

## Chris Brown "Getting Money"

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[Verse 1 - Chris Brown]

Ok, I walked inside the club wit my ? 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  
She said she wanted a threesome  
And did I meet her girl named Molly  
I said oh no  
Whoa whoa  
Damn damn  
Oh oh  
Her jaw locked  
When my balls dropped  
And then she really started  
To chow down  
Her head game was the meanest  
It make me a paraplegic  
That pill kicked in like 30 minutes  
She start having a seizure  
So what nigga you gotta attitude  
Fuck you and your demeanor  
Im partying to death  
I'll make a mess you gotta clean up  
Oh my bad 'cause Im acting like a penis  
All you see  
At the top of V.I.P.  
Is these nuts

[Hook]

Im 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 - Chris Brown]

Ok, Im outside niggas hatin  
They tried to key my car

They done fucked around made me mad  
Im about to buy the bar  
Order more shots  
more liquor  
more hoes  
No niggas  
Sneak all em' out the back door  
They packed on packed  
They rollin' wit us  
Damn my chain ?  
This boy be from Virginia  
And she tell yo ass to stop  
But she don't say dat when I'm in her  
Ha ha  
'Cause I ha  
I kick that shit my ninja  
My cartier is winter  
Yo shawty is my dinner  
I met a bad bitch at the starbucks  
Straight to the tele  
That's a star fuck  
10's 50's and them 100's  
I ain't talkin numbers  
Bitch I'm talkin money  
[Hook]  
Im 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 3 - Chris Brown]  
Let me stop the talkin  
Go n pop that shit for daddy  
A nigga got his money up  
You know I gotta live it up  
And all my money stacked in my attic  
A little belligerent  
Im crazy  
Im coughin like an asthmatic  
And niggas claimin they bad  
But bitch nigga you know Im the baddest  
Shake it  
Shake it  
Shake it in my face  
Give a damn about yo name

But I care about your waist  
Naked  
Naked  
Girl I want your birthday cake  
Fuck you talkin 'bout celibate  
We gon celebrate  
[Hook]  
Im 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  
[Busta Rhymes]  
Plug shit up  
Because if you don't plug shit up  
Yo shit gon get leaked

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