

Got Your Money (Featuring Kelis)

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Oh baby
I dedicate this to all the pretty girls
To all the pretty girls to oh
All the pretty girl in the world
And the ugly girls too
But to me you're pretty anyway baby You give me your number I call you up
You act like your pussy don't interrupt
I don't have no trouble with you fuckin' me
But I have a little problem with you not fuckin' me Baby you know I'ma take care of you
'Cos you say you got my baby and I know it ain't true
Is it a good thing? No, it's bad bitch
For good or worse, makes you switch So I walk on over with my Cristal
Bitches, niggas put away your pistols
Dirty won't be havin' it in this house
'Cos bitch I'll cripple your style Now that you heard my calmin' voice
You couldn't get another nigga, hootchie won't get moist
If you wanna look good and not be bummy
Girl, you better gimme that money Hey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your money Hey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your money Yo, so I glanced at the girl, girl glanced at me
I whispered in her ear, "You wanna be with me?"
You wanna look pretty though in my video
Ol' Dirty on the hat and I let you all know Just dance if you're caught up in the Holy Ghost trance
If you stop, I'ma put some killer ants in your pants
I'm the O D B as you can see
FBI, don't you be watchin' me I don't want no problem, cause I'll put you down
In the ground where you cannot be found
I'm just Dirt Dog trying' to make some money
So give me my streaks and gimme my honey Radios play this all day every day
Recognize I'm a fool and you lovin' me
None of you, nuh, better look at me funny
Nuh, you know my name now gimme my money Hey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your money Hey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your money Sexy, sexy, sexy
Sexy, sexy, sexy

Sexy, sexy, sexyYo yo nigga play it in the club like this all night
Bitches put your ass out and let me hold it tight
You're looking at my wrist saying, "That's so nice!"
The price fits the diamonds, shining in disco lightsYou better help me solve my problem
Or I'ma get this money and rob them
Lucky dog when I won the lotto
Ran up on my card for carrying raw loadsWell hold on now you can call me Dirty
And then lift up your skirt
And ya want some of this Dirty
God made Dirt and Dirt bust your assStop annoying me, yea I play my music loud
Take the bastard Old Dirty to move the crowd
They said he had his dick in his mouth
Eddie Murphy taught me that back at the house
(Now gimme my money)Hey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your moneyHey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your moneyHey, Dirty, baby I got your money
Don't you worry
I said hey, baby I got your money

...

Songwriters

Williams, Pharrell L / Hugo, Chad / Jones, Russell TPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., SONGS MUSIC PUBLISHING

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>