

# Got Money

## Lil' Wayne

I need a Winn-Dixie grocery bag full of money  
Right now to the VIP section  
You got Young Mula in the house tonight baby Yeah, hello, yeah! Young, young  
Young, young  
Young Mula Baby Got money and you know it  
Take it out your pocket and show it  
Then throw it like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a way Gettin' mug from everybody who see then  
Hang over the wall of the VIP like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a way Now I was bouncing through the club  
She loved the way I did it bout  
I see her boyfriend hatin' like a city cop  
Now I ain't never been a chicken but my fitty cocked  
Say I ain't never been a chicken but my semi cocked Now where your bar at? I'm tryna rent it out  
And we so bout it bout it Now what are you about?  
DJ show me love, he say my name when the music stop  
Young Money, Lil Wayne, then the music drop I make it snow, I make it flurry  
I make it out alright tomorrow don't worry  
Yeah, Young Wayne on them hoes  
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes Got money and you know it  
Take it out your pocket and show it  
Then throw it like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a way Gettin' mug from everybody who see then  
Hang over the wall of the VIP like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a way Here we go, one for the money, two for the show  
Now clap your hands if you got a bank roll  
Like some clap on lights in this bitch  
Ima be clapping all night in this bitch Lights off, man it's on  
Creep saw me, she smiling  
He muggin', who cares  
Cause my goons are right here! It's nothin' to a big dog  
And I'm a Great Dane, I wear eight chains  
I mean so much ice, they yell, "Skate Wayne!"  
She wanna f\*\*k Weezy  
She wanna rape Wayne Got money and you know it

Take it out your pocket and show it  
Then throw it like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a wayGettin' mug from everybody who see then  
Hang over the wall of the VIP likeOkay, it's Young Wayne on them hoes  
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes  
Like ehh!  
Everybody say, "Mr. Rain Man  
Can we have a rainy day?"  
Bring a umbrella, please bring a umbrella  
Ella, ella, ella, eh!Bitch ain't shit but a hoe and a trick  
But you no one ain't trickin if you got it  
You know we ain't f\*\*king if you not thick  
And I cool your ass down if you think you're hot shitSo Rolex watch this I do it 4 5 6 my click  
Clack goes the black hoe pimp  
And just like it I blow that shit  
Cause bitch I'm the bomb like tick tickGot money and you know it  
Take it out your pocket and show it  
Then throw it like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a wayGettin' mug from everybody who see then  
Hang over the wall of the VIP like  
This a way, that a way  
This a way, that a wayYeah, it's Young Wayne on them hoes  
A.K.A. Mr. Make It Rain On Them Hoes  
Yeah, Young Wayne on them hoes  
Make a stripper fall in love  
T-Pain on them hoes, aha!  
Young Mula baby

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>