Get Money

The Notorious B.I.G.

Fuck bitches, get money, fuck niggas, get money
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You want to sip Mo' on my living room flo'
Play Nintendo with Cease-a-Leo
Pick up my phone say, "Poppa not home"
Sex all night, mad head in the morn'
Spin my V, smoke all my weed
Tattoo on titty sayin' B-I-G, now check it
You want to be my main squeeze, baby
Don't cha, you want to gimme what I need, baby
Won't cha, picture life as my wife, just think
Full length mink, fat X and O links
Bracelets to match, conversation was all that
Showed you the safe combinations and all that
Guess you could say you's the one I trusted
Who would ever think that you would spread like mustard?
Shit got hot, you sent Feds to my spot
Took me to court, tried to take all I got
'Nother intricate plot, the bitch said I raped her
"Damn, why she want to stick me for my paper?"
My Mo-sci-no ho, my Ver-sa-ce hottie
Come to find out, you was fuckin' everybody
You knew about me, the fake ID
Cases in Virginia, body in D.C.
Woe, oh is me, that's what I get for trickin'
Pay my own bail, commence to ass kickin'
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was, "Poppa, don't hit me no more"
Disrespect my clique, my shit's imperial
Fuck around and made her milk box material
You feel me? Suckin' dick, runnin' your lips
'Cause of you, I'm on some real fuck a bitch shit, uh

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niggas betta grab a seat
Grab on your dick as this bitch gets deep
Deeper than the pussy of a bitch six feet
Stiff dicks feel sweet in this little petite
Young bitch from the street, guaranteed to stay down
Used to bring work outta town on Greyhound
Now I'm Billboard now, niggas press to hit it
Play me like a chicken, thinkin' I'm pressed to get it
Rather do the killin' than the stick up jooks
Rather count a million while you eat my pussy
Push me to the limit, get my feelings in it
Get me open while I'm cummin' down your throat
Then, you want to be my main squeeze, nigga
Don't cha, you want to lick between my knees, nigga
Don't cha want to see me whippin' your three down the Ave.
Blow up spots on bitches because I'm mad
Break up affairs, lick shots in the air
You get vexed, and start swingin' everywhere
Me shifty? Now you want to pistol whip me
Pull out your nine while I cock on mine
Yeah, what, nigga? I ain't got time for this
So what, nigga? I'm not tryin' to hear that shit
Now you want to buy me diamonds and Armani suits
Adia Vinadini and Chanel lime boots
Things that make up for all the games and the lies
Hallmark cards sayin', "I apologize"
Is you wit' me? How could you ever deceive me
But payback's a bitch, motherfucker, believe me
Naw, I ain't gay, this ain't no lesbo flow
Just a lil' somethin' to let you motherfuckers know

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