

# Get Money

Travis Porter

Fuck bitches, get money  
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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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