

Yung Joc "Getting To da Money"

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I be getting to da money, I be getting to da money
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I'm getting to da money 24/7, 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 ENT, bitch, you can't fade us

Keep the stacks in my momma attic, blow in the
basement
Hellafied lawyers make you say where the case went
When it's show time pay them haters no mind
I can make my money flip four times in no time

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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 brap, at your
medulla

Who you niggas 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 you, 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
You know it's Carlito's Way, I hold that pimp yay
Girl and boy, fuck the drop, fake niggas I can't employ

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Shorty, who you bank with? The streets of America
Who you roll with? The dope boys and dope girls, I'm
tellin' you
What that Chevy sittin' on? Oh, it's them deuce deuce
Derringers
What about your connects? Pablo from South America

Where you stash the money? That shoe box 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'

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, the Phantom or the Lambo'
Pop the trunk niggas got straps like I'm Rambo
And hoe is getting money, know it when they see it,
nigga
I'm here now, you're old news, yeah, this my season,
nigga

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