

Corté Ellis f/ Slaughterhouse**"Money on the Floor"**

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[Intro: Corté Ellis] Stuntin like a muh'fucker I be I be I be I be, I be on that on that (Slaughterhouse!) On that on that on that on that [Crooked I] + (Corté Ellis) Yo, million dollar +Playboy+, bunny ears and all The reason for the long ears, money hears it all She say "I love you papa," then I grab my chopper Tell her pull over to box the lights, honey here's the mall (Money on the floor) I tear it down wall-to-wall If I'm not spendin Kobe paper at least I'm Pau Gasol I spend to live lavish, I get to the cabbage I'm sicker than average, I'll give your chick my stimulus package, uhh [Corté Ellis] I got a lot of cars, got a lot of jewels Spend a lot of money women say I act a fool When I'm in the club, bottles in my hand Stuntin like a (muh'fucker) watch me do my do my do my (dance) Is this your girl? Cause homie if it is Get her from my table cause you know what it is I'm tryin to get her home, when she done with that Patrón She don't pick up the phone, then you know what's goings on She lookin at my watch, and not just for the time Attracted to the shine, she attracted to the grind I'm 'bout to make her mine, then get up in her mind Then get up in her spine, man she better recognize I got [Chorus 2X: Corté Ellis] (Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor (Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor (Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor You get that girl? I get that girl; you get that girl? I get that girl [Joe Budden] Okay, uhh, get this paper, uhh Look, look look; she told me she couldn't help it So then it's a overload maybe somethin you gon' need help with like soon as we weld it (ohh) Heated up, melt it (or) beat it up, welt it When she scream that she never felt it I knew it's a job I well did I ain't on no wealth shit but the V is like a stealth shit (Or) Or aircraft, my share cash got her near fast Way she wear that, I threw the dough in the air Enough to keep you off that blow for a year, let's get it clear Joey! [Chorus] w/ ad libs [Royce Da 5'9"] Nickel (woo!) Nickel-Nine I'm so ghetto, fo', metal Walk around on money like I'm Akeem and them dollars is rose petals And I keep that dough handy - that sweet smell of money I sniff it, I get high, I call it nose candy Mama take a flick - 20 thousand on me

Every G that's in my pocket separated by a paper clip
Every G that's with me separated by a AK clip We 'bout
that white, okay-K-K Step back, my niggaz throwin
[Chorus] w/ ad libs [Joell Ortiz] Uhh, first it starts in my
pockets in thick rubber bands Then it makes its way to
the bar next to my cup of Grand Marnier, wish it would
stay there but it can't parlay When it sees a runway, it
takes flight, and lands by they lingerie Especially when
they body's sweet like, crÃ«me brÃ»lÃ©e And that
booty puts they thong away I'm havin fun, all you haters
can keep lookin Matter fact, don't keep on lookin, I'm
from Brooklyn We gon' end up puttin money on the flo'
[Chorus] w/ ad libs [CortÃ© Ellis] Now what I'm 'posed
to do, with all this money Ridin in a spaceship, they look
at me funny Donald Trump money, that Bill Gates
money Warren Buffett money, can't take nuttin from
me Now what I'm 'posed to do, with all this money Ridin
in a spaceship, they look at me funny Donald Trump
money, that Bill Gates money Warren Buffett money,
can't take nuttin from me, ohh

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