

50 Cent "I Get Money"

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I get money, I get money, I get I get I get money (50)

[Chorus]

I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

[Verse 1]

I take quarter water sold it in bottles for 2 bucks,
Coca-Cola came and bought it
For billions, what the f**k?
Have a baby by me; baby
Be a millionaire
I write the check before the baby comes,
Who the f**k cares
Im stanky rich
Ima die tryna spend this shit
Southside's up in in this bitch
Yeah i smell like the vault
I used to sell dope
I did play the block
Now i play on boats
In the south of France
Baby, St. Tropez
Get a tan? im already black
Rich? I'm already that
Gangsta, get a gat
Hit a head in a hat
Call that a riddle rap
Shit, f**k the chitter chat
I'm the baker, i bake the bread
The barber, i cut ya head
The marksman, i spray the lead
"I blood clot, chop ya leg"
Do not f**k with the kid
I get biz wit the cigg
I come where you live

Ya dead!

[Chorus:]

I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

[Verse 2]

You can call this my new shit
But it aint new tho
I got rid of my old bitch
Now i got new hoes
First is was the Benzo
Now im in the Enzo, Ferrari, im sorry!
I keep blowin up! (Oh!!)
They call me the cake man
The strawberry shake man
I spray the AR
Make your whole click breakdance
Backspin, headspin, flatline, ya dead then
9 shells, Mac-10,
"who wan get it crackin?!"
I was young, i couldnt do good
Now i cant do bad
I ride, wreck the new Jag
I just buy the new Jag
Now nigga why you mad?
Oh you cant do that
Im so forgetful, they callin me cocky
I come up out the jewler, they callin me Rocky
Its the ice on my neck man, the wrist and my left hand
Bling like BLAOW
You like my style
Ha ha im headin to the bank right now

[Chorus:]

I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (I I get it)
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk

Like a teflon Don, but i run New York
When i come outta court, yea i pop the Colt
I keep it gangsta, have ya outlined in chalk
I I get it,
In the hood if ya ask about me
Theyll tell ya im bout my bread
I I get it,
Round the world if ya ask about me
Theyll tell ya they love the kid
I I get it,
Whoa Hey..
I I get it,
Whoa Hey..
I I get it,
Whoa Hey..
Yeah,
Whoa Hey..
I run New York!
Whoa Hey..
I I get it,
Whoa Hey..
I I get it,
Whoa Hey..
Yeah, yeah,
Whoa Hey..
I run New York!
Whoa..
I get money, money is got
Im back on the streets man,
I get money, money is got
Im bringin the heat man,
I get money, money is got
Im on my grind,
Money I got, money is got
Like all the time,
I get money, money is got
Tryna stop my shine,
I get money, money is got
Ill cock my 9
Dont get outta line,
Money I got, money is got
I said dont get outta line
I I get it..
I I get it..
Yeah, yeah.

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