

# Get Money

## Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Get money  
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Get money  
Get moneyYou wanna sip mo' on my living room flo'  
Play Nintendo with cease a Leo  
Pick up my phone say "Poppa not home"  
Sex all night mad head in the morn'Spin my V, smoke all my weed  
Tattoo on sayin' B I G, now check it  
You wanna be my main squeeze baby  
Don'tcha, you wanna gimme what I need babyWon'tcha, picture life as my wife just think  
Full length mink, fat X and O links  
Bracelets to match, conversation was all that  
Showed you the safe combinations and all thatGuess you could say you's the one I trusted  
Who would ever think that you would spread like mustard?  
Got hot, you sent feds to my spot  
Took me to court, tried to take all I got'Nother intricate plot, the bitch said, "I raped her"  
Damn, why she wanna stick me for my paper?  
My mo-sci-no, my ver-sa-ce hottie  
Come to find out, you was everybodyYou knew about me, the fake ID  
Cases in Virginia, body in D.C  
Woe, oh is me, that's what I get for trickin'  
Pay my own bail, commence to kickin'Lick in the door, wavin' the four-four  
All you heard was, poppa don't hit me no more  
Disrespect my click, my imperial  
Fuck around and made her milk box material  
You feel me? suckin' , runnin' your lips  
'Cause of you, I'm on some realGet money  
Get money  
Get moneyGet money  
Get money  
Get moneyGet money  
Get moneyBetta grab a seat grab on your as this gets deep  
Deeper than the of a six feet  
Stiff feel sweet in this little petite  
Young from the street, guaranteed to stay down  
Used to bring work outta town on Greyhound  
Now I'm Billboard now, press to hit itPlay me like a chicken, thinkin' I'm pressed to get it  
Rather do the killin' than the stick up jooks

Or rather count a million while you eat my  
Push me to the limit get my feelings in it  
Get me open while I'm cummin' down your throat You wanna be my main squeeze  
Don'tcha, you wanna lick between my knees  
Don'tcha wanna see me whippin' your three down the Ave  
Blow up spots on because I'm mad Break up affairs lick shots in the air  
You get vexed, and start swingin' everywhere  
Me shifty now you wanna pistol whip me?  
Pull out your nine, while I cock on mine Yeah what? I ain't got time for this  
So what? I'm not tryin' to hear that  
Now you wanna buy me diamonds and Armani suits  
Adia Vinadini and Chanel lime boots Things that make up, for all the games and the lies  
Hallmark cards, sayin, "I apologize"  
Is you with me how could you ever deceive me?  
But payback's a, believe me  
Naw I ain't gay this ain't no flow  
Just a little somethin', to let you motherfucker know Get money  
Get money  
Get money

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