

# Money, Cash, Hoes (feat. DMX)

**JAY-Z**

Turn the lights all the way  
 Turn the lights all the way down  
 What? Yeah, come on, Big flow  
 Come on, yeah, come on Yo, yo JAY, I flow sick  
 Fuck all y'all haters blow dick  
 I spits the game for those that throw bricks  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, chicks, what? Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street  
 Only wife of mines is a life of crime  
 And since life's a bitch in mini skirts and big chests  
 How can I not flirt with death That's life's a nigga, long as life prevent us  
 We gonna sin a lot and pray to Christ, forgive us  
 Fuck it, ice the wrists and raise the price on these niggaz  
 Y'all can't floss on my level  
 I'll invite you all to get wit us if ya ball is glitter  
 When I go all the harlem playaz wall my picture  
 If you get close enough you can read the scripture  
 It reads money, cash, hoes, how real was that nigga, what? Money, cash, hoes, money, cash,  
 hoes, what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes,  
 what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? Flavors robust platinum and gold touch  
 Y'all rap now, fast money lets slow it up  
 Niggaz try to stop Jay Z to no luck  
 Roc A Fella foreva CEO, what? What?  
 Us the villains, fuck your feelings  
 While y'all playa hate we in the upper millions  
 What's the dealing', huh, it's like New York's been soft  
 Ever since Snoop came through and crushed the buildings I'm tryin' to restore the feeling' fuck  
 the law keep dealin'  
 More money, more cash, more chilling  
 I know they gone criticize the hook on this song  
 Like I give a fuck I'm just a crook on this song Bed Stuy Brooknon took on the world  
 Shit, I led a life you can write a book on  
 Sex murder and mayhem romance for the street  
 Man and I tell ya it'll be the best seller Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes,

what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? DMX and my dogs bite  
 Jigga, my nigga rhyme all night  
 Thugs for life one night with this rap shit  
 Let 'em go and I bet they know what'll happen When we clap shit  
 Actin' like we owe 'em somethin'  
 Then we show 'em somethin'  
 Talk greasy I think they found 'em down the road or somethin' Fuckin' wit a madman in a bad  
 mood  
 It's like fuckin' wit a mad dog that wasn't fed food  
 The only thing that's stoppin' him is you, what?  
 'Cos the only thing that he'll be droppin' is you, what? Topic include  
 Choppin' in two  
 Drop it to Clue and the response from the street  
 This was one dog that loves raw meat But gettin' back to just 'cos I love my niggaz  
 I shed blood for my niggaz  
 Let a nigga holler where my niggaz  
 All I'ma hear is right here my nigga, come on Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes,  
 what?  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, uhh  
 Money, cash, hoes, money, cash, hoes, come on  
 Money, cash, hoes, what? Hoes, what? Hoes, what? Roc A Fella shit, uh, uh  
 Ruff Ryders, my nigga Swizz  
 Uh, uh, uh, uh  
 Dont stop Biatch  
 Uh, uh, uh, yeah  
 Inspect the game yo  
 Inspect the game yo

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>