

Ain't Got No Dough (feat. Missy Elliott)

Eve

[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 9-1-1
Never Eve stressin' for your lovin'
I don't want none
Peep 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, uh
Let you live for a minute 'fore I slide off
Get you mad, holla no smokey ride off
Stressing 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 go [Chorus Missy: x2]
Ain't got no dough
Broke ass niggas ain't got cash flow
Why'all know why'all can't buy shit
See me in the club trying to impress this, heh [Eve]
Yo, yo
You can say I'm bless I know
Niggas like 'em flashy drive a F50
Jets I go, go-tee y'all blow, H-why-dro
Keep 'em leaning the club
Hoochies screaming y'all don't know
Many bitches follow me
Daddy licking out your tongue, want to swallow me
Want to pile me, never put no smile on me
Better stop that
Want to see me beggin' for your chips
Bet I doubt that
What ya looking at huh?
Still speakin' to me think you pushin' it huh?
Know you pussy cat run
Cause this bitch is gonna bite

I don't light fire
Grab it, choke it, hold it down
Ride it ruff ryde
I 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
Try-na to give it up[Chorus][Eve]
Yo, yo
Swizz got beats locked
Every time I drop shit's hot
Think not and it don't stop
This bitch top notch and
Y'all keep watching
Play the back baby while your team keep flockin'
Try-na to touch my ass
You ain't got the strength to mount this stallion, I pass
Whiling out I dash
To that type of thug that's about they business
Piling out that cash
Long line of credit cause I like my thug to last
See 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 thug
We 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 clout[Missy]
When 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 cheetas
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 breather
Yo do y'all smell them trees huh?

Do you hear them bangin' Swizz Beats huh?
Oh do you feel the rappin' Missy huh?
Well where you want to roll wit me huh? me huh?
One-two Misdemeanor
Yeah, yeah, yeah
motherfucker now, motherfucker now what?
Alright

Songwriters

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