

E.s.g.
"Getting Money"

Visit "[Getting Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Yes we are, yes we are

Ooh, we getting money - 3x

Man, I done came a long way

Now all my people getting money, like the song say

[E.S.G.]

Now what you know bout sleeping on old sheets, and
Wasn't no silk

I was coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs, but wasn't no milk

And when the heat was turned off, I grabbed my
grandma

Quilt

Man I swear times was hard, mama look what you built

The other kids use to laugh, and say our clothes was
Stole

You almost got caught, stealing games from my
Nintendo

My little brother didn't know, and I ain't say nothing

I use to love when you bring the Jabos, and Polos with
The buttons

I gotta tell you mama dearest, I love you to death

Made a kid from the projects, win best dressed

I'm one of the best up out the Southwest, ES the name

We having a ball, like a income tax check done came

No more sitting at home, and rolling blunts all day

Doing a in-store, I'm on to all work and no play

Even if it's mimimum wage, at least you getting paid

Put your drinks in the air, if you getting money (hey)

[Hook]

Yes we are, getting it

Yes we are, getting it

(Broke days, was the worst days

Now we sip champagne, when we thirst-ay)

Yes we are, getting it

Yes we are, getting it

Yes we are getting it, M-O-N-E-Y fa sho

[E.S.G.]

This for my Master P's, P. Diddy's and Russell Simmon's

All my Snoop's and Ice Cube's, that's Hollywood
pimping
All my independent bouncers, that ain't thinking bout
Stopping
Look at old J from Rap-A-Lot, he making millions from

Boxing
Ain't no job oppritunities, in my community
You don't believe me Mr. President, well come and see
Old lady up the street, bless her heart she mad
Cause the city built a street, cut her garden in half
And the mayor won't answer back, heard she got
cancer
Black
Some can't afford treatment, how he gon explain to
that
Couldn't hold her pain back, couldn't bring her brain
Back
But it still remain the facts, money could of changed
That g'yeah

[Hook]

[Intro]

[E.S.G.]
Now get your money peeps, if you in the streets or a
Athlete
If you jump out the gym, get insurance on your feet
Know that pro money sweet, million dollar occupation
In case you don't make it, homie grab your education
Don't wanna wind up, been a should'a-would'a-could'a
Remember no Kool-Aid, mixing water with the sugar
People forgetting who helped em out, I ain't quitting
Or selling out
Get your money coast to coast, cause we getting it
down
South

[Hook]

(*talking*)
Now ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen
I'd like to propose a toast, that's right
Everyone 21 and over, grab your drinks
Ya underage grab your Kool-Aid, cause it's still playa
But check it out, this one here is dedicated
To everybody who had it hard in they life
Cause homie I know I struggled, but you know what
mayn
(Man, I done came a long way

Now all my people getting money, like the song say)
Man, give me my change homie

Visit [E.s.g.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.