

Get Money

Travis Porter

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Fuck bitches, we get money
Rubber band stacks and my drink all muddy
She might cut the budda but she play her role
That big booty stripper girl, that's my ho
Rolex watch, no rocks
Got your girlfriend on my drop
Bitches going down like jump
All so many drugs, man I thought my heart stopped
Molly with Ciroc, lean with the gas
A week passed by, we done blew a whole batch
Just me and lil mama getting blowed in the Jag
Riding round the city, whole thing on my hand

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I fuck bitch, getting money
Get riches - Mitt Romney
These bitches say I act funny
Ever since a young nigga got money
I got mo bitches, I ain't worried
I'm bustin 3 bitches, stealth curry
Drink police, fuck police
Roll swishas, rock rollies
Man she screaming out my name like she know me
She said she know me from day one, I was the only
Switch it to the note, big house and a big old chain
No matter, every day it's the same old thing

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Look, I'm real, you ain't gotta check my bar code
Got a big ass 40 in my cargos
My tour bust em up, fuck the star coach
'Cus bitch I'm a motherfuckin star ho
My team deadly, you niggas can go and smoke the Jeffrey
My life is like a scene from the movie Belly
And niggas walkin round with the eyes glowin
Man I count 100 with the blinds open
And I pull up scoot and in the Maserati
I'm in all black, they think I'm in Iluminati
Getting hoes and commas
Man that's the only thing that we gotta have in common

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