

# Get This Money

R. Kelly & JAY Z

Yeah yeah  
Damn it's hot  
Like a muh'fucker  
Yo jigga  
Whassup my nigga?  
Pop that water  
Fo'schizzle  
Yeah  
Get'cha mind right, c'mon Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh  
Uh-uh uh-uh, gettin' that money my nigga  
(Woo woo woo woo)  
You better call the muh'fuckin' cops  
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's go  
Keys to the Bentley, off to the club  
Switchin' lanes like what the  
Chick on the cell wanna get with a bruh  
But y'all know I don't love no  
(Never love her) She, say, she, slick  
I'm, like, baby, please  
She say, she's got a man  
But what's that got to do with me?  
(F'real) Some chicks like low-key  
Wrists of, zero degrees  
I'm, toxic off the Belve'  
Two strippers, in my hotel suite Fee fie and, foe fum-ah  
Look out now, here I come-ah  
For you haters, keepin' up trauma  
Me and jigga thugged out on the come up  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money Ace hit the club 'bout five o'clock  
(Woo)  
Hungry 'bout to hit the Ihop  
(Let's go)  
After that, menage-a-trois  
And he out by seven o'clock  
(P-yoon)'Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya  
Blue rocks lightin' up my shoulders

(Bling)

See y'all niggaz know y'all need to grow up  
Your album ain't out, 'cause I'm the hold up  
Busters wanna hoop with me  
Wanna run our ways, doin' R&B  
I'll, creep creep, blink blink  
Cross your ass over, take it from me  
Fee fie and, foe fum-ah  
Look out now, here I come-ah  
Gold diggers, this you gets none of  
Me and jigga thugged out on the come up  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
Pull up on the block, cran-apple Benz  
White tank top, cran-apple trim  
Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems  
Dice hands 'side both of them  
Two rolls and I leave with a stack  
Off to the club, G's in in the back  
V.I.P. nigga beez like that  
When you gettin' that money my nigga  
(Get this money) I spit this for my riders  
Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers  
We can't let nothin' stop us  
(Get this money) Young H O V A  
And the boy R. Kel', you know how we play  
For that fetti, Mayne, we'll let the lead rang  
You young boyz ain't ready  
You don't know Nann a nigga to near jigga  
To near as well as me and the boy Kel'  
Yeah it's money, recognize the smell  
And we up out this bitch, yell  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
Gettin' that money my nigga  
Ha ha, ha ha  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha  
I gotta laugh at this shit  
(Get this money) Gettin' this money my nigga  
Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh  
Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz  
(Get this money)  
It's way too late now  
Gettin' this money my nigga  
(Get this money) You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
You got what I want, I got what you need  
Let's put it together; get this money  
(Gettin' that money my nigga)

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

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