

Cash Over

Ice Cube

Whassup Cube dog?
I got this bitch-ass nigga right here
Y'know, fuckin with this tramp-ass bitch
Puttin her before the scrill' all the time, yaknowhatI'msayin?
Man I got this nigga transcripts, and every-mother-fuckin thang
Tellin this bitch all my mother-fuckin business
Puttin ass over cash everyday
Nigga fuck that, this Westside

Be gone you fuckin peon, got the Don furious
Talkin on the phone got the Federal curious
I'm serious! I don't give a fuck where he is
Snatch him out the factory, bring his ass back to me
How the fuck you think I got the NAME Bossalini? Punk
Mack God Rap Genie, you can't see me
Up in this game ever since you was a lame
Y'all train at my school, nigga I rule
You never make me holla, smokin on a fifteen dollar
from across the water, watch your daughter
She might catch the Holy Ghost from this rap sermon
While you vermin smokin Sherman, I'm rollin somethin German, bitch
Money earnin makin mo' money (ching ching)
Enemies look so funny, with they clothes bummy
Don't need no honey, that's right
Cause I'm thinkin with my big head, FUCK what my dick said!

We puttin cash over ass, each and every day
Go on let the players play.. (the hustlers)
(We some money makin motherfuckers.. I know that you love us!)

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Now who's that nigga got these bitches lookin silly? Me!
I'm the Big Willie for rilly, the real dilly
You can ask Phillie cause I got a year's supply (Yup!)

You must want to die, don't get the lye
after dark up at Griffith Park, shallow grave
for the mark check his heart, the game about to start
Big thangs automatic pu-tang (automatic)
Keep your mind off them bitches, eyes on your riches
If it twitches give it stitches
If it jiggles or switches, fuck and take pictures, now
I'm livin in a two-point zone, and I'm still bumpin
Call me in the clutch, ain't lost my touch
Nigga what? on the microphone
If I drove it in the video, bitch, I can drive it home
Tight as a Corleone
You got to get your own, baby get on, now

Get your ass up and go to work, cause you know
on payday, nigga that shit gon' hurt
Fuckin with a skirt instead of handlin your bizness

Rich dude, now you got to make three wishes
I'm suspicious, of any motherfucker puttin fuck over finance
'Specially fuckin up my plans
I'm the boss, I can be late
but you'll never see her and me, over currency
Givin you the third degree, cause you got
too many broke bitches and you like bankin for a penny
Stop fuckin on them dum-dums
Find one with some ass and some income
Who wanna win? Who wanna spin?
Who wanna make, twenty-five eight? Me
Ice Cube the great.. pushin rhymes like weight

Never put that hoe, in front of that dough nigga
For what? (Never... fuck a bitch nigga)
For what? She ain't gon' love you if you ain't got no dough fool
(Bitch fuckin with me got to be workin, gettin paid yaknahmsayin?)
Gotta come up, scrilla scrilla y'all (Never ass over cash nigga)
Scrilla scrilla y'all (We greedy)

Cha-ching! (She can get some CD's, push some keys)
Cha-ching! (Ha ha ha, make the bitches shake they tit-ties)
Cha-ching, cha-ching! (Over my knee)
Cha-ching, cha-ching! (Never ass over cash)
Never ass over cash