Get Money

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Get money
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Get moneyYou wanna 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 sayin' B I G, now check it
You wanna be my main squeeze baby
Don'tcha, you wanna gimme what I need babyWon'tcha, 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 thatGuess you could say you's the one I trusted
Who would ever think that you would spread like mustard?
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 wanna stick me for my paper?
My mo-sci-no, my ver-sa-ce hottie
Come to find out, you was everybodyYou 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 kickin'Lick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was, poppa don't hit me no more
Disrespect my click, my imperial
Fuck around and made her milk box material
You feel me? suckin' , runnin' your lips
'Cause of you, I'm on some realGet money
Get money
Get moneyGet money
Get money
Get moneyGet money
Get moneyBetta grab a seat grab on your as this gets deep
Deeper than the of a six feet
Stiff feel sweet in this little petite
Young from the street, guaranteed to stay down
Used to bring work outta town on Greyhound
Now I'm Billboard now, press to hit itPlay me like a chicken, thinkin' I'm pressed to get it
Rather do the killin' than the stick up jooks

Or rather count a million while you eat my
Push me to the limit get my feelings in it
Get me open while I'm cummin' down your throatYou wanna be my main squeeze
Don'tcha, you wanna lick between my knees
Don'tcha wanna see me whippin' your three down the Ave
Blow up spots on because I'm madBreak up affairs lick shots in the air
You get vexed, and start swingin' everywhere
Me shifty now you wanna pistol whip me?
Pull out your nine, while I cock on mineYeah what? I ain't got time for this
So what? I'm not tryin' to hear that
Now you wanna buy me diamonds and Armani suits
Adia Vinadini and Chanel lime bootsThings that make up, for all the games and the lies
Hallmark cards, sayin, "I apologize"
Is you with me how could you ever deceive me?
But payback's a, believe me
Naw I ain't gay this ain't no flow
Just a little somethin', to let you motherfucker knowGet money
Get money
Get money
...

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