

# Got Money

## Lil' Wayne

[Intro (T-Pain/Lil Wayne)]

Yeah

I need a Winn Dixie grocery bag full of money right now to the VIP section

You got Young Mula in the house its amazing baby

Hahah yeah

Young

Yeah

Yeah

Young

Yeah

Young Mula baby

[Chorus (T-Pain):]

If you got money, and you know it

Take it out your pocket and show it

Then throw it like

This a way (uh huh)

That a way (uh huh)

This a way (uh huh)

That a way (yeah)

If you get mugged from everybody you see

Then hang over the wall of the VIP like

This a way (uh huh)

That a way (uh huh)

This a way (uh huh)

That a away

[Verse 1 (Lil Wayne)]

I was bouncing through the club she love the way I ditty bop

I see her boyfriend hating like a city cop

Now I ain't never been a chicken but my fitted cocked

Said I ain't never been a chicken but my semi cocked

Now where ya bar at?...I'm trying run it out

And we so bout it bout it, now what are you bout?

DJ showed them love, he said 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 Young Wayne on then hoes

AKA Mr. Make it rain on them hoes  
(Young money)

[Chorus (T-Pain/Lil Wayne)]

[Verse 2 (Lil Wayne)]

It go 1 for the money, 2 for the show  
Now clap your hands if you got a bankroll  
(Chris) yeah, like some clap on lights in this bitch  
I'm gonna 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 its nothing, to a big dog  
And I am a Great Dane, I wear 8 chains  
I mean so much ice, they yell "Skate Wayne"  
She wanna fuck Weezy  
She wanna rape Wayne

[Chorus T-Pain/Lil Wayne]

OK it's young Wayne on them hoes  
AKA Mr. Make it rain on them hoes

[Verse 3 (Lil Wayne)]

Like yeah, and everyone say it  
Mr. Rain Man can we have a rainy day  
Bring an umbrella, please bring an umbrella  
Ella, Ella, Ella, EH  
Bitch ain't shit but a hoe and a trick  
But you know it ain't tricking if you got it  
You know we ain't fucking, if you not thick  
And ill cool your ass down if you think you hot shit  
So Rolex watch this I do it four five six  
My click-clack go da-black-po-pip  
And just like it I blow that shit  
Cause, bitch I'm the bomb like TICK, TICK  
(BITCH!)

[Chorus T-Pain/Lil Wayne]

Yeah it's Young Wayne on them hoes  
AKA Mr. Make it rain on them hoes  
Yeah young Wayne on them hoes  
Make a stripper fall in love T-Pain on them hoes

(uh huh)

Umm, Young Mula baby!

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