

Gettin' Money Boy

Lil Wyte

You see me on them 24s fuckin tatted up
These suckas hate my guts cause i whip that batter up
Im gettin money boy
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I keep a K or a sawed off in my hand
I keep my stacks wrapped up in them rubber bands
Im gettin money boy
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They hate my guts hate your guts why?
I be gettin it big
Gotta do it fantastic with fabulous lavousness
Livin all around me
Eyes are kinda cloudy
600 dollas an O Z
The best trees in cali
Money in my pocket bitch
Wrapped in rubber bands n shit
Call me if ya got a problem get me we can plan some shit
Grab the black mask n shit
Blacked up 4 bags n shit
Cock the 4 5 up towards the sky and lets go mash a trick
Or we can do it old fassion and classic and rent out a club
Bring Wyte and the six for the muthafucka and let us tear it up
Either way we gon get the cheese by doin what we know
Four five to yo eye or a crowded rowdy show

I get money like bill collectors
I shine like wheel reflectors
You can talk all the trash you want ive been sprayed with hater protector
I been bakin in there for breakfast with steak as the appetizer
And Three Six Mafia just happens to be my financial advisor
I whip black and lay back pop Os and Rolls Royces
I done been up in a movie bitch sequel to choices
I get calls from other movie producers wanna use my music
And you better believe if i let em i get paid for doin it
I be token on some killa kill
True and real togethers trill
Considerin im the token whitey will i kill it? yes i will
Lil Wytes the name ya bitch
Put that in yo manuscript
Makin cheese and clockin grip
Im talkin thats as real as it gets