

# Big Moe, Cash

(Chorus: Noke D)

I'm talking cash, nigga  
Gripping grain, swanging lanes  
We talking cash, nigga  
Candy paint on all them Range  
We talking cash, nigga  
Don't try to stop my shine  
We talking cash, nigga  
Cause I tussle on the mind

I'm talking cash, nigga - 4x

[Big Moe]

It's Big Moe I stepped up in the door  
Out the Southside 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 naked  
Got to strap my glock, got to strap my ding-a-ling  
Out the Southside, Moe-Yo gone sing sing  
I'ma swing swing, crawl down slow  
It's that Big Moe and you know I'm no hoe  
I'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 Wreckshop, hating hoes be on dick  
It's that boy Moe, I'm out the Southside  
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 E  
My 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 check  
If 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 Southside, M-O-E a damn fool  
With my partner D-Reck, hoes they been checked  
It's that Wreckshop, earning paper and our respect  
And my brother K-Luv, my nigga Big Toon  
Knocking down soon, Moe-Yo gotta get a room  
At 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 hard  
My nigga High G, you know he's down with me  
M-O to the E, from the 1, 2, 3  
The Wreckshop tree, that's where I be from  
Partner Silly Yo coming down on fucking hard

(Chorus)

[Pimp C]

Since 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 fake  
You 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 around  
I ride an Impala, don't pop my collar  
Coming through the record company, want all my dollas  
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 hit  
I 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 yachts  
I'm talking bout they cousin, coming through bitches buzzing  
Drinking on hennessy, 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 around

(Chorus)