

**Rihanna****"Pour It Up Remix"**

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(Feat. Rick Ross, T.I., Juicy J & Young Jeezy)

[Intro:]

Say RR, let's take this shit to the street one time, you know

Throw hundreds like lose chains

Still got my money!

Got your broad in that mood saying (that Bentley, homie!)

Seats whiter than cocaine

That 40 on me!

Got me on G, she bring broads, man

She like my homie!

On king top, my gold chains

My partner women, hit the domain

Straight gassed niggas, that BP

On that E40, that OG!

Be bitch niggas, be acting up

Be hoe nigga, be acting fine

The'll grind with you and the'll shine with you

Be pouring figures, I'll fetch your trial!

My Rolls Royce with my driver in

Getting fucked up cause I ain't got to drive

Got Kendrick on them bottles

Came and poured a swimming pool and we about to dive

Got one room, got three bitches

And they're damn right that's where they're supposed to be

Two.. 40s at all times

Gonna shoot back if niggas shoot at me, you know it!

Hook:

Oh, oh, oh

All I see is signs, all I see is dollar signs!

Oh, oh, oh

Money on my mind, money, money on my mind!

Throw it, throw it up

Watch it fall up of from the sky

Throw it up, throw it up,

Watch it fall out!  
Throw it up, throw it up,  
That's how we ball out!  
Throw it up, throw it up,  
Watch it all fall out!  
Throw it up, throw it up  
That's how we ball out!

Oh, it's the biggest nigga in the game!  
(That's how we ball out!)  
Sexy bitches world wide, what's up?  
(That's how we ball out!)  
Fuck with me!  
(That's how we ball out!)  
My foreign cars, domestic beefs  
Peter Lueger's, the better seats  
Dollar after dollar, bottle after bottle  
Late for you haters, even though my plane charter!  
..Balley shoes, true rude boy, Ferrari 400 horses  
We do it for cool points!  
Baby, do the math! I'm copping Chanel bags  
Talking Bell Harbour cigars for her mans  
Know we run the streets, eating cold bully beef  
Now we at the Grammys, Tom Ford to my feet, ah!  
Boss on the... Rihanna screensaver  
Whenever you see fat boy, I know it mean paper!

Juicy J pouring up...  
Benz all white, no chlorine  
Bad chick with me got ass and titties  
Freaky bitch gonna fuck the whole team  
Zip-lock bag full of OG, I go in like a door key!  
Your girlfriend down in both knees  
She catch more balls than a gold league  
Purple all in my sprite,  
I'm high as Denzel on flight.  
Screw money to make no money  
You niggas shaking like dice!  
I'm in the bed with your wife  
We're popping pills, we're going hard.  
When she was with you, she was a church girl  
When she's with me, she a porn star!  
Smoking on... like cigarettes  
Which one of this strippers give head the best?  
Pussy so good that I think I'm in love  
What am I saying? there must be the drugs!  
Pour it up, pop that ass, I make it rain, homie!  
I'll make it flood, Shawty, you might need a raincoat!

Strip clubs and dollar bills  
I got my money!

Patron shots, can I get a refill?  
Still got my money!  
Strippers going up and down that pole  
I still got my money!  
Four a clock and we ain't going home  
Still got my money!  
Money make the world go round  
Still got my money!  
Bands make your girl go down  
Still got my money!  
I got more where that came from  
Still got my money!  
The look in your eyes, I know you want some  
Still got my money!  
Pour it up, pour it up  
That's how we ball out!  
That's how we ball out!  
That's how we ball out!  
That's how we ball out!

I catch a case and I go to jail  
(Still got more money!)  
I came home and went back over there  
(Still got more money!)  
I'm multiplying everything I spend  
(Still got more money!)  
These trap niggas I represent  
(Still got more money)  
This hustle game that we popping, popping  
Got big bank rolls in our pockets  
Hopping out a foreign vehicle  
Throwing 40 Gs, ain't no issue, bitch!  
I'm thorough as it get, official, bitch!  
Better watch your pussy popping  
I might wanna come and get you, bitch  
Now everywhere you may see me  
Surrounded by bad bitches like Ri-Ri  
Got them booty shots, look like Nicki  
Face and toes pretty, I'm picky  
See these trap niggas, they on to me  
And these rap niggass up under me  
Ain't none for me to get a hundred keys  
And then stimulate the economy, like:

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