

Get Money (ft. Biggie and lil kim)

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Fuck bitches, get money
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Fuck niggas, get money You wanna sip Mo' on my living room flo'
Play Nintendo with Cease and Nino
Pick up my phone say "Poppa not home"
Sex all night, mad head in the morn'
Spin my V, smoke all my weed
Tattoo on tittie saying "B-I-G". Now check it:
You wanna be my main squeeze, baby
Don'tcha? You want to give me what I need, baby
Won'tcha picture life as my wife? Just think
Full-length mink, fat X and O links
Bracelets to match, conversation was all that
Showed you the safe combinations and all that
Guess you could say you're the one I trusted
Who would ever think that you would spread like mustard?
Shit got hot: you sent Feds to my spot
Took me to court, tried to take all I got
Another intricate plot, the bitch said I raped her
"Damn, why she wanna stick me for my paper?"
My Moschino ho, my Versace hottie
Come to find out you was fucking everybody
You knew about me, the fake ID
Cases in Virginia, body in D.C
Woe! Oh is me - that's what I get for trickin'
Pay my own bail, commence to ass-kickin'
Lick in the door, waving the .44
All you heard was "Poppa don't hit me no more!"
Disrespect my clique, my shit's imperial
Fuck around and made her milk box material
You feel me? Sucking dick, running your lips
Cause of you, I'm on some real "fuck-a-bitch" shit Fuck bitches, get money
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Fuck niggas, get money Niggas better grab a seat
Grab on your dick as this bitch gets deep
Deeper than the pussy of a bitch 6 feet
Stiff dicks feel sweet in this little petite
Young bitch from the street, guaranteed to stay down
Used to bring work outta town on Greyhound
Now I'm Billboard, now niggas press to hit it
Play me like a chicken, thinking I'm pressed to get it
Rather do the killing than the stick-up jukes
Rather count a million while you eat my pussy
Push me to the limit, get my feelings in it
Get me open while I'm cumming down your throat
Then, you wanna be my main squeeze, nigga
Don'tcha? You wanna lick between my knees, nigga
Don'tcha want to see me whippin' your 3 down the Ave
Blow up spots on bitches because I'm mad
Break up affairs, lick shots in the air
You get vexed and start swinging everywhere
Me shifty? Now you wanna pistol whip me
Pull out your 9 while I cock on mine
Yeah, what nigga? I ain't got time for this
So what, nigga? I'm not trying to hear that shit
Now you wanna buy me diamonds and Armani suits
Adrienne Vittadini and Chanel 9 boots
Things that make up for all the games and the lies
Hallmark cards saying "I apologize"
Is you with me? How could you ever deceive me?
But payback's a bitch, motherfucker, believe me
Naw I ain't gay, this ain't no lesbo flow
Just a lil something to let you motherfuckers know

Songwriters

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