

# Street Money

[Rick Ross](#)

Yeah, good looking E-Class, I needed that, nigga  
What? Trilla, realer to fuck niggas  
You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be goin' crazy  
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9 to 5  
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
I started flat broke, now I'm poppin' rubber bands  
I know I'm the shit, I done ate a ton of spam  
If the club poppin', Ima burn a hundred grams  
Check the parking lot pimpin', whip cost a hundred grand  
I'm in love with shades, I got a thousand pairs  
So that's free game for all you thousand airs  
It's funny sour D's will smell sweet  
All these niggas think they sell them on Canal Street  
I'm sittin' twelve feet, fuck, can you tell me  
I let the 12's beat, 'Nightmare on Elm Street'  
So don't fall asleep 'cause my life a dream  
And they ain't gotta speak, they know I'm spittin' cheese  
You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be goin' crazy  
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9 to 5  
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
We got them bottles poppin' soundin' like they gun shots  
Got the models balkin', did it all with one watch  
I hit a lot markets, start 'em off with one block  
People love the product, so my people come to shop  
  
My uncle, 65, he still sellin' dope  
He claim he petrified, the field goin' broke  
It's them Caddy Seville's, went from acid to pills  
To elaborate deals if you want status you kill

'Cause they have it for real when I step in the spot  
Treat the club like the charts, I go straight to the top  
They cost a stack, so don't step on the shoes  
And ya know I'm strapped, I'ma play by the rules  
You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be goin' crazy  
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9 to 5  
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
Take the good with the bad, in the club blowin' your last  
Ballin' like I violated, bottles keep me hydrated  
Party up in skyscrapers, parachute to prevail  
Pistol like a paratrooper, tell 'em take it easy  
Bitch is bad as can be, this her fantasy  
Left her panties at home standin' there thick as can be  
R I C K R O S S, standin' there dressed fresh  
Gettin' pussy, hell yes, Ross, Ross  
You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be goin' crazy  
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money  
You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9 to 5  
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that  
That street money, that street, that street money  
That street money, that street, that street money

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>