

Charlton Hill

"Get This \$"

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(Puff talking)

Why they always talking about money?

Cause we like money bitch

Yeah, yeah, yeah

L-O-X and we won't stop

Bad Boy, I'm a show you how we get this money

(Stylez)

You can't take this

Players hate this

Rainbow glow

European bracelet

Made his mouth drop, now he need a face lift

Mommies run up on me and ask me to taste it

Hand on my crotch

Got to be the sales or the band on my watch

Damn I'm so hot!

They call me arrogant

While you slide with seven mommies in a Caravan

You start traveling

I'll make you a believer

Hotter in the club getting brain from a diva

Leave with a beezer

Black Cadillac riding with an old geezer

With ten different hustles so every foe sees us

No reason

We just peas in a pod

trying to get the paper

We the g's in the lot

Long as the water boil we bound to keep it hot

It's gon' be turmoil if you thinking that it's not

Chorus x2

(Puff)

I'm a show you how you get this money (Make it hot)

I'm a show you how you get this money (Don't stop)

I'm a show you how you get this money (I fucks wit you)

I'm a show you how you get this money (Get money)

(Jadakiss)

Three fly cats that get money with go gimmicks

Y'all just so timid
My soldiers be no limit
What you know about renting a yacht with twenty jet-
skis
And riding out till the Coast Guard come and get me
Beat that!
Me, Stylez, and Sheek be like 4, 5, 6 so no matter what
you roll you
can't beat that
Who you know could take an old record and flip like
Puff?
From small clubs to arenas
Who flip like us?
Everytime they pull up
Whips be plush
Chicks be tough
Bad Boy, Hits R Us
Back it's me, West Indies
Slimmy
Me and Kimmy
And I taught her how to say, "May I have a steady
gimme"
I ain't bustin cause we picked up them joints you tossed
Y'all was hot until The Lox came and cooled y'all off
It's the Kiss
Are you hearing me?
I think I'm blessed lyrically
Mad rappers with three LP's sill fearing me

Chorus x2

(Sheek)
You see, we bounce on tracks like bas-ketball
And bust down songs till our throat need Halls
L-O-X-pedition
I spend all day fishing
And won't catch one
Just me and mommy out in the sun
Just sailing, chain so icy if I threw it up
You think it was hailing
Don't even ask me what the price be
To go to a show, no clubs just arenas
Headliner Stevie Wonder, no small cat between us
After parties be goin like Venus
My chick gots be the meanest
Before I come
That night
If she ain't she ain't partying right
That's how we like to play in Bad Boys with all the fly
shit
And that's how we do the chips kid

Multiplying
Beef, don't apply it
Please don't try it cause we ain't with that
But if so you gon' need a plastic bag where your shit at
Lox and we got that cash you want to get at

Chorus x3

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