Movie

Sponge Cola

I gotta run my money up, shorty stack your money up
I gotta stack that paper up, so we can have
Plenty hoes, plenty dough, plenty drank, plenty smoke
Ballin' all day and I ain't mad I just gotta get mo'
Bring your money up, hey, bring your paper up, hoe
What we stackin'? Dough, what we stackin'? Dough, So we can have
Plenty hoes, plenty dough, plenty drank, plenty smoke
Ballin' all day and I ain't mad I just gotta get dough
I'm talkin' dedication, talkin' motivation
Talkin' inspiration, talkin' money chasin'
Talkin' paper chasin', taught we got to get it
Sittin' back waitin' on somethin', man, I ain't with it
You niggaz bumpin' your gums, that talkin' better kill it
I'm sendin' a real message yes homey I hope you get it
You little head bouncers with them two big fitteds
Fuck him pop, man we runnin' up our digits
We got the keys to the city
The West coast, down South and New York City
You pussy niggaz silly, I know you feelin' shitty
You think that we gon' stop now and show some pity?
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Yeah, I'm smellin' myself, I'm smellin' like money
Jefferson, Jackson, Ben Frank money
Old school, new school, big bank money
You muh'fuckers so funny

I keep a big pistol, who the fuck want it?
Niggaz still talkin'? Who the fuck done it?
Niggaz sendin' threats man who the fuck comin'?
Ain't no pussies over here nigga ain't nobody runnin'
Now, back to the message at hand
I'm talkin' get money, Africa and Japan

Germany, Australia, France and Berlin
Hood niggaz everywhere, we get to the money man
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Fuck metaphors, gettin' all philosophical
Rap shit is easy, y'all make this shit an obstacle
This is basic training, show you the ropes
Man this music is a product, it's just like dope
First of all get your own hustle, don't watch mine
We all spit game, mine just happen to rhyme
Second of all stay prayed up and stay on your grind
And when your opportunity come be ready to shine
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