

# Ice Cube, Cash Over Ass

[Mack 10]

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, yaknowhat!'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

[Ice Cube]

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!

Chorus: Ice Cube

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!)

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!)

[Ice Cube]

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

Chorus

[Ice Cube]

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

Chorus 2X

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