

# 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