

# Wavybone (feat. A\$Ap Rocky, Juicy J & Bun B)

## Pimp C

The hustle continues  
Gettin' money is, gettin' money is  
Put your mind to, something you want  
Gettin' money is, gettin' money is  
It come true Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought you knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
I remember all the nights on different corners spittin' pitchin' water  
Now I'm richer off the shit I thought of  
From the home of the richest ballers  
I'm Richard Porter mixed with Mr. Porter  
This picture all the jiggy shit I ordered  
I went to France and almost got deported  
The fans is screaming when I hit the border  
I visit Nice like it's my sisters daughter  
Vision broad, I thought of all the different kids and all  
Poor without a sip of water, time to get my shit in order  
And do somethin' different, gettin' tired of the same old shit  
When I'm spittin' lines, 'bout the section lines  
I sit you kids who listen for us  
I see prison for us until we pull back, that's a true fact  
Get money, yeah I do that, thought you knew that  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought you knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
Gettin' money is (what I do) Candy low slider, I'm a soul survivor  
Keep a Sweet in my visor, bitch I'm keepin' it liver  
Than the average Joe, I think fast, talk slow  
He think he want a war but he don't really wanna go  
Need to get me some head from Sheryl Crow  
A helluva blow, from a millionaire snow  
You can waste your time, with the goody goody two shoes  
Now I'm puttin' em on the spot, I give a ho the blues  
I'm touchin' on her cot, I put her on the block  
You think I'm startin' over, bitch I ain't never stop  
Poppin' the trunk, and testin' the pills  
Don't give a fuck bout where you're from  
Don't give a fuck bout how you feel Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought you knew

Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I'm the best still in this game, I'm rich bitch like Rick James  
Gotta group of hoes in MIA, get a condo in Biscayne  
The Louis store, I drop bands, the Gucci store, I drop bands  
Prada store, I went HAM, my left wrist, it cost a lamb  
Your girlfriend a groupie, like Trident, she wanna chew me  
Hell naw I ain't cuffin' 'em, I'm a dog just like Snoopy  
And when I leave the mall, it's sold out, erryday shoppin'  
Taylor Gang, blowin' money, \$50, 000 on wrist watches  
\$100, 000 in a plastic bag, we takin' off, bitch pack your bags  
Bitch I came from having nothin', damn right I have to brag  
Try me and I'll pop your ass, stupid nigga, get a body bag  
All I talk is money ho, rich niggas don't lollygag  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought you knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do) I thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
Gettin' money is (what I do) Get money is the main reason most people wake up  
The root of why most relationships is startin' break ups  
While niggas get haircuts, and bitches do makeup  
While we take their penitentiary chances, we shake up  
It's an everyday struggle for the almighty dollar  
Some is in the streets and some is workin' blue collar  
Real up in your field and man it make you wanna holler  
Say your prayer for a player, amen inshallah  
Been like that, ain't a damn thing change  
Money on mind, the red of my brain  
Candy paint is gonna drip that stain  
Lean on left, the grip of my grain  
See ain't a damn thing change but the weather  
So If you ain't breakin' bread then we can't even sit together  
Gettin' money is (what I do)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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