

## Money Talks

C-Murder

Money talk and uhh cash rules  
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool now  
What huh what huh what huh what yo yo yo yo

I use to flip birds, now I just flip words  
When cops come to get me,  
it's because some shit that they heard  
Like I'm out to get dough  
Like I'm out to get mo  
Hacking like 6 to the 4  
Like 6 double 0, like  
Four, or either two doors  
Money no like C to the E O  
Oh I forgot like ju don't know  
Like I'm out to get cream  
Like fiend I just don't f\*\*k around  
Just bust around  
Till niggas get the f\*\*k out of town  
I wanted the house, so I got the house  
I wanted the car, so I got me the car  
Don't start, cause no heart is what got me this far  
I the type of nigga that don't give a f\*\*k  
Just walked up and laughed at the cop  
Type of nigga to go up in traffic  
and start blastin the glock  
Rap's still down, C huh, pass me the rocks  
I don't be playing it serious  
I'm actually looked after he shot  
It's no love, for y'all 16 bullets  
Four slugs peace, ain't no bigger thugs than me and C  
So you got the mightious touch,  
for all the records you sold  
Like nope, mad f\*\*k em got touch nigga, just went gold  
I'm like a drug dealer,  
I hold nothing less than a quarter  
This is my last. last year I was just testing the water  
Five to the 0 4 nigga, yo that's my hood  
Any fool gotta make this much  
I just that good

Money talk and uhh cash rules  
I bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now  
Get money, make money, get money,  
get money, make money, get money, make money

Money, money make the world spin like tops  
and two glocks for the motherf\*\*kers we suing my rocks  
It's like the movies,  
niggas using uzi's wishing for peace  
But instead they ducking bullets and the niggas that pull it  
You reconsidered, cause I'm bitter,  
dumping weapons like litter  
After I blast you motherf\*\*kers,  
and the niggas that with ya (fool)  
A come up is a come up  
Haters please don't run up  
Or get done up at sun up, cause I never put my gun up (nigga)

Cash rules, it's like possessing my mind  
I do a crime and did the time, still hustling for mind  
A bitch gotta floss, and I gotta be the boss  
Fake niggas getting tossed, cause money talks

Well I'm that whompter, Fiendy, want fetachini  
cabbage to the collard greeny  
Shocker clean, he se me rockin up my dream as genies  
Wanna cream me, so I had to join his tightest teamy  
Seventeen, survivor meet the 3rd Ward Bossalinie  
No such terms as let me when we all got plenty  
Walking em skinny, cause I never over-looked a penny  
Money talks, my whomps, whomps  
The ATM, don't play with him,  
his money make the dikes wanna lay with him  
Lyrical liquid paper spitting stones for cluckers wages  
Finally, on Decatur, serving jumbos just like a waiter  
C uhh, Murder and Silkk, they pay us for our trouble  
He maded that platinum go double  
That's why money talks

Aiyyo, money talks like most bitches  
Sometimes I don't no what to do with these riches  
This paper, is just like my misses  
All day, fulfilling my wishes  
Did ya heard me

We look for money, money never look for us  
C-Murder, Bossalinie of the rap industry  
Fiend, Mr. Whomp Whomp, excited prices, deep yacht Jones  
Silkk Tha Shocker, Vito, Da 504 Boyz  
Take those  
No Limit soldiers, till the world blow up by ???  
ya heard me