Got Money (feat. T-Pain)

Lil' Wayne

I need a Winn-Dixie
Grocery bag full of money
Right now to the VIP section (wosh, wosh, wosh)
You got Young Money
In the house tonight baby
Yeah!
Yeah!
Young!
Young! (wosh)
Young! (wosh)
Young! (wosh)
Young mulla baby!Got money (yeah)
And you know it
Take it out your pocket and show it (then)
Throw it (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way
Gettin' mug
From everybody who see then
Hang over the wall of the VIP
Like (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a wayNow I was bouncing through the club
She loved the way I did it but
I see her boyfriend hatin' like a city cop
Now I ain't never been a chicken but my fitty cocked
Say I ain't never been a chicken but my semi cocked
Now where your bar at?
I'm try'na rent it out
And we so bout it bout it
Now what are you about?
DJ show me love
He say my name when the music stop
Young money Lil' Wayne
Then the music drop

I make it snow
I make it flurry
I make it out alright tomorrow don't worry
Yeah,
Young Wayne on them hoes
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes (Young Money)Got money (yeah)
And you know it
Take it out your pocket and show it (then)
Throw it (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way
Gettin' mug
From everybody who see then
Hang over the wall of the VIP
Like (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way(Streets)
Here we go one for the money
Two for the show
Now clap your hands if you got a bank roll
Like some clap on lights in this bitch
I be clapping all night
In this bitch (uhh hun)
Lights off (uhh hun)
Mask on (uhh hun)
She saw me (uhh hun)
She smiling (yeah)
He muggin'
Who cares! cause my goons!
Are right here!
Aye
Its nothin' to a big dog
And I'm a Great Dane
I wear eight chains
I mean so much ice
They yell skate Wayne!
She wanna fuck Weezy
But she wanna rape Wayne (uhh hun)Got money (yeah)
And you know it
Take it out your pocket and show it (then)
Throw it (fly)

This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way
Gettin' mug
From everybody who see then
Hang over the wall of the VIPOK,
It's Young Wayne on them hoes
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes
Like eh!
Everybody say Mr. Rain man
Can we have a rainy day?
Bring a umbrella
Please bring a umbrella
Ella, ella, ella ehhh!
Bitch ain't shit but a hoe in a trick
Bet you no one ain't trick if you got it
You know we ain't fucking if you not thick
And I cool your ass down if you think you're hot shit
So Rolex watch this
I do it four five six my click
Clack goes the black hoe pimp
And just like it I blow that shit
Cause bitch I'm the bomb like
Tick tick
Bitch!
Yeah!Got money (yeah)
And you know it
Take it out your pocket and show it (then)
Throw it (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way
Gettin' mug
From everybody who see then
Hang over the wall of the VIP
Like (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a way (fly)
This a way (fly)
That'a wayYeah
It's Young Wayne on them hoes
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes
Yeah

Young Wayne on them hoes
Make a stripper fall in love
T-Pain on them hoes
Aha!Umm, young money baby!

Songwriters
DWAYNE CARTER, FAHEEM NAJM, JUAN SALINAS, OSCAR SALINASPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/