

I Get Money (Feat. Ludacris)

50 Cent

I get money, I get money, I get I get I get money (50)[Chorus]
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)I take quarter water sold it in bottles for 2 bucks,
Coca-Cola came and bought it
For billions, what the fuck?
Have a baby by me; baby
Be a millionaire
I write the check before the baby comes,
Who the fuck cares
I'm stanky rich
I'ma die trying to spend this shit
Southside's up in in this bitch
Yeah i smell like the vault
I used to sell dope
I did play the block
Now i play on boats
In the south of France
Baby, St. Tropez
Get a tan? I'm already black
Rich? I'm already that
Gangsta, get a gat
Hit a head in a hat
Call that a riddle rap
Shit, fuck the chitter chat
I'm the baker, i bake the bread
The barber, i cut ya head
The marksman, i spray the lead
"I blood clot, chop ya leg"
Do not fuck with the kid
I get biz wit the cigg
I come where you live
Ya dead![Chorus]You can call this my new shit
But it ain't new tho

I got rid of my old bitch
Now i got new hoes
First is was the Benzo
Now I'm in the Enzo, Ferrari, I'm sorry!
I keep blowin up! (Oh!!)
They call me the cake man
The strawberry shake man
I spray the AR
Make your whole click break dance
Backspin, head spin, flat line, ya dead then
9 shells, Mac-10,
"who wan get it cracking?!"
I was young, i couldn't do good
Now i cant do bad
I ride, wreck the new Jag
I just buy the new Jag
Now nigga why you mad?
Oh you cant do that
I'm so forgetful, they calling me cocky
I come up out the jeweler, they calling me Rocky
Its the ice on my neck man, the wrist and my left hand
Bling like
You like my style
Ha ha 'm heading to the bank right now[Chorus]Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk
Like a Teflon Don, but i run New York
When i come outta court, yea i pop the Colt
I keep it gangsta, have ya outlined in chalk
I I get it,
In the hood if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya I'm bout my bread
I I get it,
Round the world if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya they love the kid
I I get it,
Whoa hey
I I get it,
Whoa hey
I I get it,
Whoa hey
Yeah,
Whoa hey
I run New York!
Whoa hey
I I get it,
Whoa hey

I I get it,
Whoa hey
Yeah, yeah,
Whoa hey
I run New York!
Whoa
I get money, money is got
I'm back on the streets man,
I get money, money is got
I'm bringing the heat man,
I get money, money is got
I'm on my grind,
Money I got, money is got
Like all the time,
I get money, money is got
Trying to stop my shine,
I get money, money is got
Ill cock my 9
Don't get outta line,
Money I got, money is got
I said don't get outta line
I I get it
I I get it
Yeah, yeah.

Songwriters

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