

# Get Your Money Right (Ft Jay Z & the Game)

## Dr. Dre

(feat. The Game & Jay-Z)

You gotta get it - get it.

Get it playa

Count all the cash up.

You gotta get it, get it, get it.

[Dr. Dre:]

See stops signs and red lights

I hear gun shots and street fights

Ambulance sirens holler in the late night

It's murder, Compton nigga

Ya don't stop.

Fuck the world, Dre'll blow it up.

If you down throw it up

Soak it up like a sponge baby

I'm sweepin up all the crumbs daily

It all add up, it's about to get fucked the fuck up

Shut the fuck up or get fucked the fuck up.

For real nigga

Keep your eyes on your women nigga

Pass the lemon

Squeeze the Hennessey nigga

It's all with me

Let the vibe kiss me

Affiliation is my job

Forever I'm a paid man.

A brave man.

I sip the Henny down to nothin'

What you know about the knock you got from dot com?

Listen up.

It's all money and cream

Gasoline so supreme third under the greens

[Chorus:]

Get your money right

Don't be worried 'bout the next man - make sure your business tight

Get your money right

Go inside the safe, grab your stash that you copped tonight

Get your money right

Be an international player, don't be scared to catch those red eye flights.

You better get your money right

Cause when you out there on the streets, you gotta get it - get it.

[Jay-Z:]

If you ain't in it for the money then get out the game  
Mothafucka's better think before they spit out my name  
I've been known to have tone, shit out the frame  
Load up the clip and aim.

Listen

If you ain't in it for the dough your rhymin the blah  
I hit you with an O you be the crime in your block  
If you wanna sell a million motherfucker then ride  
Hit you with the glacier you be blabbin you blah  
And our homes be spacious like a million and dot  
I be holdin your bracelets tryin to steal at your shot  
Been a villian since I can remember corruptin' the plot

Sell crack, make a million and stop.

Feel me?

[Chorus:]

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[The Game:]

Yeah

From Compton to the Brooklyn zoo

I'm classic like Detox and Blueprint too

I moved from Who Kid's and the DJ Clue's

To signing autographs on G-Unit shoes

Y'all thought it was over after Hova retired

Till I pulled up in that Rover on 24 inch wires

Under the limo tint spittin that gang bang lingo

The kid get 20 thou for a show with no single

So how the fuck could you judge me?

Nigga's push but they can't budge me

Nigga's sayin' fuck me.

See me in the lowrider - nigga's try to mug me

Then I hop out - nigga's try to dap me and hug me

See me in my red converse - nigga's wanna cuss me

But bloods be the reason these street nigga's love me

The same reason your bitch wanna suck me

You nigga's ain't artists you just paint pictures of me.

[Chorus:]

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Don't be worried 'bout the next man - make sure your business tight  
Get your money right  
Go inside the safe, grab your stash that you copped tonight  
Get your money right  
Be an international player, don't be scared to catch those red eye flights.  
You better get your money right  
Cause when you out there on the streets, you gotta get it - get it.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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