

50 Cent "Get That Money Man"

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(feat. Lil Flip & Lloyd Banks)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Lets get that money man
yeah!
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[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

GGGGGG G Unit 50 Cent, Gerth Street ATL to Dallas ya
heard me?
check it out
Porsche spots drop
Gun in the stash box
Get ya bitch ass shot stuntin around here (here)
Flow so hot
They say I got it locked
Hold on a second homie, lets get this clear
Look the wrist stay rocked
The Ruger stay cocked
I hope ya smoke alot cause I supply the weed spot
Got a few questions and I need the answer on the spot
That bitch you wit, she like you or she like what she
got?
Tryin to maintain
Tearin niggas out the frame
Semi automatic flows
You know how it goes
Boss B-O-S-S-M-A-N
Gun in hand
Understand gettin money is the plan
Gerth Street is my man

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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[Verse 2:]

Call me the unemployment office, cause a nigga got
that work
Niggas stavin on the other side I lock they turf
If ya funk' you don't wanna get popped at first
Cause ya might end up bein locked in that hearse
I'm a veteran and you'ze an amateur kid
I'll fuck ya bitch and video tape it like Tommy and
Pamela did
We put the icing on the cake and we covered the
spread
You fuck with me or my niggas you'll be covered in red
Thats like when them young niggas smothered that kid
Niggas snitched on eachother now they both doin a bid
Dumbass niggas you supposed to have ya allibi
straight
When ya gettin interogatted you supposed to keep a
straight face
I keep it gangsta for my niggas up in Cali
We sit on 23 inch spinners up in the alley
We smoke on dro from Texas to the NY
Ten niggas with me that mean ten niggas with ten
knives
nigga

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

Its on now time to cut the cake
fuck the jake tuck the plate
nigga move dump the eight
guaranteed to pump his brakes

To pissy drunk the case ain't got a month to waste
Smile with a pumpkin face
Deep enough to jump the states
Stuff you in the trunk escape
You want a problem?
Fuck the Bapes, up the stakes
Everything I wear is up to date
Loyal cat, guaranteed my son'll be a spoiled brat
Hot enough to boil crack
M-5 all you black
I'm the reason all you rap
Admit it I'm Daddy Black
Doin this since Caddy Shack
With Gurth Street In that Caddy Lac
Blowin' out a pillow pack
I call it "Coffee Brown"
Bitches can't get off me now
Rasta man toss me pounds
I ain't from a softy town
Niggas'll brake ya bones, crack ya face
Call the doctor let him put it back in place

[Talking: 50 Cent]

ha ha ha 50 Cent, yeah what u gon do boy? From New
York to Atlanta to
Dallas boy I'm all over the place I'm international player
you heard me?
Can't do nothing with me hey yo Flip holla at me man
holla at me man I'm
tryin to holla at you

[Talking: Lil Flip]

I'm right here yeah Sucka Free represent, G Unit,

[Verse 4: Lil Flip]

I'm quick to break you hos and take ya bitches
If ya, owe me some money I'm a take ya riches
It's Lil Flip (Lil Flip), I gotta kick in the do'
Cause niggas say they freestyling when they spittin
they flow
But I know they be writing, nigga I don't write
I got them Calicos my nigga we never fight
We got bricks and birds, we got bitches and hos
We got a Delta 88 I'm on switches and 'fos
I see niggas pointing, they wanna ride with me
Come to H-Town and rep the Side with me
I'm from the Sizzouth
My nuts is in ya mizzouth
28 inch Lorenzos thats the way we crizzall
You know how we bizzall
We go to the mizzall

I ain't shopping for my main bitch I'm with my dizzawgs
We shop 'till we drop got a Glock for the haters
We drivin' Benzes you in a Navigators
I know you seen my sales, I know you seen my green
I know you seen the billboard I know you know my team
I'm a sucker free nigga all about my cash
If you fuck with my money thats a bullet in yo ass
Like green grass thats how we like to blow
If you ain't talkin about money you can roll on
Watch me get my stroll on.. like George Jefferson
Its Lil Flip nigga

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