

# Get Rich To This (Break)

Goodie Mob

We peel out sideways (get rich to this)  
We do a hundred on the highways (get rich to this)  
Thank God for Friday's (get rich to this)  
Hey hey hey hey!! (get rich to this)  
We peel out sideways (get rich to this)  
We do a hundred on the highways (get rich to this)  
Thank God for Friday's (get rich to this)  
Say say say say!! (get rich to this)

It'll be all slipp-ery, slick wid it  
Automatically I'm the shit wid it  
I'm psyched out, Sic-Wid-It  
like E-40 and The Click wid it  
He sucker MC better know about it  
I make your girlfriend hoe about it  
I make a muh'fucka know about it;  
somebody better tell him  
Cock it back, hit a lick wid it  
Keep it workin drop a brick wid it  
Off the block, serve a nig wid it  
Whip a brand new whip wid it  
Apartment flow, you ain't know?  
Look here lil girl it come equipped wid it  
She freaky deaky lick her lips wid it  
She thick thick wid it  
Jump, stump, twist wid it  
Make em make em make em scrap wid it  
Tear da club up, champagne campaign wid it  
Party people do your thang wid it  
I get to it y'all;  
I get the funds then I split wid it  
A natural born money maker nitty-grit wid it  
Ha? I get rich y'all

Ha.. boy I done bought D's wid dis  
Big bout-it Benz car keys wid dis  
Condos in the Cancun summer breeze wid dis  
And you know, doin good fo' sho'  
I'm gettin rich too hollerin out Calhoun know  
Nigga; nickeled and dimed and did dirt for dis  
Do a show and sweat up my good shirt for dis  
Snap back to toast I'll haveta hurt for dis  
So when I get me a lil' bit I'ma wear my shit  
and if I lose it, I ain't gon' cry about it  
I ain't no dummy god damnit I ain't about to die about it  
But fuck wid me though, I'll let a few fly about it  
Don't test me boy, because I about it!  
So I'm the major money maker, motherfuck these niggaz  
Keep yo' eyes on amounts, accounts and some bankers  
Get high, get fly, til you get it, gettin by  
Don't switch get krunk get drunk get rich

From the bottom to the top now it's hot; keepin it heated  
People about to see they chasin after cash in the ass  
Suckers crash on the blast from the past  
Goodie Mo.B. Backbone and OutKast, whatchu think this was, black?  
Take your sorry ass watch me blow, turnin my lyrics in the flow

This is how it go, and it go, perfect picture paintin  
Million dollar hold in the Cascade, in the shade  
Well I'se gon' get paid to dis, and find a wife to dis  
I'm bout to cut, like a knife to dis  
and find dat, and find dat, top top, we get rich to dis, yeah!

The Goodie they call me, they wanted a player to bust to this  
I'm takin this thang, slow slow motion just can't rush with this  
We all in the family, what have we, I think we done found a freak hoe  
People all in my wallet hopin to frolic we gon' see hoe  
just hold up; you know my pockets swoll up  
I'ma let you suck my dick to meet your quota  
and you're fine, kinda shorter  
But I made this money before you got a Toyota and Explorer  
And when I'm off in the mall gettin fresh, I'm gon' ignore ya  
Look at the earrings, the gold chains, the diamonds around my neckpiece  
The leather suede snake Elizabeth all up on my left B  
Hoe look at all these emeralds and these rubies and my gold teeth  
Thinkin a nigga spiritual tryin to build but you don't know me  
See there's more than meets the ear so we can ball that's if we chose to  
Move back I'm droppin the top and yes it's mine and gul it's new too

Sign yo' grill wid dis  
Canary yellow bowlin ball silk drawers wid dis  
Crushed velvet diamond cut, y'all get wreck wid dis

Tonight, Gipp get woozy  
Might step outside and might catch me a floozie  
Some loozy double-stitched hoochie  
Y'all chase records while we chase coochie

The realest Down South hot two, in your face like kabuki  
Get krunk, don't be no lame brain top bankhead  
Props, I'm prayin wid dis

Boys on the ave, flood shots to dis  
Girls in the club flirt out to dis  
State your name baby and get rich to dis

[Chorus to fade]