

Imma Get Rich

Juvenile

I'm a get rich or die trying like Phiddy
All life long pop bottles like Diddy
Bitch, you're only visiting, 'cause this is my city
Blame it on your hoes just to say that I did it.

I'm official like black and white stripes
That bitch you're calling your wife, I've been handle that twice
I see you're watching, nigga, analyze wise
Observe, I'm about to resatelite heights
I live my fucking life down, I don't take the shit
The right bottles on the table, I don't drink this shit
No disrespect the Diddy, I do it for the hoes
Caramels in this bitch, we shoot Juv' exposed
I'm killing your momma, my Louis and Dior shit
Juvi', you're winner, all your haters better fall grip.
I need a big invelous cash, not a kind of pity
Ain't got that rustles in them money, but I'm gonna get it
Who, me? I'm tryin' to be a nigga rude group
I'm about to drop my own Juvenile proud juice
Pull off, I act like hoe and get a shoe deal
Fuck the world, at first day I ship through meal.

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Customized French suits, crocodile shoes,
I'm elevated, it's all the conversation about you
I see you nigga living like you're seeing in a dream
'Cause I got translation imagination in a grin
So why the contracts that I'm trying to get paid
I got homes, I can say you anything and and say you're here from
Fly in the motherfucker swag, I got wheez
And I'm running like a company like Jimmy AV
You know you're getting money when you bitch are in Forbes
And you ain't gonna say a shit to get a bitch under the folds
And in the fin, the life it's gonna take it's own course
Nobody helping me and we open his own doors.
Making too much money to be worried about credit
We're tired in my city as we're chatting like Betty's
Niggas don't get it and they act like it's a game torn
They won't mean the telethon, how could I explain it to them?

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