

# Money Dance (feat. The-Dream)

[Rick Ross](#)

Funny to see a ghetto nigga so classy  
Enchanted by women who speak nasty  
Tip toeing to court, went there for the past week  
Leaning on my lawyer pinky looking glassy  
Charges dropped, these plaintiffs just wanna tax me  
Secret service wanna see me driving taxis  
Hug my attorney and then we do the money dance  
Whitey Bulge' your horse, soldier leaving Vietnam  
Pledge allegiance to the flag  
Where we keep it 100 and get your money back  
Pull a plug, brain dead, dope game nigga  
Knew the rolls was fake and so we brought the real with us  
Repertoire hustle such a tenacity  
High roller, bet us another masterpiece  
More Rakim then maybe Master P  
Thirsty nigga paid in full I'm tryna buy the beach  
Caution, I'll approach you with a business mind  
Slight two step as I check the time  
Rub my hands when my palms itch  
50 in the bank diamonds looking flawless  
This the sway of a rich nigga  
Praying for the day my nigga seeing 6 figures  
Black bottles popping when I'm on the turf  
Two private jets what this nigga's worth  
No girl under ten  
No whip under a hundred grand  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Man I make this money dance  
I criss cross, she sun tans  
Propellers out the window over our lands  
Where I land  
Girl we make that money dance  
Top Forbes, poor formal education  
Top floors, cop rooms no reservations  
Gold in my grave, half a ticket in my coupe  
Ex cheerleader flipping now this nigga truth  
Money piles have got me out on Sunny Ave  
Black with me everywhere I go he'll gun you down  
Full clips, magazines yeah the Forbes list  
If this all for nickle recount it, it's bullshit  
But when it right we do the money dance  
Fly nigga my nigga Randall Cunningham

When she hear the slang then she know the name  
 Italian suits for the gooks I spend it on the chain  
 Pool so long we should take a swim  
 I love that ass fat, I can spread it thin  
 I wanna see your friends come do the money dance  
 Black bottle boys, we got these bitches holding hands  
 Caution, I'll approach you with a business mind  
 Slight two step as I check the time  
 Rub my hands when my palms itch  
 50 in the bank diamonds looking flawless  
 This the sway of a rich nigga  
 Praying for the day my nigga seeing 6 figures  
 Black bottles popping when I'm on the turf  
 Two private jets what this nigga's worth  
 No girl under ten  
 No whip under a hundred grand  
 Man I make this money dance  
 I criss cross, she sun tans  
 Propellers out the window over our lands  
 Where I land  
 Girl we make that money dance  
 Dance, dance, dance, dance  
 Dance, dance, dance  
 Come on y'all yeah you know we got it  
 Dance, dance, dance, dance  
 Dance, dance, dance, dance  
 Uh, I feel wonderful, how about yourself?  
 You rolling with the real niggas you know we got it  
 As the world turn and the weed twist  
 Flew a hundred niggas to Veil on a ski trip  
 Put away the dope we can see the slopes  
 We built this shit together why it mean the most  
 Head on collision somehow I walk away  
 Give you music for free recouping with the yay  
 You're rocking with the bow-tie Don  
 In God we trust, I bust and post bond  
 In the hood we the Run-DMCs  
 Best quotes and ropes we don't need  
 Death Row on foul like Cool C  
 Big glossy the bitches like "who's he?"  
 The Corvette was a beast I had to lease  
 Six months then we're free to holler, "peace"  
 Dead wrong my nigga, Miami river cops  
 Leave you floating, hope you getting them ten a pop  
 Caution, I'll approach you with a business mind  
 Slight two step as I check the time  
 Rub my hands when my palms itch  
 50 in the bank diamonds looking flawless  
 This the sway of a rich nigga  
 Praying for the day my nigga seeing 6 figures

Black bottles popping when I'm on the turf  
Two private Jets what this nigga's worthAtlanta, Miami, RosÃ©  
We like 2Pac infante  
They sent my nigga on house arrest  
I'm coming through nigga they ain't stopping this  
I bring the beach to the front door  
All bitches out the pool we need to park the boat  
Turn South Georgia to Florida  
And turn the rest over to the lawyers  
'Cause we ain't tryna hurt nobody  
Just tryna bring life to the party  
If I ain't change your mind think whatever  
One thing you can't change is I changed the weather  
And this my Rockafella flow  
And you just on hella dope, I'm hella dope  
This for real niggas with Maybachs  
All debts forgiven this is the paybackYea, see what I did right there?  
I just made that money dance  
Hah, oh shit, Ross  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
And we live from Atlanta, Georgia nigga  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
Yeah, yeah, see you on the other side  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)  
(Dance, dance, dance, dance)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>