

I Got Money (feat. T.I. & Kanye West)

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! [Chorus]
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!)
Greenbrier mall 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-towned that (A-town!)

Throw the bags in the trunk, right back to the trap
What's up! [Chorus] 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 vanguard, tell that bitch 'fore she begin to sit
You know that! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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