

Gettin' Money (Freestyle)

Royce da 5'9"

Please be clear. This is a fuckin' invasion. Royce Da 5'9"

I'm gettin' money like a motherfucka
I do dollar like the Yao stretch
Casino chips that Denale bet
Ain't spazzin' at the house party
Mink draggin'/dragon like Bilil breath
Dead prez ran a train on the green lady
That green lady turned around and had a dream baby
That dream baby was I
That green lady was ma
Follow me honey, it sound funny
I'm money
Get it?
Niggas is idiots so probably not
I Murder Inc., let Ashanti & Irv Gotti watch
A walkin' mollie wop
Tell your whole fellat to cock off
Drop the jeans
And take out a foot like when you take a sock off
I ain't attached to no tooley
I quite screwy
I just take the Lock off
Pop it and Drop It like Huey
Weed avenue, bread rollin' on Phillie Street
Triggers get used more than Wayne on "Milli" beat
So don't make me laugh
You think with your class
I think with my math
Not with my dick, I speak on his behalf
Anyone of you motherfuckin' NASCAR tunnel crews
I call you that, cause you fixin' to crash
The word in the hood is I got the bag in the streets
Pull the rig up
Take a load off, like I'm havin' a seat
This black coup is V-12 as far as year
I'm been rappin', reppin' the D-12, ask Proof
As far as tears
My face ain't big enough to relate
How many bodies gone in the form of a tattoo
Alcoholic, my kidney color is black blue
Forever fuck with that Remy, love it like Papoose
Wearin' that XXL mag or in The Source
Being the king of the magazines and in a Porsche
My release date is more important to the country than
Tunin' into your news stations November 4th (Obama!)
I turn niggas into veggies and get my lettuce straight
It's like you niggas addicted to bitch shit, you fetish fake
Dahlmer
Pop you, then eat you on the anniversary of your death
Like the top of a wedding cake
Two timer
Yeah, I keep a bitch on the side
I'm Mr. Warning Guy
You Mr. Wanna Die
The Bar Exam 2 comma
More polished than

Ray Robinson in his prime
The shoe shiner
He kill 'em with his persistence
Sendin' niggas to hit 'em is a silly mission
Like he's one of Diddy's assistants
Look in my trunk and find a pair of legs inside of some gym shoes
Hangin' out a trash bag and in fumes
I spit whole winters and then June
Show up to your video while you performin'
And shoot you like Ben Boom
You might have dealt with the tools
But you ain't swam with them sharks
Nickle, Mike Phelps in the pool
You might pull triggers but you don't pull them like me
Bullets runnin' through shit like the bullets got feet
I'm gonna keep goin' and goin' like a Energizer
Inside a flyin' bullet until the day a bullet stops me
Fuck a bitch, I'm it nigga, I'm a don
I'm the reaper on Cancer, like I'm a sign
Immaculately conceived
Product of dollar signs
The only father of mine
Is Father Time

I'm gettin' money like a motherfucker
You ain't got nothin' on me
I'm gettin' money like a motherfucker
Fuck this auto tune shit
That shit sound weak as a bitch
Unless it's me usin' it
Cause I'm the shit fool