

Yung Joc

"Gettin' To Da Money"

Visit "[Gettin' To Da Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Mike Carlito, Gorilla Zoe)

[Intro/Chorus - samples]

I be getting to da money, I-I be getting to da money
I be - I be getting - I be getting - I be getting to da
money

I-I be I be getting I be getting I be - I be getting I be
getting I be

I be getting I be getting I be get - I be get - I be
I be getting to da money, I-I be getting to da money
I be - I be getting - I be getting - I be getting to da
money

I-I be I be getting I be get (OHH) - I be getting I be get
(OHH)

I be getting I be get (OHH) - I be get - I be I I I

[Yung Joc - over end of Chorus]

That right~! Talk to 'em; let's go

I'm getting to da money twenty-four seven, ain't shit
changed

The cars and the cribs all in my bitch name

I'm takin federal chances to make the bezel dance

Bitches lookin at me makin sexual advances

Nigga ain't shit sweet but you know I'm (CAKED UP)

Got murder men for hire now the (MURDER RATE UP)

If snitches on the block, now the (TIP WAY UP)

Block E-N-T bitch (YOU CAN'T FADE US)

Keep the stacks in my momma attic, blow in the
basement (shhhh)

Hellafied lawyers make you say where the case went

When it's showtime, pay them haters no mind

I can make my money flip fo' times in no time

[Chorus]

[Mike Carlito]

Every since I was a young boy nigga movin them G-
Units

Got the whole city supplied with packs, and that fruity

Pop the trunk, money bags and crack, I keep it movin
Shake the stack, nigga chopper go BRRRAP, at your

medulla
Who you niggaz know, get money like me Mr. Sun
Choice
Keep them pots of boiling water straight drop, so place
your order
Got them bricks I'm comin for ya, credit card to the
savings
Tie your wife up in the basement, hundred thou' where
you lay
Plus I, get to da money like casinos
A young, Robert DeNiro, six K off in the earlobe
Ahh - you know it's Carlito's Way, I hold that pimp yay
Girl and boy, fuck the drop, fake niggaz I can't employ

[Chorus]

[Gorilla Zoe]

Yeah, yeah
Shorty who you bank with - the streets of America
Who you roll with - the dope boys and dope girls I'm
tellin ya
What that Chevy sittin on - oh it's them deuce-deuce
Derringers
What about yo' connects - Pablo from South America
Where you stash the money - that shoebox in the closet
How you move the work - I buy it and you haul it
How you handle hoes - my nigga you call it
Tell 'em how the game goes - keep ballin and stop
stallin
Eenie meenie miney moe the Phantom or the Lambo'
Pop the trunk niggaz got straps like I'm Rambo
And Zoe is getting money, know it when they see it
nigga
I'm here now, you're old news, yeah this my season
nigga

[Chorus - to fade]

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