

# 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!