Got Money

Lil Wayne & T-Pain

Yeah, yeah!
I need a Winn-Dixie grocery bag full of money (whoo!)
Right now to the VIP section (whoo!)
You got Young Mula in the house tonight, baby (yeah!)
Yeah, haha, yeah, Young (ay-hey)
Young, Young, Young, Young Mula baby!If you got money (yeah) and you know it (yeah)
Then take it out your pocket and show it then throw it like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
If you getting mugged from everybody you see
Then hang over the wall of the VIP like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
Now I was bouncing through the club
She love the way I diddy-bop
I see her boyfriend hatin' like a city cop
Now I ain't never been a chicken but my fifty 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 showin 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 all back tomorrow, don't worry
Yeah, it's young Wayne on the hoes
A.K.A Mr. Make-It-Rain-On-Them-Hoes
Young Money
If you got money (yeah) and you know it (yeah)
Then take it out your pocket and show it then throw it like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
If you getting mugged from everybody you see
Then hang over the wall of the VIP like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way(Streets!)
It go one for the money, two for the show
Now clap your hands if you got a bank roll (Chris)
Like some clap on lights in this bitch
I'mma be clappin all night in this bitch

Lights off, mask on
Creep silent, she smiling
He muggin, who cares
Cause my goons, are right here
Like it's nothing, to a big dog
And I'm a Great Dane, I wear 8 chains
I mean so much ice, they yell, "Skate, Wayne!"
She wanna fuck Weezy but she wanna rape Wayne
(And I'mma let her)If you got money (yeah) and you know it (yeah)
Then take it out your pocket and show it then throw it like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
If you getting mugged from everybody you see
Then hang over the wall of the VIP likeOkay, it's young Wayne on these hoes
A.K.A Mr. Make-it-Rain-On-Them-Hoes
Like ayyy! And everybody say
Mr. Rainman can we have a rainy day?
Bring an umbrella, please bring an umbrella
'Ella, 'ella, 'ella, ayyy!
Bitch ain't shit but a ho and a trick
But you know it ain't trickin if you got it
You know we ain't fuckin if you not thick
And I'll cool your ass down if you think you're hot shit
So Rolex watch this, I do it, four, five, six
My click-clack goes the black four-fifth
And just like it I'll blow that shit
Cause bitch I'm the bomb like tick, tick
BIATCH!If you got money (yeah) and you know it (yeah)
Then take it out your pocket and show it then throw it like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
If you getting mugged from everybody you see
Then hang over the wall of the VIP like
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-way
(Fly!) This-a-way (fly!) that-a-wayYeah, it's young Wayne on the hoes
AKA Mr. Make-It-Rain-On-Them-Hoes
Yeah, young Wayne on the hoes
Make a stripper fall in love, T-Pain on them hoes
Uh-huh... um, Young Mula baby
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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