

# Money

Thi'sl

Lets go  
Lets go  
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He think he Gucci Mane  
Cool as that dougie dance  
He too legit to quit  
Just need some hammer pants  
His whip on 24's  
Matter fact on 26  
Couple of whips  
Both of them benzes  
Couple of cribs  
That's how he lived it  
He hustled hard  
That's how he did, yeah  
He trapped or die  
That's how he get it  
I hope he know that where he go  
He can't take it with him  
E'thing designer  
Down to the frames  
He say he fly  
Just like the planes  
He walk in clubs  
They say his name  
He v.I.p  
Aces of spades  
I hope he know that when he go  
He can't take that dough  
But the greedy gather  
Grip it gotta grip it up on his soul  
He say he gon' stack his paper from the ceiling  
To the floor  
Coz he gotta have, gotta need  
Money money mo'

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to stack that paper  
From the ceiling to the floor  
He want

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to tell that boy  
Can't take that wit' you when you go

(Lets go)

She lo'e that money  
It make her dance  
Pull off her shirt  
Come out her pants

Straighta out the club  
Into her bag  
Give up the cash  
To get strapped  
Now run it back  
I said she lo'e that money  
And do anythin'  
Just to get it from him  
Have a baby by him  
Couple of babies  
One of him his  
Tha other maybe  
She lo'e that prada  
Dolce, gabbana  
Louie, and gucci  
Them red bottoms  
Lo'e to take a trip  
Make it bahamas  
Ye' ain't got no money  
Don't even bother  
I try to tell her  
Can't take that wit' u when you go  
But she just can't turn it loose  
She gots to drop it on her show  
She said she gon' stack her paper  
From the ceiling to the floor  
Coz she need it  
Gotta have it  
Need that money money mo  
She want

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to stack that paper  
From the ceiling to the floor  
She want

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to tell that girl  
Can't take that wit' you when you go

Now we know loving money is an evil beast  
We need that thing to live  
We need that thing to eat  
We got to pay the bills  
Unless you live for free  
But some people are slaves  
They see it then they sleep  
They dreamin' bout money money mo  
Cheap dropping honeyz, honeyz, oh  
He on that c.e.o game  
He run it, run it  
24 years old and he own his own comp'ny, wow  
He on that wall street  
He work while ya'll sleep  
You make that in one year  
He make it in one week  
5 girls in palm trees  
You still on south beach  
Used to the finer things

Condos and mosis  
I hope he know can't take that with him  
When he go  
What does a man gain, the world  
And turn around and lose his soul  
He said he gon' stack that paper  
'Til they put him in a hole  
Coz he need it, gotta have it  
Gotta have that money, money, money mo

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to stack that paper  
From the ceiling to the floor  
He want

Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Money money money, mo'  
Tryin' to tell that boy  
Can't take that wit' you when you go