

# I Got Money

Young Jeezy

Yeah! Yeah! (ay!)  
These niggas ain't talking bout shit! (ha ha!)  
Cause I got money (I got money nigga) (That's right!) (ha ha!)  
Get your motherfucking hands in the air!

All I know is, the sky is blue and the coupe is new (jeah!)  
And if your money right, then the coke is white (yeah!)  
The birds fly south every year in the night (ey!)  
Gotta get it how you live, mother fuck them haters (jeah!)  
Get 'em in Get 'em off, like hot potatoes (ha ha!)  
(Good morning Vietnam) Yeah we trying to earn stripes  
Get jammed up with what it cost you your whole life (damn!)  
So say goodnight to the bad guy (jeah!)  
Fresh pair of eighty-seven jeans I'm so fly (ha ha!)  
My seats is suade, my luggage is Louie (true!)  
And every bitch in the projects wanna do me (ey!)  
Snowman's the name  
Hundred grand on the chain  
What's up!

My seats is suede, my luggage is Louie (ey!)  
And every bitch in the projects wanna do me  
Cause I got money (Cause I got money, Cause I got money) (ha ha!) (Yeah!)  
(I'm telling the truth nigga I got money) (No, I'm serious nigga)  
Remember when I couldn't afford no clothes (ay!)  
But nowadays a nigga hit the baddest hoes (yeah!)  
Cause I got money (Cause I got money, Cause I got money) (ha ha!) (Yeah!)  
(No, I'm serious nigga I got money)

The Chevy sitting so high but the rims sit low  
I got 'em from ballas (jeah!)  
C-T-E that's the label that pays me  
I own that so I pay myself (ha ha!)  
Being broke's bad for my health (ey!)  
NyQuil green (green!), 26 inches (jeah!)  
Green bramail pull twenty-six bitches (that's right!)  
Make a quick stop, serve 9 o's (these are my confessions)  
I'm a sucker for clothes (ha ha!)  
That paper stack up, if you let it (jeah!)  
But I keep fucking up, I gotta shoe fetish (naw!)  
Bad habits, I'm at Walter's every week (week!)  
50 pair of new Nike airs ain't cheap (damn!)  
You know I gotta get the cap to match (match!)  
New era shit, I A-town at that (A-town!)  
Throw the bags in the trunk, right back to the trap  
What's up!

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(I'm telling the truth nigga I got money) (No, I'm serious nigga)  
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Cause I got money (Cause I got money, Cause I got money) (ha ha!) (Yeah!)  
(No, I'm serious nigga I got money)

Ay! ay!

Say Jeezy man lets show these sucker niggas  
How to fuck up some money right quick man  
Let me tell you some funny shit that happen to me

She seen me in a drop, 4:30 downtown evening Houston (OK!)  
Caught a flat tire, I had to leave it in Houston  
And then I ran out of gas in the blue GT  
(Ay fuck it) The next week I went and cop a new GT  
So naw ballin' what they call it, they call it living the life  
And you can't help to spend it pimpin' if you getting it right  
Ey listen, if you was getting what I be getting tonight  
You too would be high as kite blowing dro on a flight  
Oh I'm G4'ing it myself, but ey commercial aight  
Just security be a bitch  
Can't get in with this (ha ha!)  
Bought everything a hundred million will get  
I'm in a vanguish, tell that bitch 'fore she begin to sit  
You know that!

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