

Rick Ross Ft. Flo Rida

"Street Money"

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Yeah good looking E-Class, I needed that Nigga
What, Trilla, realer than xxxx niggas

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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
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[Verse1: Rick Ross]

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, I'm a burn a ton of 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 thousandairs
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

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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[Verse2: Rick Ross]

We got them bottles poppin soundin like they gun shots
Got the models balkin did 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 Seviles
Went from acid and pills, to elaborate deals
If you want status you kill
Cause a habit 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'm a play by the rules

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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[Verse3: Rick Ross]

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 Prebate
Pistol like a paratrooper, tell'em take it easy
Bitch is bad as can be, this her fantttttasy
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

[Chorus: Flo Rida]

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