

Jay-Z, More Money, More Cash, More Hoes

Jay-Z Talking:

Turn the lights even lower!
Hovah
Memphis Bleek
Beanie Seigels (uh huh)
Roc-a-fella y'all (yeah yeah)
DMX: Jigga, my nigga, rhyme all night

Verse One, Jay-Z:

To the top wit my niggas
Pop wit my niggas
Drive by in whips, rock rocks wit my niggas
Break day on the hottest block wit my niggas
Just cause I (DMX)love my niggas (uh huh)
Chill wit the crew (uh huh)
Real wit the crew
4 million sold, look- still wit the crew
Break bread wit the fam
Till I'm dead wit the fam
Duck cops. Shake feds wit the fam
Flip them pies wit my hustlas (uh huh)
Ride for my hustlas
Die for my, lie for my, cry for my hustlas
Roll wit my duns (uh huh)
Cold wit the guns (uh huh)
If he slow wit my ones hit the floor when I come
I fuck wit them hoes that fuck wit them clothes
That's real wit them shoes, keep it real wit they dudes
I'm sick wit the flow and this is all I know
More money, more cash, more hoes BEYACHHHH!!!!!!

Chorus, Jay-Z (DMX): 2x's

More money, more cash, more hoes (what)
More money, more cash, more hoes (uh)
More money, more cash, more hoes (come on)
More money, more cash, more hoes (what, what, what)

Verse Two, Memphis Bleek:

Ay yo, M-E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek
No need to dress warm, I brought plenty of heat
Y'all can't do nothing with this here
For one, I pack three 9s like the year
Y'all funny money hustlas
7 gram hustlas
Type to bust a O down wit ya man hustlas
I hold bank dough, dough 6-5-4
While you ho talk that, look for a walk dough
Petty crime niggas
Petty time niggas
Sold petty drugs came up wit petty thugs
Now you got game in you
Wanna be a menace and you got Kane in you
I'll put them thangs in you
I'm a hot lil' nigga
I ain't gotta tell niggas
You came too deep, one fell niggas
I'm layin in the cut but still don't give a fuck
Roc-a-fella forever, Memph man, what what

Chorus 2x's

Verse Three, Beanie Seigel:

Peep the kid from P-H-I-L-L-Y
North west south west south side
Spit it for them bitches and niggas who stay fly
B-Mack, Roc-a-fella till I die
Met Jay, dropped on a album in a week
Without unsigned hype or battle of the beats
The first time niggas heard me spit it in the streets
I gave y'all a thousand bars wit Memphis Bleek
Stay strapped, heat in the car under the seat
6 hammers even though we only 3 deep
We clap up niggas
Smack up niggas
Duck tape, rope, and wrap up niggas
Think shit a joke, go head crack up niggas
Get treated like Coke and get capped up niggas
The only thing funny
Is y'all never seen big face money
Till them big face 20s

Chorus 2x's

Jay-Z Talking:

Roc-a-fella shit
1999 (uh huh)
You about to witness a dynasty (you are not ready) unlike no other
Get down or lay down Ya heard!
No publishin' for niggas
I know y'all niggas wonderin, like:
When them niggas gone stop? (come on)
We got a date for you-
February 31st, 19-neva hate (haha)
I know y'all niggas ready to kill yaself, too
Just go head and do it!
Jump off a buildin, slit ya wrists!
Just do it!
The world'll be a better place (haha)
Roc-a-fella
Beanie Seigel
Memphis Bleek
Hovah Hovah
Ya heard me!