

Lil' Flip f/ Rick Ross

"I Get Money"

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[Lil' Flip] (Rick Ross)
You smell that? (smell what?)
That's money
I smell money
Hahaaa
[Rossss]
I know y'all wonderin' like...
"What the hell is Flip doin' man"
"How he get out his deal?"
All you gotta do is take 2 million
And walk in the door, and that's how they'll let you go
Hahaaa
Cause I get money nigga
I'm a fly boy nigga
My chain worth thousand grands nigga
That's twenty thousand karats nigga
[Yeaahhh]
Step your game up
That's why your chain ain't up niggaaa

[Verse 1 - Lil' Flip]
The 4-5 on my lap when I'm in the trap hood
Blueberry by the pound, now where did you get that?)
(smoked it}
I can't tell you nigga, I'm not a sniitcchh
But on the real it feel great to be ricchhh
I'm just playin' my hand, watchin' "Makin' The Band"
(band}
Johnny ordered my watch (watch}
And he makin' the band (yeaahh}
I be changin' it up (uuupp}
Ain't no changin' me whaaatt (whaaat}
You lil' niggas betta shut up shut up
Aye, who shut the mall down? (me!}
And who bought all the hats? (me!}
Matter of fact, don't I look good in this Cadillac?
(yesss}
My roof back, my coupe black
50 grand I blew that
I'm so fly they call me "Mr. I Can Do Dat"
Cause

[Hook] w/ Rick Ross adlibs
H-Town!
M.I.A.-yayo
That's how we do this
It's the bosss
Multi-millionaire shit 'round here
Flip what up?

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross}
Might cop a Benz (whaaat}
Not a regular Benz (Rossss}
Multi-millionaire so baby I double my endsss
Mercedes, Maybach, broke niggas stay back
The boss don't play, boy you gotta pay that
Watch cop some bub (bub}
G's runnin' stacks (stacks}
They be year off (off}
Bring my money back (back}
Yeah I fuck wit G'sss (g'sss}
Out in Cloverland (yeah}
We talkin' 20 keysss
But I don't know the man (Rosss}
I'm gettin' cheese (cheeesseee}
It's time to shine (shiinneee}
I love to flip (flip}
I'm flippin' mine (Rosss}
Hoes love the smell (smell}
They smell the money (money}
You wanna smell yourself (bitch}
Well bitch shell it from me (Rosss}

[Hook] w/ Lil' Flip adlibs

[Verse 3 - Lil' Flip]
I told niggas I show niggas, I'm the best
I'm the shit in New York, but I'm a God on the West
(holla!}
I must confess, 'The Source' own me two more mics
(hey I need two more mics}
I took my ringtone money and bought two more bikes
I took my liquor money (yeah}
And bought another crib (yeah}
I got three maids (yeah}
That is that fuckin' game
Go ask Corn Row (ask him}
We do it big right? (right}
If I ain't front row, I ain't watchin' the fight (fuck it}
I be in Street Port wit my nigga Bayday ???
I be in airports wit my fuckin' AK (shut up!}
4-7 to 11, 1-8-7 on a cop

I know you prayin' that I flop, niggaaa!
But

[Hook}

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