

# Piggy Bank

## 50 Cent

Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank  
Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank Man I'll get at you - my knife cuts your skin  
I'll get at you - blow shots at your man  
I'll get at you - 2Pac don't pretend  
I'll get at you - I'll put that to an end That damn shit is old, don't be screamin "Get at Me Dog"  
Have you runnin for your life when I match ya part  
I get to waving that semi like it's legal  
A lil' nigga hurt his arm, lettin off that Eagle, you know me  
Black on black Bentley, big ol' black 9  
I'll clap your monkey-ass, yeah black on black crime  
Big ol' chrome rims gleam, you know how I shine  
C'mon on man, you know how I shine  
I'm in the hood, in the drop, Teflon vinyl top  
Got a 100 guns, a 100 clips, why I don't hear no shots?  
That fat nigga thought "Lean Back" was "In Da Club"  
My shit sold 11 mill', his shit was a dud  
Jada' don't fuck with me, if you wanna eat  
Cause I'll do yo' little ass like Jay did Mobb Deep  
Yeah homey in New York niggas like your vocals  
But that's only New York dawg, yo' ass is local  
Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank  
Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank Yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money Banks' shit, sells; Buck's shit, sells  
Game's shit, sells; I'm rich as - hell  
Shyne poppin off his mouth from a cell  
He don't want it with me, he in PC  
I could have a nigga run up on him with a shank  
For just a few pennies out my piggy bank  
Yayo bring the condoms, I'm in Room 203  
Freak bitch look like Kim before the surgery  
It's an emergency, for Michael Jackson see  
Looked at a picture and says she looks like me  
Kelis said her milkshake bring all the boys to the yard  
Then Nas went, and tattooed the bitch on his arm  
I mean like way out in Cali niggas know you, cuz  
First thing they say about you is you's a sucker for love

This is chess not checkers, these are warning shots  
After your next move I'll give you what I got  
Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank  
Clickity-clank, clickity-clank  
The money goes into my piggy bank Yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money  
Yeah - yeah, yeah get more money, more money When I get at you - I'll punch out your grill  
I'll get at you - let off that blue steel  
I'll get at you - nigga I'm for real  
I'll get at you - could get yo' ass killed Yeah  
Yeah  
Hahahaha  
Ya'll niggas gotta do somethin' now man  
All that shoot 'em up shit ya'll be talking  
You gotta do something baby  
I mean, I mean c'mon man everybody's listening  
nigga everybody's listening  
Hahahaha  
I know you ain't gon' just let 50 do you like that  
I mean damn rep your hood nigga  
Nigga you hard right?  
Pop off  
Yayo get mobs niggas on the phone  
And tell the niggas I said grip up  
Niggas got a green light on these monkies  
Hahahaha

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>