

Corte Ellis

"Money On The Floor"

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(feat. Slaughterhouse)

[Intro: Corte Ellis]

Stuntin like a muh'fucker

I be I be I be, I be on that on that (Slaughterhouse!)

On that on that on that on that

[Crooked I (Corte Ellis):]

Yo, million dollar +Playboy+, bunny ears and all

The reason for the long ears, money hears it all

She say "I love you papa, " then I grab my chopper

Tell her pull over to box the lights, honey here's the
mall

(Money on the floor) I tear it down wall-to-wall

If I'm not spendin Kobe paper at least I'm Pau Gasol

I spend to live lavish, I get to the cabbage

I'm sicker than average, I'll give your chick my stimulus
package, uhh

[Corte Ellis:]

I got a lot of cars, got a lot of jewels

Spend a lot of money women say I act a fool

When I'm in the club, bottles in my hand

Stuntin like a (muh'fucker) watch me do my do my do
my (dance)

Is this your girl? Cause homie if it is

Get her from my table cause you know what it is

I'm tryin to get her home, when she done with that

Patron

She don't pick up the phone, then you know what's
goings on

She lookin at my watch, and not just for the time

Attracted to the shine, she attracted to the grind

I'm 'bout to make her mine, then get up in her mind

Then get up in her spine, man she better recognize I
got

[Chorus x2: Corte Ellis]

(Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor

(Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor

(Got) Money on the floor (got) money on the floor

You get that girl? I get that girl; you get that girl? I get that girl

[Joe Budden]

Okay, uhh, get this paper, uhh
Look, look look; she told me she couldn't help it
So then it's a overload maybe somethin you gon' need help with
Like soon as we weld it (ohh)
Heated up, melt it (or) beat it up, welt it
When she scream that she never felt it I knew it's a job I well did
I ain't on no wealth shit but the V is like a stealth shit
(Or) Or aircraft, my share cash got her near fast
Way she wear that, I threw the dough in the air
Enough to keep you off that blow for a year, let's get it clear
Joey!

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Royce Da 5'9":]

Nickel (woo!)
Nickel-Nine I'm so ghetto, fo', metal
Walk around on money like I'm Akeem and them dollars is rose petals
And I keep that dough handy - that sweet smell of money
I sniff it, I get high, I call it nose candy
Mama take a flick - 20 thousand on me
Every G that's in my pocket separated by a paper clip
Every G that's with me separated by a AK clip
We 'bout that white, okay-K-K
Step back, my niggaz throwin

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Joell Ortiz:]

Uhh, first it starts in my pockets in thick rubber bands
Then it makes it's way to the bar next to my cup of Grand
Marnier, wish it would stay there but it can't parlay
When it sees a runway, it takes flight, and lands by they lingerie
Especially when they body's sweet like, crÃ©me
brÃ©le
And that booty puts they thong away
I'm havin fun, all you haters can keep lookin
Matter fact, don't keep on lookin, I'm from Brooklyn
We gon' end up puttin money on the flo'

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Cort© Ellis:]

Now what I'm 'posed to do, with all this money
Ridin in a spaceship, they look at me funny
Donald Trump money, that Bill Gates money
Warren Buffett money, can't take nuttin from me
Now what I'm 'posed to do, with all this money
Ridin in a spaceship, they look at me funny
Donald Trump money, that Bill Gates money
Warren Buffett money, can't take nuttin from me, ohh

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