

# Get This Money

Jay-Z

[J] Yeah yeah  
[R] Damn it's hot  
[J] Like a muh'fucker  
[R] Yo Jigga  
[J] Whassup my nigga?  
[R] Pop that water  
[J] Fo'schizzle!  
[both laughing]  
[R] Yeah  
[J] Get'cha mind right, c'mon

[Jay-Z]  
Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh  
Uh-uh uh-uh - gettin that money my nigga  
(woo.. woo.. woo.. woo..)  
You better call the muh'fuckin cops  
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's go

[R. Kelly + (Jay-Z)]  
Keys to the Bentley, off to the club  
Switchin lanes like what the..  
Chick on the cell wanna get with a bruh  
But y'all know I don't love no.. (never love her)  
She, say, she, slick  
I'm, like, baby, please  
She, say she's got a man  
but what's that got to do with me? (f'real)  
Some chicks like low-key  
Wrists of, zero degrees  
I'm, toxic off the Belve'  
Two strippers, in my hotel suite  
Fee fie and, foe fum-ah  
Look out now, here I come-ah  
For you haters, keepin up trauma  
Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)

[Chorus: R. Kelly]  
You got what I want; I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-ney  
You got what I want; I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-ney

[R. Kelly + (Jay-Z)]  
Ace hit the club 'bout five o'clock (woo!)  
Hungry 'bout to hit the IHOP (let's go)  
After that, menage-a-trois  
And he out by seven o'clock (p-YOON)  
Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya  
Blue rocks lightin up my shoulders (bling!)  
See y'all niggaz know y'all need to grow up  
Your album ain't out, cause I'm the hold up (ha)  
Busters wanna hoop with me  
Wanna run our ways, doin R&B  
I'll, creep creep, blink blink  
Cross your ass over, take it from me  
Fee fie and, foe fum-ah  
Look out now, here I come-ah

Golddiggers, this you gets none of  
Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z + (R. Kelly)]

Pull up on the block, cran-apple Benz  
White tank top, cran-apple trim  
Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems  
Dice hands 'side both of them  
Two rolls and I leave with a stack  
Off to the club, G's in in the back  
V.I.P. nigga beez like that  
When you gettin that money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-ney)  
I spit this for my riders  
Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers  
We can't let nothin stop us (get.. this.. mo-ney)  
Young H-O-V-A  
And the boy R. Kel', you know how we play  
For that fetti, mayne, we'll let the lead rang  
You young boyz ain't ready  
You don't know NANN a nigga to NEAR Jigga  
to NEAR as well as me and the boy Kel'  
Yeah it's money, recognize the smell  
And we up out this bitch, yell

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z + (R. Kelly)]

Gettin that money my nigga  
Ha ha, ha ha  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha  
I gotta laugh at this shit (get.. this.. money)  
Gettin this money my nigga  
Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh  
Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz (get.. this.. mo-ney)  
It's way too late now..  
.. gettin this money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-ney)

[Chorus + Jay-Z ad libs]

[J] Gettin that money my nigga