

Cashmere Thoughts

Jay-Z

Hah hah hah hah, yeah yeah
What it is player?
You player it's all about you
How you gon' say that man
If I had your hand I'd turn mine in Far as I'm concerned if I had your hand I cut mines off
Hah man, you know man I'm just dealin' that hoe money
You know hoe money is slow money but it's sho' money
Check this out man when you run up on your bitch This, this is what you tell her
Stick they hands in they panties, grab that knot
Stick they arm in a car window, drop it like it's hot Uhh, I talk jewels and spit diamonds, all cherry
Like a hymen, when I'm rhymin' with remarkable timin'
Caviar and silk dreams, my voice is linen
Spittin' venom up in the, minds of young women Mink thoughts to think thoughts type similar
Might you remember, my shit is cold like December
Smoother than Persian rugs, the cashmere
Chromosomes make a nigga Jigga Jay-Z lethal drugs Eighteen carat gold pen, when it hits the sheets
Words worth a million like I'm rappin' 'em through platinum teeth
I got the Grey Poupon, you been warned
'Cause all beef return well done fillet mignon The Don, smell of Dom on my breath as I
Yawn, when you hoes try to con a pro
(Slow)
As if you didn't know, Jay's about gettin' dough
Spittin' flow like fine wines down your earlobe I'm smooth but deadly like a pearl handled pistol
Honies hum in melody when I, rub it like crystal
The proper etiquette, when I drop the subject verb
Then the predicate, with this rich nigga preterit I'm solid gold, I rap like a mink stole
I stick pearl tongues your world'll never know
From New York, to Paris, the vocal style vary
From nice to deadly like a bad bag of D, now Notice, the child swift like a locust
Focus on the loc' I be the greatest nigga that wrote it
Return of the Jedi, from Rio Degenero
Worn da red eye, yet I, still feel the need to be fly I did die when I'm rappin' then slide like satin
You know the black eye white China in the brain cabinet
I never cry if I did I'd cry ice
From my nigga sauce, I hit you with this advice
Life's short, so play hard and stick hard
And the only time you love 'em is when your dick hard Whoh! That's cashmere baby
Nah, you know, that's just laid back man
Man, shit, J to the A to the Y to the Z

Yeah baby Motherfuckin' pimp that's what he be
Cashmere baby
Don't get no hotter than that
Sho' you're right
Sho' you're right them niggaz know Check it out, check it out, check it out
Ghettos, Errol Flynn, hot like heroin
Young pimps is sterile when I pimp through your borough in
I gotta keep your tricks intact
'Cause I walk like a p-i-yimp, talk like a mack man The star player, the golden bar layer
The sweet Miss Fine Thing puh-layah, sho' yo right
I'm game tight, so watch it it change to night
Go tell your peeps dawg I'm lethal 'til it ain't right
I pimp hard on a trick, look
Fuck if your leg broke bitch, hop up on your good foot

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