

I'm Gettin Money (Mike Mosley Remix)

2Pac

Get money nigga, yeah aw yeah.
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers
That get up every motherfuckin' morning
And put they work down.
I see you I see you boy. I'm up before sunrise first to hit the block
Lil' bad motherfucka' with a pocket full of rocks
Learned to throw them thangs
Get my skinny lil' ass kicked
Niggas laughed 'till the first motherfucka' got blasted
I put the nigga in his casket
And now they covering the basket with plastic
I smoke blunts on the regular fuck peelin' caps
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce
Gettin' chased by the five O fuck them hoes
Gotta 45 screamin' out survival
Hey nigga can I lay low
Cook some ya-yo and holla five O when I say so
Don't want to go to the pen I'm hittin' fences
Cops on a nigga back missin' me by inches
And they say how do you survive
Weighing 155 in the city where the little niggas die
Tell mama don't cry cause even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a real GI'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money Still on parole and I'm the first nigga
Servin' postin' liquor on the curb
For my homies that deserve it
If I want to make a million
Gotta stay ill and kinda cool around the way
I think today I make a killing
Dressed down like I'm dirty
But only on the block just a clever disguise
To keep ya runnin' from the cops
Gettin' high I think I die if I don't get no ends
In a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz
I hit the strip I let my music buck
Drinking liquor and I'm looking for a bitch to fuck
Rather die making money than live poor and legal

As I slang another ounce I wish it was a kilo
I need money in a major way
Try to fuck my girl she gettin' paid today
I live thug life and let the money come to me
'Cause they can never take the game from a young G.I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' moneyDamned if I don't and damned if a nigga do
Now watch a young motherfucka' pull a trigger too
Craze out and don't let them see ya cry
Dry ya eyes young nigga time to Do or Die
I pack a pistol in my pocket
Ready on my Glock
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit
I done seen a motherfucka' peep pain
At point blank range cause he slept on the game
Ain't a damn thing changed
They checking the time
Snap rolling if you can't stand playin' betta hoe
'Cause ain't no telling what ya might roll
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold
You better live ya life to the fullest
Be quick to kill a bull got a pistol
Motherfucka' better pull it
And even if they kill me they can never take the life of a young G.I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money
I'm gettin' money

Songwriters

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