

# Got Money (Produced By Play-n-skillz) Ft. T-Pain

## Lil' Wayne

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 like Okay, 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-way  
Yeah, 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.