

# Get That Money

Lil' Wayne

I know some niggaz that'll merk ya for a quarter birdy  
You bitch ass niggaz just be lucky that the boy ain't hurtin'  
I got the money to lag and I got that swagger workin'  
I'm smokin' somethin' I can't pronounce behind them Phantom curtains  
What is you holl'in' bitch I'm on some gangsta shit  
She wanna make me dinner I tell her make me rich  
You fuckin' wit' a winner but I come from a little  
Hoe but bet I can take that dirt and turn that shit glitter  
I leave the work wit' her yeah she my baby sitter  
And if I find out she stealin' for realer I'ma kill her  
I'm just a money maaan so where the dollars at  
So momma I'm a beat that until them flowers black  
She wanna ride on this I make her ride wit' that  
Her pistol in the ceilin' that's her survival pack  
And do I love her nawww man I just love her spirit  
Blind deaf or crazy it's money over bitches

Now everybody that I know get that money baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you done called a baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie what'cha talkin'  
(2x)

So get'cha game up take a bitch break a bitch  
Strap her down wit' work and tell her don't trip take a trip  
Get'cha hustle up the money's what you make of it  
These niggaz want it cooked and I done closed down the bakery  
So stop stuntin' homie false promotin'  
It ain't about what'cha makin' it's about what ya totin'  
Burn him up leave him naked bring him back to his wife  
The bitch ain't even cry 'cause he was livin' that life  
These niggaz think I'm slippin' 'cause I'm fallin' back  
Bitch I got money in the walls for that  
Young'n get it from the ground homie hold the hood down and  
Don't make a sound if them people swing around this bitch  
Do ya thang whoa' hustle try to stay low  
This is for my old school G's who ain't around this bitch  
But shawty they ain't fuckin' wit' pops  
Let them niggaz chase that pussy we gon' follow that guap... yeah

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Fifty stacks in the garden in the backyard  
Money talkin' turn a key into a crack charge  
Y'all niggaz ain't eatin' how we eatin' B  
Fuck how we used to be now we how we need to be  
If they ain't wit' us they must be against us  
We shoot 'em in the head 'cause they act like they senseless  
If you ain't gettin' bread nigga keep yo' distance  
We sharks over here nigga keep on fishin'

Money money money is my intuition  
Money over bitches such an easy decision

Young Money money men monster militia  
Hardbody these niggaz boxes of tissue  
That nina will kiss ya that chopper will twist ya  
Them .380 snapshots now smile for the pictures  
Weezy motherfuckin' Baby pay me  
My 9-to-5 is overrated I'm on that grind hoe

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