

Pastor Troy

"Get This Money"

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[J] Yeah yeah
[R] Damn it's hot
[J] Like a muh'fucker
[R] Yo Jigga
[J] Whassup my nigga?
[R] Pop that water
[J] Fo'schizzle! {*both laughing*}
[R] Yeah
[J] Get'cha mind right, c'mon

[Jay-Z]
Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh
Uh-uh uh-uh - gettin that money my nigga
(woo.. woo.. woo.. woo..)
You better call the muh'fuckin cops
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's go

[R. Kelly] + (Jay-Z)
Keys to the Bentley, off to the club
Switchin lanes like what the..
Chick on the cell wanna get with a bruh
But y'all know I don't love no.. (never love her)
She, say, she, slick
I'm, like, baby, please
She, say she's got a man
but what's that got to do with me? (f'real)
Some chicks like low-key
Wrists of, zero degrees
I'm, toxic off the Belve'
Two strippers, in my hotel suite
Fee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah
For you haters, keepin up trauma
Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)

[Chorus: R. Kelly]
You got what I want; I got what you need
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-ney
You got what I want; I got what you need
Let's put it together; get, this, mo-ney

[R. Kelly] + (Jay-Z)

Ace hit the club 'bout five o'clock (woo!)

Hungry 'bout to hit the IHOP (let's go)

After that, menage-a-trois

And he out by seven o'clock (p-YOON)

Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya

Blue rocks lightin up my shoulders (bling!)

See y'all niggaz know y'all need to grow up

Your album ain't out, cause I'm the hold up (ha)

Busters wanna hoop with me

Wanna run our ways, doin R&B

I'll, creep creep, blink blink

Cross your ass over, take it from me

Fee fie and, foe fum-ah

Look out now, here I come-ah

Golddiggers, this you gets none of

Me and Jigga thugged out on the come up (holla)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z] + (R. Kelly)

Pull up on the block, cran-apple Benz

White tank top, cran-apple trim

Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems

Dice hands 'side both of them

Two rolls and I leave with a stack

Off to the club, G's in in the back

V.I.P. nigga beez like that

When you gettin that money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-
ney)

I spit this for my riders

Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers

We can't let nothin stop us (get.. this.. mo-ney)

Young H-O-V-A

And the boy R. Kel', you know how we play

For that fetti, mayne, we'll let the lead rang

You young boyz ain't ready

You don't know NANN a nigga to NEAR Jigga

to NEAR as well as me and the boy Kel'

Yeah it's money, recognize the smell

And we up out this bitch, yell

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z] + (R. Kelly)

Gettin that money my nigga

Ha ha, ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha

I gotta laugh at this shit (get.. this.. money)

Gettin this money my nigga

Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh

Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz (get.. this.. mo-ney)
It's way too late now..
.. gettin this money my nigga (get.. this.. mo-ney)

[Chorus] + [Jay-Z ad libs]

[J] Gettin that money my nigga

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