

Birdman

"Get That Money"

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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

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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'?

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 be

If 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', okay

OK, 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 tissue

That 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 hoe

Now everybody that I know get that money baby
And we ain't worryin' 'bout them hoes get that money
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