

I Get Money (Estaw Gets Cash Fix)

50 Cent

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (Yeah)

Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (Yeah, yeah)

Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)I took 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'mma 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, Saint-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 river rat, shit, fuck the chitter chat

The baker, I bake the bread; the barber, I cut your head

The marksman, I spray the lead, blood clot, chop your leg

Do not fuck with the kid, I get busy with the Sig

I come where you live, ya dig?I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (Yeah)

Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)

I, I get money, money I got (Yeah, yeah)

Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)You can call this my new shit, but it ain't new

though

I got rid of my old bitch, now I got new hoes

First it was the Benzo, now I'm in the Enzo

Ferrari, I'm sorry, I keep blowing up

They call me the cake man, the strawberry shake man

I spray the AR, make your whole clique break dance

Backspin, head spin, flatline, you're dead then

9 shells, Mac-10, "who wanna get it cracking?"

I was young, I couldn't do good, now I can't do bad

I ride, wreck the new Jag, I just buy the new Jag
Now nigga why you mad? Oh, you can't do that?
I'm so forgetful, they calling me cocky
I come up out the jeweler, they calling me Rocky
It's the ice on my neck, man, the wrist and my left hand
Bling like bloaw, you like my style
Ha ha - I'm heading to the bank right now I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (Yeah)
Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (I, I get it)
I, I get money, money I got (Yeah, yeah)
Money, money I got, money, money I got (I run New York!) Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk
Like a Teflon Don, boy, I run New York
When I come outta court, yeah, I pop the cork
I keep it gangsta, I have ya outlined in chalk
In the hood if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya I'm about my bread
Round the world if ya ask about me
They'll tell ya they love the kid 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 I got
(I'm back on the streets, man)
I get money, money I got
(I'm bringing the heat, man)
I get money, money I got
(I'm on my grind)
Money I got, money I got
(Like all the time)
I get money, money I got
(Trying to stop my shine)
I get money, money I got
(I'll cock my 9, don't get outta line)
Money I got, money I got
(I said don't get outta line
I-I get it, I-I get it
Yeah, yeah)

Songwriters

STANBERRY, WILLIAM / HAMMOND, ROY / JACKSON, CURTIS / ROBINSON, KIRK
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT
US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>