Nuthin' 2 A Boss

Trae

Chorus (x2)
I get money
I get-I get money
I get money
It ain't nothin' to a boss n***a
I get money
I-I-I-I get money
I get money
It ain't nothin' to a boss
I get money
I get-I get money
I get money
It ain't nothin' to a boss n***a
I get money
I-I-I-I get money
I get money
It ain't nothin' to a boss n***a
Verse 1 (Trae)
Picture me posted on the corner pants saggin' below my a**
With somethin' weighin' down my pocket for people countin' my cash
I'ma hop inside the drop and let the top down
And squat down
Then I'll make them pump they brakes like I'm a stop sign
Don't doubt my
Gangsta I got it locked down
Houston, Texas my home
My paint stay wetter than a b***h and this light reflects it on chrome
And if I ever choose the wrong homie I'm good where I go
Betta ask your favorite ghetto star how I get down on the low
I hustle for sho'
When I'm gettin' this doe
You betta believe if I talk about it I got it to show
My neck and wrist enough to drop a hater jaw to the floor
And don't worry 'bout the price it cost b***h I got money to blow
It's nothin' to a boss
Chorus
(Slim Thug over chorus)
Get money
It ain't nothin' to a boss n***a

Slim Thugga

Trae the muthaf****n' truth
N***a this H-Town's finest
We gettin' money n***a
Is you gettin' money
Verse 2 (Slim Thug)
I make the money but don't let the money make me
But my money make a lot of haters hate me
Cuz I'ma shine I ain't try'na tone s*** down
I'ma put it in they face and show I'm payed now
I'm livin' laid now
Used to be broke strugglin'
'Til I got up off my a** and started straight hustlin'
Got out and got it on my own wasn't gave nothin'
You ain't heard that lil young n***a stay thuggin'
Went from the streets to the beats now I'm makin' hits
Momma happy cuz her son gettin' paid legit
I've been the s*** man
Before the paper came
You can take away my money but can't take my game
I'm a boss n***a
Yeah
Chorus
Verse 3 (Trae)
Now in the hood I'm gettin' paid slab butterfly doors
Gettin' money just guaranteed me a bunch of fly hoes
Some I choose to let 'em have it it's evident talk is cheap
I put about thirty in my mouth so now they feel me when I speak
Yeah
I'm Trae the Truth you betta go ask him who the streets
And ask him who that in the black on black with ostrich sittin' on the seat
My money speak plus I'm surrounded by a couple freaks
I'm so much in my zone I ain't been home in 'bout a couple weeks
They used to tell me I was broke I told 'em not for long
And pulled up on they a** in something that cost about 40 stacks alone
See in these streets I'm like a president ridin' on chrome
Saggin' in my Ceasers with my T-Shirt on
(Gangsta)
Like I'm a boss
Chorus

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