

## Young Jeezy "Get This Money"

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[Chorus:]

[Young Jeezy:] Now would you ride for me baby

[Rasheeda:] I'd ride for you baby

[Young Jeezy:] Now would you kill for me baby

[Rasheeda:] I'd kill for you baby

[Young Jeezy:] Well let's get this money... ahhh... let's  
get this money

[Rasheeda:] Now would you ride for me baby

[Young Jeezy:] I'd ride for you baby

[Rasheeda:] Now would you kill for me baby

[Young Jeezy:] I'd kill for you baby

[Rasheeda:] Well let's get this money... ahhh... let's get  
this money

[Rasheeda:]

Where my real bytch? Holdin it down like a rider  
should?

You fuk with my nigga... boy I wish you would!

These nigga poppin watch how quick that ass  
dissappear

Send your baby mamma your shirt, for a souvenir...

Yeahhh... Cause my nicca means everything

Got his name tatted on my body and everything

Keep a bytch grippin woodgrain

5 double O sittin on dem white thangs

Not to mention all the blang in my watch and rangs

And the fifth that daddy dropped on my watch and  
chains

This nicca love me cause he know I do the damn thang

And I'm a ride of ya, put that shyt on errythang

[Chorus]

[Young Jeezy:]

We got stacks on deck, couple chickens in the coupe

Bad red bone thang black rims on the coupe

Yeahhh

She straight love a nicca, all she do is bragg

When we got I keep my strap in a leather bag

Shorty wanna ride with me

Ayyyeee

And we can get money

And when we get done with that we can get no money  
Confession like Usher, boy I got it bad  
Every other day I gotta buy ma baby girl a bag  
All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend  
And a couple million dollars... ladies if you feel me  
holla  
I said ladies if you feel me holla  
Yeahhh

[Chorus]

[Young Jeezy:]  
I got my mind on my money, hard on my girl  
You know baby girl she ma world  
And she will never tell up that on my momma  
She say she loves me and that's death before  
Dishonor!  
And that's the only way we know how to rock,  
Go head baby show em the rock.  
Yeahhh

[Rasheeda:]  
I love ma nicca tell the day I die  
No matter what I'm a be right by your side  
I neva snitch I take it to ma grave, long as you got my  
back  
I'm down for anything  
If you ain't got a real nicca then you can't relate  
Ma baby told met hat these jealous hoes love ta hate.

[Chorus]

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