

Chris Brown

"Gettin Money"

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Verse 1:

Ok, I walked inside the club with my golds on
These bitches in my V.I.P. you know what goes on
You got me 'bout to take my shirt off, she rollin' tryna
party (party)
She said she wanted a threesome, then I meet her girl
named Mollie (Mollie)
I said, "Oh no, woah woah, damn damn, oh oh!"
Her jaw locked, when my balls dropped then she really
started to chow down
Her head game is the meanest it make me a
parapalegic
That pill kicked in like third degree (?) and she started
havin' a seizure!
So what nigga you gotta attitude fuck you and yo
demeanor
I'm partyin' to death I make a mess you gotta clean up
Oh my - bad 'cause I'm acting like a peanut
All you see at the top in V.I.P. is these nuts

Chorus:

I'm gettin' money, what's a stack?
You see me gettin' money, what's a stack?
Been gettin' money, what's a stack?
Let me show you how a real nigga throw these racks!
Throw these racks!
Real nigga throw these racks!
Throw these racks!
Real nigga throw these racks!

Verse 2:

Ok, I'm outside niggas hatin', they be tryna keep my
car
They done fucked 'round made me mad I'm about to
buy the bar
Order mo' shots, mo' liquor, mo' hoes, no niggas!
Sneak all I'm at the back door, they packed on pack
they rollin' wit' us
Damn my chain might glitter, this boy be from Virginia
and she tell yo' ass to stop but she don't say that when
I'm in her
Haha, 'cause I-ha, I kick that shit my ninja

My cardiac (?) is winter, yo' shawty is my dinna'!
I met a bad bitch at the starbucks
Straight to the telly (?) that's a star fuck
Tens, fifties and them hunnads
I ain't talkin' numbers bitch, I'm talkin' monaaay!

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Verse 3:

Look, let me stop the talkin' gon' and pop that shit for
daddy
A nigga got his money if you know I gotta live it up and
all my money stacked in my attic
A little belligerent, I'm crazy! I'm coughin' like an
asthmatic
And niggas claimin' they bad but bitch nigga you know
I'm the baddest
Shake it, shake it, shake it in my face
Give a damn about yo' name but I care about yo' waist
haaa
Naked naked, girl I want yo' birthday cake
Fuck you talkin' 'bout celebrate, we gon' celebraate!

Chorus:

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