

# Movie

## Haldo

I gotta run my money up, shorty stack your money up  
I gotta stack that paper up, so we can have  
Plenty hoes, plenty dough, plenty drank, plenty smoke  
Ballin' all day and I ain't mad I just gotta get mo'  
Bring your money up, hey, bring your paper up, hoe  
What we stackin'? Dough, what we stackin'? Dough, So we can have  
Plenty hoes, plenty dough, plenty drank, plenty smoke  
Ballin' all day and I ain't mad I just gotta get dough  
I'm talkin' dedication, talkin' motivation  
Talkin' inspiration, talkin' money chasin'  
Talkin' paper chasin', taught we got to get it  
Sittin' back waitin' on somethin', man, I ain't with it  
You niggaz bumpin' your gums, that talkin' better kill it  
I'm sendin' a real message yes homey I hope you get it  
You little head bouncers with them two big fitteds  
Fuck him pop, man we runnin' up our digits  
We got the keys to the city  
The West coast, down South and New York City  
You pussy niggaz silly, I know you feelin' shitty  
You think that we gon' stop now and show some pity?  
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Yeah, I'm smellin' myself, I'm smellin' like money  
Jefferson, Jackson, Ben Frank money  
Old school, new school, big bank money  
You muh'fuckers so funny

I keep a big pistol, who the fuck want it?  
Niggaz still talkin'? Who the fuck done it?  
Niggaz sendin' threats man who the fuck comin'?  
Ain't no pussies over here nigga ain't nobody runnin'  
Now, back to the message at hand  
I'm talkin' get money, Africa and Japan

Germany, Australia, France and Berlin  
Hood niggaz everywhere, we get to the money man  
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Fuck metaphors, gettin' all philosophical  
Rap shit is easy, y'all make this shit an obstacle  
This is basic training, show you the ropes  
Man this music is a product, it's just like dope  
First of all get your own hustle, don't watch mine  
We all spit game, mine just happen to rhyme  
Second of all stay prayed up and stay on your grind  
And when your opportunity come be ready to shine  
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