

Rick Ross

"Street Money"

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

Yeah, good looking E-Class, I needed that, nigga
What? Trilla, realer to fuck niggas

You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be
goin' crazy
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9
to 5
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

I started flat broke, now I'm poppin' rubber bands
I know I'm the shit, I done ate a ton of spam
If the club poppin', Ima burn a hundred grams
Check the parking lot pimpin', whip cost a hundred
grand

I'm in love with shades, I got a thousand pairs
So that's free game for all you thousand airs
It's funny sour D's will smell sweet
All these niggas think they sell them on Canal Street

I'm sittin' twelve feet, fuck, can you tell me
I let the 12's beat, 'Nightmare on Elm Street'
So don't fall asleep 'cause my life a dream
And they ain't gotta speak, they know I'm spittin'
cheese

You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be
goin' crazy
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9
to 5
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that
That street money, that street, that street money

That street money, that street, that street money

We got them bottles poppin' soundin' like they gun
shots

Got the models balkin', did it all with one watch
I hit a lot markets, start 'em off with one block
People love the product, so my people come to shop

My uncle, 65, he still sellin' dope
He claim he petrified, the field goin' broke
It's them Caddy Seville's, went from acid to pills
To elaborate deals if you want status you kill

'Cause they have it for real when I step in the spot
Treat the club like the charts, I go straight to the top
They cost a stack, so don't step on the shoes
And ya know I'm strapped, I'ma play by the rules

You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be
goin' crazy
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9
to 5
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

Take the good with the bad, in the club blowin' your last
Ballin' like I violated, bottles keep me hydrated
Party up in skyscrapers, parachute to prevail
Pistol like a paratrooper, tell 'em take it easy

Bitch is bad as can be, this her fantasy
Left her panties at home standin' there thick as can be
R I C K R O S S, standin' there dressed fresh
Gettin' pussy, hell yes, Ross, Ross

You know me, I walked up in the spot, the baby's be
goin' crazy
While niggas bet he dippin', you know they got that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

You know me, I stay up on my grind, like working that 9
to 5
Plus hitting that 95, I'm out to get that
That street money, that street, that street money
That street money, that street, that street money

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.