Get That Money

Lil Wayne, Baby (a.k.a. Birdman)

[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]
I know some niggaz that'll merk ya for a quarter birdy
You bitch ass niggaz just be lucky that the boy ain't hurtin'
I got the money to lag and I got that swagger workin'
I'm smokin' somethin' I can't pronounce behind them Phantom curtains
What is you holl'in' bitch I'm on some gangsta shit
She wanna make me dinner I tell her make me rich
You fuckin' wit' a winner but I come from a little
Hoe but bet I can take that dirt and turn that shit glitter
I leave the work wit' her yeah she my baby sitter
And if I find out she stealin' for realer I'ma kill her
I'm just a money maaan so where the dollars at
?? beat that until them flowers black
She wanna ride on this I make her ride wit' that
Her pistol in the ceilin' that's her survival pack
And do I love her nawww man I just love her spirit
Blind deaf or crazy it's money over bitches

[Chorus - Lil Wayne - 2X]
Now everybody that I know get that money baby
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby
You get that cooked or that blow you done called a baller
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie what'cha talkin'

[Verse 2 - Birdman]
So get'cha game up take a bitch break a bitch
Strap her down wit' work and tell her don't trip take a trip
Get'cha hustle up the money's what you make of it
These niggaz want it cooked and I done closed down the bakery
So stop stuntin' homie false promotin'
It ain't about what'cha makin' it's about what ya totin'
Burn him up leave him naked bring him back to his wife
The bitch ain't even cry 'cause he was livin' that life
These niggaz think I'm slippin' 'cause I'm fallin' back
Bitch I got money in the walls for that
Young'n get it from the ground homie hold the hood down and
Don't make a sound if them people swing around this bitch
Do ya thang whoa' hustle try to stay low
This is for my old school G's who ain't around this bitch

But shawty they ain't fuckin' wit' pops
Let them niggaz chase that pussy we gon' follow that guap... yeah

[Chorus - Lil Wayne]

[Verse 3 - Birdman]
Fifty stacks in the garden in the backyard
Money talkin' turn a key into a crack charge
Y'all niggaz ain't eatin' how we eatin' B
Fuck how we used to be now we how we need to be
If they ain't wit' us they must be against us
We shoot 'em in the head 'cause they act like they senseless
If you ain't gettin' bread nigga keep yo' distance
We sharks over here nigga keep on fishin'

[Lil Wayne]
Money money money is my intuition
Money over bitches such an easy decision
Young Money money men monster militia
Hardbody these niggaz boxes of tissue
That nina will kiss ya that chopper will twist ya
Them .380 snapshots now smile for the pictures
Weezy motherfuckin' Baby pay me
My 9-to-5 is overrated I'm on that grind hoe

[Chorus - Lil Wayne]

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