

# Cash Money Is An Army

B.G.

Shit's just to real, respect my mind  
I'm tell'n you what's real, I'm a come like this

Money making is my thing, Cause I'm try'n to be rich  
Try'n to put a way Mil (million) that's why I'm in this studio on my shit  
droppin rap after rap like we sell Key after Key  
backed up by the best Fresh (Mannie Fresh) Drop it beat after beat  
My click is the HotBoy\$ best believe we so Hot!  
And dangerous if we in to deep will clear the whole block  
No fake nuts at all nigga we roll to deep  
With AK's off safety knockin niggaz off their feet  
I go by the name the B.G., I ride on chrome in the 98 Lex E-S-3  
I bust a nigga dome for Baby, known as B-3, and all these niggaz  
Know my dog a do the same for me, we family  
Cash Money Is A Army Nigga  
A Navy Nigga  
So if you ever try to home Nigga  
It ain't gravy Nigga  
Don't playa hate me nigga cause I'll leave your shit stale  
Light You're A\$\$ up Real Good You'll Never Get Well.

Cash Money Is A Army Nigga  
A Navy Nigga  
So if you ever try to harm me Nigga  
It ain't gravy Nigga  
I got A path that you don't wanna cross but if you do decide to cross  
Your wig get knocked off, I play it raw it's a dirty game, a dirty world  
I play it raw, and do my thing, Nigga Fuck The World!  
Ain't nothin change we still flossin in nothin but rides  
I ain't got to name you know it is on 20 inch tires  
I know I'm tired of these bitches try'n to get me killed  
I know I'm tired of these stankin hoes smiling in my grill  
Shit Just to real and I'm in a battlefield try'n to get my Mil  
It ain't no secret I got skills to pay the bills, I'm climbing up  
The fucking hill, Cash Money Highly respected with out a  
Major Deal, I'm still that Chopper City nigga that like to chill  
Your head still a banana if you slip it will get pilled  
I drop my nuts of in a situation any day cause on the real B.G.  
Bout trigga play, trigga play

My stumping ground is the Mutha Phuckin U.P.T (Uptown New Orleans)  
If you want me I can be found on V.L. (Valence Street) in the 13th  
Rest In Peace, My heart goes out to my round L.T.  
A slim nigga with two at the bottom, four cross the T-O-P  
A H.B., (HotBoy) a trill nigga, a hard up rider, lay low and be cool  
I'll meet your on the other side I been thinking bout you day & night  
With out you on my all night flight it don't get right but you know  
One thing I been keepin it real,  
you lil one is like mine ain't go miss a meal  
I'm still, still shining like you left me dawg,  
my rolex still winding like you left it fog  
Me and my click still boss,  
still stunt 4 show I just bout the Mercedes Jeep off the show  
Room floor! Our Dawg Valle just touch down,  
we just maintaining, represent draining,  
Gone to Hotels Training, Training,  
Fucking these hoes all day & all night!

[Chorus x2:]