

J.R. Writer

"Getting Money"

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Hook:

We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'
(Repeat)

Verse 1

J.R. Writer:

That's word buzzen, I swerve cousin (Errr!)
In that 2006 like it's worth nothin'
Got these birds buggin', I'm on 1st stuntin'
With no stick-shift, just a reverse button (the Aston
Martin)
But I ain't Hollywood hater, I'm still servin' 'em like a
volleyball player
Spare 8 keys, the gear chase me
You need two, meet me in Staircase B (second floor)
I'm pitching 'em, you ain't never seen hard
You little creeps starved, you niggaz need jobs
I do this thing large, bottles after bottles
Then dismiss the case like a judge on a weak charge
Peep .R, scrapper this shit is nothin'
You actors are into cuffin', these stragglers are
disgusting
Ask 'em all how I'm bubblin'
I spray more alcohol around then a barber after he
finished cuttin'

Hook

Verse 2

40. Cal:

(40.) I dress gully, vest with the fresh skully
Lex buggy, no cologne cuz I'm smellin' like fresh
money
You better tell thunny you never will sell bunkies
You can't hold nuthin' but shells, get 12 from me
Probably go to jail, prayin' like "Help" dummy
While I'm diddy-boppin' out, wavin' like jail funny
I get locked up by 12, say around 12:20

Call me Slater and Screech, get saved by the bail
money
Then I ice-grill the judge cuz it just felt gully
Leave an ape nigga bloody's what I call a Red Monkey
Yeah, the champion cheering, man of the year when
I go to the store, coppin' what the mannequin's wearing
Serving grams to ya parents, I get the ounce flippin'
I admit, I'm the reason the shit in ya house missin'
I'm in ya spouse kitchen, makin' other figures
With dick in her mouth, like Killa, "I'm gettin' money
nigga"

Hook

Verse 3

J.R. Writer:

Ya shines are simple, mines offend you (Heh)
Yours bling bling, my shit dingles (ding)
You don't know the grind I'm into, check the Rolls I floss
Yeah I put 'em on but the shits keep going off
I'm glistening gold, wrissery froze
Boogers all in my ring and I ain't diggin' my nose
Too much digits to fold, what I'm spending is old
But I still'll mack a chick and tell a pigeon like "Yo"
(We getting money over here)
Fix ya face ho, why, cuz I say so
What part don't you understand, I'm gettin' peso's
They know not to stunt on me wit' some liquor
I'll buy out the bar just for me and my niggaz
Nobody drinks, look fam that's the truth
I'll have the whole club sipping Cranberry juice (sober)
You hungry in the rear, my money in the air
I don't know what y'all doing over there, but look

Hook

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