it upAin't got no dough
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 Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
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 See me in the club trying to impress thisYo, yo, Swizz got beats locked
 Every time I drop, shit's hot
 Think not and it don't stop
 This bitch top notching
 Ya'll keep watching
 Play the back baby while your team keep flockin'Tryna to touch my ass
 You ain't got the strength to mount this stallion, I pass
 Whiling out I dash
 You're that type of thug that's about they business
 Piling out that cash
 Long line of credit 'cause I like my thug to lastSee they like it when I talk back
 Dough stack, cut backs, we don't want that
 Frontin' but you flaunt that
 Somethin' whatcha want, black
 Cheap stack, keep that
 Fake money nigga, fake thugWe don't need that, what's that all about
 I can see you from a mile running at the mouth
 Lies poppin' out
 Claimin' you's a hustlin' type of nigga, cut it out
 You's an average type of cat
 No money, no cloutWhen Missy flow I give y'all fever, yo, if your bitch is ugly
 You don't need her, feed her to a wild pack of cheetahs
 Yo, I let y'all bitches see I'm off the meter, heater
 Me and Eve give ya seizures, know I put your niggas down
 On their knees, eat up, then we treat you like skeezers
 Yo, let me, let me take a quick breatherYo, do y'all smell them trees?
 Do you hear them bangin' Swizz Beats?
 Oh do you feel the rappin' Missy?
 Well where you wanna roll wit me? Me?
 One-two, Misdemeanor, yeah, yeah, yeah
 Motherfucker now what? Alright

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