## **Street Money**

## **Re-Up Gang**

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

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