

# Get Dis Money (Instrumental Mix)

## Slum Village

Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day  
Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day We dedicate this to these people out here getting bank  
Where the oops you loose the money its reali-tay  
Never front on a clique that you can't evaluate  
See I got things out here I need to situate  
I got a fresh ass car on some gloss paint  
People walking down the street untill they feet stank  
I got accountants out here handling big thangs  
As I slip into the crib wit the sashay  
Have my room wit the shark wit the big tank  
Don't get mad cause I'm doing things you just can't, can't, can't Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day My man  
You need to get back like the rebate  
And bitties he need to step up like the home plate  
My man  
Now what you know about the Great Lakes  
We contemplate on gettin money like a sweepstakes  
Sipping dark grapes, party in the dark shade  
You see a nigga cold chilling like a Marl-ey Marl  
And bitties ride like a Harl-ey  
Money make, a Ric, a Ric-o Suav-e, hey  
Radio play the S like arcades  
Everyday the holiday so nigga stay paid

Celebrate the holidays with the money  
Ain't about to wait so nigga stay awayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery daySomebody said that radio would never ever play  
Some of that Detroit, Motor City for play  
Honestly earning my dough, keeping it real y'all  
Countin my cash, just showing you how the boss ball  
I never thought that we would make it up this far  
Grippin my cream color Cadillac, North Star  
Detroit Motor City finest is who we are  
This is for my ladies who get out, chill at the bar  
When I was a young boy chilling in my daddys nuts  
All I could hear was a rhyme and dope cuts  
Growin up thinking I was nothing, but a glut  
Another day, another buck, another slut  
All I wanna do is get paid  
Oak town dont stop, stop, stopHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day  
Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get this money  
If they say what you gon do today  
Just say  
Hey, I wanna get paid  
'Ery day, 'ery day, 'ery day

Songwriters

ALLEE WILLIS, HERBIE HANCOCK, JAMES DEWITT YANCEY, R.L. III ALTMAN, TITUS PRINTICE

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