

# Get That Money

## Birdman & Lil Wayne

I know some niggaz that'll merk ya for a quarter birdy  
You bitch ass niggaz just be lucky that the boy ain't hurtin'  
I got the money to lag and I got that swagger workin'  
I'm smokin' somethin' I can't pronounce behind them phantom curtains  
What is you hollin' bitch,  
I'm on some gangsta shit  
She wanna make me dinner, I tell her make me rich  
You fuckin' with a winner but I come from a little  
Hoe but bet I can take that dirt and turn that shit to glitter  
I leave the work with her, yeah, she  
my baby sitter  
And if I find out she stealin' for realer I'ma kill her  
I'm just a money man so where the dollars at  
[Incomprehensible] beat that until them flowers black  
She wanna ride on this I make her ride  
with that  
Her pistol in the ceilin' that's her survival pack  
And do I love her naw, man I just love her spirit  
Blind, deaf or crazy it's money over bitches  
Now everybody that I know get that money baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?  
Now everybody that I know get that  
money baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?  
So getcha game up, take a bitch,  
break a bitch  
Strap her down with work and tell her don't trip, take a trip  
Getcha hustle up, the money's what you make of it  
These niggaz want it cooked and I done closed down the bakery  
So stop stuntin' homie, false  
promotin'  
It ain't about whatcha makin', it's about what ya totin'  
Burn him up and leave him naked, bring him back to his wife  
The bitch ain't even cry 'cause he was livin' that life  
These niggaz think I'm slippin' 'cause I'm fallin' back  
Bitch I got money in the walls for that  
Youngin' get it from the ground homie hold the hood down and  
Don't make a sound if them people swing around this bitch  
Do ya thang, whoa hustle try to stay  
low  
This is for my old school G's who ain't around this bitch  
But shawty they ain't fuckin' with pops  
Let them niggaz chase that pussy we gon' follow that guap, yeah  
Now everybody that I know  
get that money baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby

You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?Now everybody that I know get that  
money baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?Fifty stacks in the garden in the  
backyard  
Money talkin', turn a key into a crack charge  
Y'all niggaz ain't eatin' how we eatin' B  
Fuck how we used to be, now we how we need to beIf they ain't with us they must be against us  
We shoot 'em in the head 'cause they act like they senseless  
If you ain't gettin' bread nigga keep yo' distance  
We sharks over here nigga keep on fishin', okayOK, money, money, money is my intuition  
Money over bitches such an easy decision  
Young money, money men monster militia  
Hard body, these niggaz boxes of tissueThat Nina will kiss ya, that chopper will twist ya  
Them 380 snapshots, now smile for the pictures  
Weezy motherfuckin' baby pay me  
My nine to five is overrated, I'm on that grind hoeNow everybody that I know get that money  
baby  
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?Now everybody that I know get that  
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And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money baby  
You get that cooked or that blow you the caller, baller  
If you ain't talkin' 'bout that dough homie whatcha talkin'?

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