

Get That Money

Birdman & Lil Wayne

I know some niggaz that'll merk ya for a quarter birdy
You bitch ass niggaz just be lucky that the boy ain't hurtin'
I got the money to lag and I got that swagger workin'
I'm smokin' somethin' I can't pronounce behind them phantom curtains
What is you hollin' bitch,
I'm on some gangsta shit
She wanna make me dinner, I tell her make me rich
You fuckin' with a winner but I come from a little
Hoe but bet I can take that dirt and turn that shit to glitter
I leave the work with her, yeah, she
my baby sitter
And if I find out she stealin' for realer I'ma kill her
I'm just a money man so where the dollars at
[Incomprehensible] beat that until them flowers black
She wanna ride on this I make her ride
with that
Her pistol in the ceilin' that's her survival pack
And do I love her naw, man I just love her spirit
Blind, deaf or crazy it's money over bitches
Now everybody that I know get that money baby
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?
Now everybody that I know get that
money baby
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?
So getcha game up, take a bitch,
break a bitch
Strap her down with work and tell her don't trip, take a trip
Getcha hustle up, the money's what you make of it
These niggaz want it cooked and I done closed down the bakery
So stop stuntin' homie, false
promotin'
It ain't about whatcha makin', it's about what ya totin'
Burn him up and leave him naked, bring him back to his wife
The bitch ain't even cry 'cause he was livin' that life
These niggaz think I'm slippin' 'cause I'm fallin' back
Bitch I got money in the walls for that
Youngin' get it from the ground homie hold the hood down and
Don't make a sound if them people swing around this bitch
Do ya thang, whoa hustle try to stay
low
This is for my old school G's who ain't around this bitch
But shawty they ain't fuckin' with pops
Let them niggaz chase that pussy we gon' follow that guap, yeah
Now everybody that I know
get that money baby
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby

You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'? Now everybody that I know get that
money baby

And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby

You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller

If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'? Fifty stacks in the garden in the
backyard

Money talkin', turn a key into a crack charge

Y'all niggaz ain't eatin' how we eatin' B

Fuck how we used to be, now we how we need to be If they ain't with us they must be against us

We shoot 'em in the head 'cause they act like they senseless

If you ain't gettin' bread nigga keep yo' distance

We sharks over here nigga keep on fishin', okay OK, money, money, money is my intuition

Money over bitches such an easy decision

Young money, money men monster militia

Hard body, these niggaz boxes of tissue That Nina will kiss ya, that chopper will twist ya

Them 380 snapshots, now smile for the pictures

Weezy motherfuckin' baby pay me

My nine to five is overrated, I'm on that grind hoe Now everybody that I know get that money
baby

And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby

You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller

If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'? Now everybody that I know get that
money baby

And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby

You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller

If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>