Get This Money

R. Kelly

Yeah yeah
Damn it's hot
Like a muh'fucker
Yo Jigga
Whassup my nigga?
Pop that water
Fo'schizzle!
Yeah
Get'cha mind right, see'monUh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh
Uh-uh uh-uh - gettin that money my nigga
(woo.. woo.. woo.. woo..)
You better call the muh'fuckin cops
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's goKeys to the Bentley, off to the club
Switchin lanes like what the..
Chick on the cell want to get with a bruh
But why'all know I don't love no.. (never love her)She, say, she, slick
I'm, like, baby, please
She, say she's got a man
But what's that got to do with me? (f'real)Some chicks like low-key
Wrists of, zero degrees
I'm, toxic off the Belve'
Two strippers, in my hotel suiteFee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah
For you haters, keepin up trauma
Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)[Chorus]
You got what I want; I got what you need
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-ney
You got what I want; I got what you need
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-neyAce hit the club 'bout five o'clock (woo!)
Hungry 'bout to hit the IHOP (let's go)
After that, menage-a-trois
And he out by seven o'clock (p-YOON)'Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya
Blue rocks lightin up my shoulders (bling!)
See why'all niggaz know why'all need to grow up
Your album ain't out, cause I'm the hold up (ha)Busters want to hoop with me
Want to run our ways, doin R&B
I'll, creep creep, blink blink
Cross your ass over, take it from meFee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah

Golddiggers, this you gets none of
Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)[Chorus]Pull up on the block, cran-apple Benz
White tank top, cran-apple trim
Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems
Dice hands 'side both of themTwo rolls and I leave with a stack
Off to the club, G's in in the back
V.I.P. nigga beez like that
When you gettin that money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-ney)I spit this for my riders
Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers
We can't let nothin stop us (get.. this.. mo-ney)
Young H-O-V-AAnd the boy R. Kel', you know how we play
For that fetti, mayne, we'll let the lead rang
You young boyz ain't ready
You don't know NANN a nigga to NEAR JiggaTo NEAR as well as me and the boy Kel'
Yeah it's money, recognize the smell
And we up out this bitch, yell[Chorus]Gettin that money my nigga
Ha ha, ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
I gotta laugh at this shit (get.. this.. money)Gettin this money my nigga
Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh
Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz (get.. this.. mo-ney)
It's way too late now..Gettin this money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-ney)[Chorus]Gettin that money my nigga

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