G.M.T.H. (Get Money)

Cierra Ramirez

ohh yeah ohh yeah (x2)
uhh
He know I like it when he throw them dollas
He said to back it up and come to papa
I want that Louis Vuitton that Fendi, Prada (Louis Vuitton)
I want it (x2)
Don't trust these bitches man these boys be crazy
Act like he loyal man they tryna play me (alright)
He said bend it over so that ass can face me
Oh yeah oh yeah (can face me) (x2)
Oh yeah oh yeah
Woahh

(Chorus)
He blowin all that kush and throwin money, it's all I care about these bitches know it (they know it)
Daddy know I'm down for the money
said I'm gettin money throwin hundreds you know that I want it (uhh, uhh) (x3)
Yeah bitch (uhh).. Yeah bitch (uhh)
Said I'm getting money throwin hundreds you know that I want it (uhh)

I said I like it when he call me mami (call me mami)
These bitches hatin thinkin they can stop me (thinkin they can stop me)
I don't trust these hoes man you know the be plottin (oh they be plottin)
You know it (oww) you know it (uhh)
Cause I'm spendin this money I'm gettin this dough (I'm gettin this dough)
I throw it up and see how fast it can go (how fast it can go)
I'm bagging these dudes and I get it on the low low
He tellin the world he in love with the coco

(Chorus)

I'm gettin money (uhh)
I'm gettin money (yeaaah)
Said I'm getting money throwin hundreds you lmao that I want it (uhh, uhh) (x4)
biiiitttttcchhhh (uhh)
Said I'm gettin money throwin hundreds you know that I want it (uhh)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/