

# Get Dis Money

## Slum Village

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay dayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day  
Pay day, pay day, pay dayWe dedicate this to these people out here gettin' bank  
Where the oops you lose the money it's reality  
Never front on a click that you can't evaluate  
See I got things out here I need to situateI got a fresh ass car on some gloss paint  
People walking down the street until they feet stank  
I got accountants out here handling big thangs  
As I slip into the crib wit the sashay  
Have my room wit the shark wit the big tank  
Don't get mad 'cause I'm doing things you just can'tHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day  
Pay day, pay day, pay dayMy man you need to get back like the rebate  
And bid he need to step up like the home plate  
My man now what you know about the great lakes?  
We contemplate on gettin' money like a sweepstakesSippin' dark grapes, party in the dark shade  
You see a nigga cold chillin' like a Marl-ey Marl  
And bid his ride like a Harley  
Money make, a Ric, a Ric-o Suav-eHey radio play the S like arcades  
Everyday the holiday so nigga stay paid  
Celebrate the holidays wit the money  
Ain't about to wait so nigga stay awayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day

Pay day, pay day, pay day  
Somebody said that radio would never ever play  
Some of that Detroit, motor city for play  
Honestly earning my dough, keepin' it real y'all  
Countin' my cash, just showin' you how the boss ball  
I never thought that we would make it up this far  
Grippin' my cream color Cadillac, north star  
Detroit motor city finest is who we are  
This is for my ladies who get out, chill at the bar  
This is for my ladies who get out, chill at the bar  
When I was a young boy chillin' in my daddys nuts  
All I could hear was a rhyme and dope cuts  
Growin' up thinkin' I was nothin' but a glut  
Another day, another buck, another slut  
All I wanna do is get paid  
Oak Town don't stop  
Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day  
Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey  
What you say, get dis money  
If they say what you gon' do today, just say  
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day  
Pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day  
Pay day, pay day, pay day

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