

# 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