

# Money Right (feat. Brisco & Rick Ross)

## Flo Rida

I got my money right,  
I ain't nothin' nice,  
It's goin' down tonight,  
That's what the bitches like all day long[Chorus: x2]  
I got my money right,  
I ain't nothin' nice,  
It's goin' down tonight,  
That's what the bitches like all day long,  
I ain't here for nothin' baby, all day long,  
I ain't here for nothin' only cash[Flo Rida]  
Everythin' safe, gotta walk-in safe  
Treadmill rapper still runnin' in place  
All these meals I can share my plate  
Flo Rida full yeah I already ate Plenty to give or take I'm bout business  
Make no mistake hey this serious this real estate  
Is some million it just out weigh  
My position I'm cuttin' cake I'm the chef in the kitchen late  
On my recipe bill gates on the essence I'm all the way Don't worry bout a dollar don dollar with the product?  
Ain't no problem if you starta you a starter you get hot up  
Grand pieces I got em I get em ballin' like somethin'  
Consider the show stopper I'm all in the damn profit[Chorus][Brisco]  
My life is straight I'm livin' good I ain't hurtin' for nothin'  
I knock the riches in them word but I'm workin' with somethin'  
The Escalade all pearl, you control it with buttons  
They keep the tabs on they curb when I come through stuntin'  
That's Brisc best to believe it seatin' on skates  
I'm the don take it or leave it, throw it in ya face  
Big Bs makin' it rain no need to hate  
Got beef, loadin' them things, grip the whole case  
I got my money right and I'm livin' up some rubba bands  
Hit the club baby bet I spend a couple grand (couple grand)  
I'm pitchin' chauffeur keys under hand  
When I'm on the scene know that Brisc be a wanted man[Chorus][Rick Ross]  
Ricky Ross  
I'm pitchin' my jeans I'm gettin' brain everyday  
Bitches thicker than Venus I told Serina she can train  
Got my money like a train its always on track  
I love my money more than fame so explain the all black,  
All black Maybach in the back I'm gettin' blown

People wanna build a case I'm like, "fuck it just bring it on!"

Then maybe it make me stronger

I hustle my money longer

Still hustlin' out the honda

Just tryin' to take out my momma

Gotta problem nigga holla

I'ma holla my blacka blacka

Your Impala bare harbor

I'ma shoppa non stopper

All this shit I'ma coppa

Suck dick and cant stop her

Doin' tricks with big poppa[Chorus]

Songwriters

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