

Gettin Money

Jungle Brothers

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die"

Lace up a fattie of the greenery, bounce and check the scenery
Anticipation of the raw fills up the whole vicinity
Legendary quotes from promissory notes
Authentic fatigues wrapped around your throat
Coming hitting like a hammer
My overuse of truthful grammar might send me to the slammer
So I got my alibi, so if the DA try to make me fry
I'll poke him in his eye with a who, what, when and why
Oh no, not I, done hit you up with the jimmy so now identify
Cause whether dollars or yens, the 5-ohs always want to apprehend
A brother for doing his thing

A yo! Hotshots rock spots and smoke chocolate thai
Talking about getting money till the day they die
Make money money, make money money money
Take money money, take money money money!
Suit getting chunky, well you see my pockets' fat
Enough to go around ten times and come back
Be the A double B on the thousand G bill
Circle it around from Brooklyn to Castle Hill
Right from the getty we caught bank from the piggy
Cause we give it to you raw down to the nitty-gritty
People acting shitty when they see me counting fifties
Buying new sneakers, "Yo, son! Where'd you get these?!"

Brush off the comp like lint after the hit
No one's seen the brothers with the three shades of tint
Only a sign they're in like Flynt and haven't reached the extent
We use the brain as the furnace and the mouth as the vent
>From the set off we jump on the mic and go get off
Versatile styles bursting back and forth
>From the dealers and shakers, we fill the rhymes pages
To catch them papers we're back with flavours

Kick the lotto, that's my motto, stash the loot in the bottle
Fill my tank up with gas and then hit the throttle
Me and Mike G lamping like Lamar and Rollo
Rocking the mic, ripping shit at the Apollo
Check the promoter for my quota
Money quench my thirst like Dr Pepper soda

Recognise by the 'G' at the end of the name
The aroma in the air when I spark a new flame
It was the DJs in the park that put a start to the game
That's what made me grab the mic and go seek fame
And put a shame to the emcees with styles too lame
For the treasures I lust but I fall short of, In God We Trust
But I learned that doesn't mean they can't be touched
Just if you're too slow then you might get crushed
Or bite the dust, bite the dust, bite the dust

Mega bucks in armoured trucks falling out the sky

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die"

You ask why we stay fly

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die" [repeat to fade]