

# Gettin' Money

## French Montana

Yea I'm gettin' money is my exclamation  
The Lambo's milked out, no expiration  
And I ain't ask for a estimation  
I just pass the cake off, no hesitation  
Ya see I'm nothin' like y'all guys  
I just do the stuntin', y'all niggas fall guys  
And everyday I get the benny washed  
It's deja vu like denny wash  
Budget too big, billionaire a hurt a label  
Play it tight, spray the creed on the purple label  
Pie vay settings, Jacob got me linked up  
The Bentley wag bulletproof like a brinks truck  
C.b.l, we don't care what ya homies sell  
Rubberband around the stacks like a ponytail  
I could meet a hoe sweeter than Damita Joe  
She act conceited tho and I'm a get deleted yo  
I'm not a musician, but I play a instrument  
The ragin' bull handle any kind of incident  
The black latex, D's can't get the print  
The flyin' spur so fly, I had to get the bent  
Got initials on the door scrap, initials on the floor mat  
I ain't braggin' homeboy, dis my format  
The 22's look like they ridin' on four flats  
Young octopus, I carry arms  
I draw to challengers, with Cavali carry-ons  
Freck billionaire, I'm the 1 with the bling  
Got canaries on the wrist, not the ones with the wings  
A real hood nigga, I got a lavage flow  
I could push you into theaters like magic tho  
You don't want beef, you just want raps  
I get ya lil' ass smoked like a blunt wrap  
C.B.L spray, what da fuck did you thought  
I tote the cig, but I don't mean Newport  
I wash my money up the laundry way  
I stay Gucci'd down even on my laundry day  
The linen clean, splash ya ?  
Double blue 62 smash ya limousine  
You could set trip, but I get the ammo near  
Like a bad alibi, switch up the lambo gear

These other rap niggas, they could'nt hold a candle near  
They got it all screwed up, like chandeliers I'm gettin' money is my quotation  
Family man, so I need the lambo station  
Slick talk, I'll put a chamber into rotation  
Director style, I shoot em on location  
My hoe's haitian, trenny and croatian  
Ass clap louder than an oprah ovation  
Double d's on her chest like daredevil  
I shoot dames at a 900 a pair level  
I'm in perotta, the color of ricotta  
Cheese, please you can't tell me not a  
I don't share keys, nor do I give her codes  
I set run through records down on river road  
Then I switched up, posted on palleysay  
The denali stay, smellin' like cali grade  
I come through bar, numba 9 squirts  
Osama rich, that's the hard to find shirt  
Ya rocks keep 2 they selves, well mines flirt  
They 2 clean, board of health couldn't find dirt  
I'm rich bitch, and I'm screamnin' it like ashy larry  
They call me brinks boy, maybe it's the cash I carry  
Rubberbands pop, you gon' need a scrungee for me  
She a jump off, bet the chick a bungee for me  
I came a long way, and I still stroll the avenues  
Move and style, louis v roll and travel  
Local nigga, you never been to poland have you,  
So you couldn't judge me if you was holdon gavels  
And I used to get the raw from olivia  
That was back when raven symone was olivia  
I did the take-out, meanin' that I ran orders  
I had the transporter sittin' by the land borders  
The rocafella a make you rather do a manslaughter  
They goin' in June, it's comin' back with grand-daughters  
So homie if you got a weapon tote it  
You can't jump ship, niggas won't accept you boated  
When I was doin' it 4 t.v, I kept it loaded  
Cause these hatin' niggas try 2 find it and webisode it  
A half of clip in ya hip, a make ya elvis shake  
You'll more then moan when ya bones and ya pelvis break  
Benny drop cost two hundred and twelve to take  
Red gut, white paint, red velvet cape

Songwriters

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