

Jay-Z

"Get This Money"

Visit "[Get This Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah yeah
Damn it's hot
Like a muh'fucker
Yo jigga
Whassup my nigga?
Pop that water
Fo'schizzle
Yeah
Get'cha mind right, c'mon

Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh
Uh-uh uh-uh, gettin' that money my nigga
(Woo woo woo woo)
You better call the muh'fuckin' cops
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's go

Keys to the Bentley, off to the club
Switchin' lanes like what the
Chick on the cell wanna get with a bruh
But y'all know I don't love no
(Never love her)

She, say, she, slick
I'm, like, baby, please
She say, she's got a man
But what's that got to do with me?
(F'real)

Some chicks like low-key
Wrists of, zero degrees
I'm, toxic off the Belve'
Two strippers, in my hotel suite

Fee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah
For you haters, keepin' up trauma
Me and jigga thugged out on the come up

You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money

Ace hit the club 'bout five o'clock
(Woo)
Hungry 'bout to hit the lhop
(Let's go)
After that, menage-a-trois
And he out by seven o'clock
(P-yoon)

'Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya
Blue rocks lightin' up my shoulders
(Bling)
See y'all niggaz know y'all need to grow up
Your album ain't out, 'cause I'm the hold up

Busters wanna hoop with me
Wanna run our ways, doin' R&B
I'll, creep creep, blink blink
Cross your ass over, take it from me

Fee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah
Gold diggers, this you gets none of
Me and jigga thugged out on the come up

You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money

Pull up on the block, cran-apple Benz
White tank top, cran-apple trim
Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems
Dice hands 'side both of them

Two rolls and I leave with a stack
Off to the club, G's in in the back
V.I.P. nigga beez like that
When you gettin' that money my nigga
(Get this money)

I spit this for my riders
Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers
We can't let nothin' stop us
(Get this money)

Young H O V A
And the boy R. Kel', you know how we play
For that fetti, Mayne, we'll let the lead rang
You young boyz ain't ready

You don't know Nann a nigga to near jigga
To near as well as me and the boy Kel'
Yeah it's money, recognize the smell
And we up out this bitch, yell

You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money

Gettin' that money my nigga
Ha ha, ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
I gotta laugh at this shit
(Get this money)

Gettin' this money my nigga
Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh
Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz
(Get this money)
It's way too late now
Gettin' this money my nigga
(Get this money)

You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
(Gettin' that money my nigga)

Visit [Jay-Z](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.