

# Getting Money

E.S.G.

[Intro]

Yes we are, yes we are  
Ooh, we getting money - 3x  
Man, I done came a long way  
Now all my people getting money, like the song say

[E.S.G.]

Now what you know bout sleeping on old sheets, and  
wasn't no silk  
I was coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs, but wasn't no milk  
And when the heat was turned off, I grabbed my grandma  
quilt  
Man I swear times was hard, mama look what you built  
The other kids use to laugh, and say our clothes was  
stole  
You almost got caught, stealing games from my Nintendo  
My little brother didn't know, and I ain't say nothing  
I use to love when you bring the Jabos, and Polos with  
the buttons  
I gotta tell you mama dearest, I love you to death  
Made a kid from the projects, win best dressed  
I'm one of the best up out the Southwest, ES the name  
We having a ball, like a income tax check done came  
No more sitting at home, and rolling blunts all day  
Doing a in-store, I'm on to all work and no play  
Even if it's minimum wage, at least you getting paid  
Put your drinks in the air, if you getting money (hey)

[Hook]

Yes we are, getting it  
Yes we are, getting it  
(broke days, was the worst days  
Now we sip champagne, when we thirst-ay)  
Yes we are, getting it  
Yes we are, getting it  
Yes we are getting it, M-O-N-E-Y fa sho

[E.S.G.]

This for my Master P's, P. Diddy's and Russell Simmon's  
All my Snoop's and Ice Cube's, that's Hollywood pimping  
All my independent bouncers, that ain't thinking bout  
stopping  
Look at old J from Rap-A-Lot, he making millions from  
boxing  
Ain't no job oppritunities, in my community  
You don't believe me Mr. President, well come and see  
Old lady up the street, bless her heart she mad  
Cause the city built a street, cut her garden in half  
And the mayor won't answer back, heard she got cancer  
black  
Some can't afford treatment, how he gon explain to that  
Couldn't hold her pain back, couldn't bring her brain  
back  
But it still remain the facts, money could of changed  
that g'yeah

[Hook]

[Intro]

[E.S.G.]

Now get your money peeps, if you in the streets or a  
athlete  
If you jump out the gym, get insurance on your feet  
Know that pro money sweet, million dollar occupation  
In case you don't make it, homie grab your education  
Don't wanna wind up, been a should'a-would'a-could'a  
Remember no Kool-Aid, mixing water with the sugar  
People forgetting who helped em out, I ain't quitting  
or selling out  
Get your money coast to coast, cause we getting it down  
South

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Now ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen  
I'd like to propose a toast, that's right  
Everyone 21 and over, grab your drinks  
Ya underage grab your Kool-Aid, cause it's still playa  
But check it out, this one here is dedicated  
To everybody who had it hard in they life  
Cause homie I know I struggled, but you know what mayn  
(Man, I done came a long way  
Now all my people getting money, like the song say)  
Man, give me my change homie