

Get Da Money

Def Squad

Check it, when I come in the place excitement
Like a plane watch, take it to jacob and iced it
E coming through in the purest form
On some striesand shit, when a star is born
I might rock a fake diamond watch for this evening
You rob me, end up dead for now reason
I approach those that wanna cramp my style
When I ask they be like "huh" like in juvenile
Crack a smile, say a rhyme that's straight out cold
Strong enough to grab you with it's choke hold
So what's cha'll want, don't dare taunt
'fore I leave you in back of somebodies restaurant
Layin flat with the rats and cats
By a cardboard box where the bums be at
And one more thing, for those that wanna bite my shit
I hope you choke and nobody give you the himelic, dead
Onasis aristotle, on the mic paint a picture that would awake picasso
Yeeaaahhh, yeah, you can't be believing it
You imagine it, you and to me are both seeing shit

Chorus: erick & ja rule

No matter what the deal, we get the money money
No matter how we feel, we get the money money
Without, or with the steal, we get the money money
Walk around with a fat bank roll, we get the money money
No matter what the deal, we get the money money
No matter how we feel, we get the money money
Without, or with the steal, we get the money money
Walk around with a fat bank roll

E-dub, get a nigga involved, let me spit a few bars
Of murderous material, niggas venirial, diseases to me
And it's startin to burn when I piss on emcees
Niggas want it with me, who I be?
The one that got you ready to run
The one with rhyme or reason to bust my gun
What's the outcome, another nigga gettin smoked?
Another nigga found slain with a tongue out his throat
Son it's no joke, I pump lead like bad dope
And leave niggas nodding out with no hope
I'ma spit various flows, and fuck various hoes
Rule, e-dub, and short dog it shows
That the niggas with the money get the bitches bitches
Rolled up on dubs, deep dishes dishes
Niggas don't want it with me
J-the a-the r-u-l-e
Nigga I get the money money

Chorus

Aiyyo, who asked who I be, I'm the phantom
With a microphone to blow spots random
Got distribution boostin from here to houston
Known for full fledge producing
Cats were reluctant
When I came through the spot a crunked it

Laid back and funkyed it, yeah
No matter what, I puts in work
E, I do it all day, I do it in spurts
Suckers lost up in nyc with ? ? ?
Fake thug emcees that never did dirt
Yo, me and ja rule make ya holla holla
We get money like minister ? ? ? dollar
Us two linked up, cased the bank and hit a brink up
Past the bar and mixed the drink up
Believe I got major cash (how?)
Street talkin like big boi from outkast (uh huh)

Chorus