

Get the Money (Instrumental)

Ghostface Killah & Adrian Younge

Get the money, we out here to pillage and loot
Crack safes, watch DeLucas' blood gettin' spilled
You can't take over the truth behind the story
Let Ghost legend live on in all its glory Yo, yo
Get the money, they keep it tucked away in a safe
In the back room bottom wine bottle with grapes
Hit 'em where it hurts, they can't find shit cause they broke
Snatch chains, wallets, bitches front row
Tear the clubs up, all social events
If a nigga act tense put a hole in his fence
This ain't for fun but it's fun though
I gotta run though, money ain't shit watch me burn a few hunndo
Tear the DeLucas down like the legend of Tone Starks
Tie bricks around his ankles, have him swimmin' with sharks
Dynamite they safe, lookin' for heirlooms
It's personal, I want the keys to the tombs
Kids college funds, crack they foundation
Connects to the banks and the police station
I want those faces rolled, truth behind the legend
Did it really go down, or it's just my obsession?
Get the money, we out here to pillage and loot
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Let Ghost legend live on in all its glory Day dream of a rueger to the Lucas 'til the city is ours
Money, power, and the powder I would murder with y'all
In the name of King Kane "New York, New York!"
The city of dreams, stained sidewalks, and Mac 10s, flex my fifth
Search 'til it hurt, records from the retched abyss
Murdered them, they scurred, reck him 'til he reckon' his shit
If he alludin' his life worth losin'
Kane said a record earned is a pot of gold
Prize a loan, put a marble floor in my momma home
Never need a loan, put the rest in the bank
We a army, only thing we missin' a tank
Couldn't harm me, keeper is my brother for the record
I be crazy muthafucka, blood stains on my knuckles
I'm a slugger, fist kill his brain
Load up a weapon in the name of King Lester Kane
Get the money, we out here to pillage and loot

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Let Ghost legend live on in all its gloryHey yo we crushed 'em, last spot left on the list
Crack the safe and peeled out twelve sealed discs
Lookin' Illmatic, wrapped up in a robe
They were records, each one marked with a code
It said "Do Not Play" in big bold letters
The DeLucas pressed, stamped, engraved Vendetta
I think we hit it, reservation of Ghostface
Shoulda known they had that shit hidden at Tone's place
Hit Logan sip chilled Don Mareta
Big glasses of wine bringin' sharp chedda
Get the vinyl to headquarters, asap codes
And tell Lester we hit the mother of all loads
Pagin' 911, meet back to the burghs
They gon' want revenge on the squad and all that shit
We crippled 'em, but they go deeper then white meat
We got blood on our hands and war in the streetsGet the money, we out here to pillage and loot
Crack safes, watch DeLucas' blood gettin' spilled
You can't take over the truth behind the story
Let Ghost legend live on in all its glory
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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