C-Murder, Money Talks

(Silkk Tha Shocker) Money talk and uhh cash rules I bout to get dollars so us act a fool, now What huh, what huh, what, yo, yo, yo, yo

(Silkk Tha Shocker)

Verse: 1

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 fuck around Just bust around Till niggas get the fuck 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 fuck 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 fuck 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

(C-Murder) Verse: 2

Money, money make the world spin like tops and two glocks for the motherfuckers 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 motherfuckers, 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

(Fiend) Verse: 3

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

??? Chorus

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