

# Gettin' Money

## D.I.P.

[Chorus]We gettin' money whoadie, And you can trust that  
The New No Limit comin' through, Ya betta move back  
If ya fuckin' with us, Then we gone buck back  
We let ya'll have it for a minute, Now we want it back  
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[Currency]These niggas know I'm heavy with the cash flow  
Cause I'm a CL driver, You still ridin' in ya baby momma's Rav-4  
Currency straight, You just a light weight asshole  
I'm in Houston watchin' the Yankees play the Astros  
You niggas know I'm a baller

You can see me in the Yellow Lamborghini with my name on the spoiler  
Doin' doughnuts on the cops, Tell'em talk to my lawyer  
Ya old lady mad at me, Wanna know why I dont call her  
Heh, I keep chrome on my whip, Chrome on my waist  
Come with that bullshit, See what you'll get, A hole in ya face  
My niggas pull quick, Plenty of clips, Bullets to waist  
Give me the toughest judge, I bet they'll still throw out the case  
And the kid aint frontin'

Cause I been workin' with money since Nintendo controllers came with 2 buttons  
Now these haters wanna stick me, (Why)  
Cause I rock so much ice if it melts it'll drown the whole city  
Yea

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[Choppa]They call me Choppa Choppa, Lord have mercy  
Aint No Limit, Now I'm fuckin' with Percy  
Niggas play we merk them  
Betta yet we burry them  
They gone need 6 niggas ?? to carry'em

Marchin' like a soldier, And I know ya'll know  
That I aint from ATL, But I'll throw ya'll bows  
Hop-scotchin' in the street with bout 20 hoes  
And I'm attracting all the attention on them 24's  
I'm Choppa, And I know you heard about  
I'm comin' from the West Bank of that Dirty South  
When we walkin' through the club they like I know those niggas  
You know that Choppa and Currecny are some hoe go gettas  
Ya know that nigga, Well show that nigga  
My money runnin' like Walter Payton, So call me a throwback nigga  
And I always gone rock shows, Hoes always gone jock  
So fuck a nigga who be hatin' on Chop  
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