

Gettin to the Money

Gudda Gudda

Okay I wake up In the morning brush my teeth and count the money.

Stack up all the hundreds and let my b**ch get all the twenties.

FBI watching and I really think it's funny.

B**ch I don't know where I'm going but I'm getting to the money.

B**ch I'm getting to the money.

I'm getting to the money.

B**ch I'm getting to the money get getting to the money.

B**ch I'm getting to the money.

The money getting to me.

I bake the cookie.

Shape the cookie.

Cook it proper, I'm the cookie monster.

My mama screaming.

She said you tripping negro, cause I use the same the same pot she use to cook the dinner.

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

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