

Birdman & Lil' Wayne "Get That Money"

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[Birdman:]

Y'all already know what it do nigga?
Theres money over here, Cash Money over here, nigga
Me and the little J.R., Like that homeboy
We on the grind nigga, got some muscle nigga, shine
nigga, like father like son nigga
Hey we drive shiver, headlights like a light bulb, that
means the cars expensive you stupid fuck, keep a
nigga pimpin now nigga

[Lil Wayne:]

I know some niggas that'll murk ya for a quarter birdy
You bitch ass nigga just be lucky that the boy ain't hurt
me
I got the money to lag, and I got that swager workin
I'm smokin some I can't pronounce, but I'm behind
them phantom curtain
What is you hiding bitch?
I'm on some paper shit
She wants to make me dinner
I tell her, "Make me rich."
Your fuckin with a winner
But I come from the litter
Woke up out of bed and I can 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's stealin
For reala I'ma kill her
I'm just a money man
So where the dollars at?
Some around back, Ima work until them flowers black
She wanna ride on this
I make her ride with that
Her pistol and her celly, thats her survival pack
And do I love her? Naahhh
Man I just love the spirit
Blind, deaf or crazy, its money over bitches

[Chorus x2:]

Now errbody that I'm knowin get that money baby
And we aint worried bout them hoes, get that money

baby

You get that cook or that blow you are called a baller
If you aint talkin about that dough, homie what you
talkin?

[Birdman:]

So get your game up
Take a bitch, break a bitch
Strap her down with work, and tell her dont trip, take a
trip
Get your hustle up
The money's what you make of it
These niggas wanna cook down they clothes, they
close down the bakery
So stop stuntin homie, false promotin
It aint about what you make
Its about what you told em
Burn him up and leave him naked
Bring him back to his wiiifffee
The bitch aint even cry cuz he was living that liiifffee
These niggas think I'm slippin cuz I'm fallin back
Bitch, I got money and a wall for that
When you get it from the ground homie
And hold the hood down
And don't make a sound if the people swing around
Bitch, do ya thing hoe
Hussle, try to stay low
This is for my old school g's who aint around this bitch
But shorty, they aint fuckin with pops
Let them niggas chase that pussy, we gonna follow tha
guap

[Chorus x2]

[Birdman:]

50 stacks in the garden and the backyard
Youngin talkin, turn a key into a crack charge
Y'all niggas aint eatin how we eatin
Fuck how we used to be
Now we how we need to be
If they aint with us
They must be against us
We shoot em in the head, cuz the act like they sistas
If you aint gettin bread, nigga keep ya distance
Sharks over here, nigga keep on fishin

[Lil Wayne:]

Money, money, money, is my intuition
Money over bitches, such an easy decision
Young money, money men, monster militia
Hard body, these niggas is a box of tissue

That nina will kiss ya
That chopper will twist ya
380 snap shots, now smile for the pictures
Wheezy motherfuckin baby, pay me
A 9 to 5 is over rated
I'm on that grind hoe

[Chorus x2]

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