

Re-Up Gang "Money"

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[Pusha T]

(Speaking normally)

Re-Up Gang...

Pusha...

Ab-Liva...

Malice...

Sandman (Yea)

[Chorus]

Money, Money, Money, Money, Money

Gimme Some

Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money

Gimme Some

[Hook: Pusha T.]

Now ask yourself: do you roll with the winners?

Spend Benjamins just as fast as they print 'em?

Walk through the city in your thousand dollar denims?

Drive foreign cars with the V-12s in 'em?

[Pusha T.]

Pop corks, dedicate this toast to the villains

With all my niggas, all my guns, all my women

Graphic year, I can see about a million

All for the love of drug dealin' (uh)

If the Feds grabbin' Gotti still ain't stop me

I'll never stop sellin' this Whitney and Bobby (never stop)

Watch so rocky, Apollo on the fist

Right wrist, killin' niggas like Brago in this bitch

[Ab-Liva]

That McClaren I saw wit a beautiful... (ho!)

Ceiling in the trunk is touch down with the doors

Louis Vutton denim, the drag don't hem 'em

European cut with gold stitchin' on the emblem

See I'm a go getta, mami's a gold digger
A match made in Heaven, we livin' the show nigger
The (hoes) wit her, look good, and them clothes fit her
She love that I'm a boss, X's and O's with us
The Rosea sipper that mix crack(!)
I give it to 'em, unkie sport shoes that date back
Hard rubber sole, red and green where the lace at
You can't hold me down like Diddy and Mace back (so
take that)

[Hook: Pusha T.]

Now ask yourself: do you roll with the winners?
Spend Benjamins just as fast as they print 'em?
Walk through the city in your thousand dollar denims?
Drive foreign cars with the V-12s in 'em? (Yea, yea)

[Chorus]

Money, Money, Money, Money, Money
Gimme Some
Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money
Gimme Some

[Sandman]

Check the wrist for time, and all I see partying hard
Colorful specks, dancin' on a disco ball
And the shit goes on, I'm talkin' vicious wills
Chicks wit heels, fish scales deals, I inhale still
Chokin' on the potent (uh)
Fade deep, dark, and wavy like the ocean (yes)
Crazy how they notice, me in events
You count cheese, hundred G's on my wrist
Your lights flash, your like ass so she leavin' my whip
Something foreign, choking, groovin', tourin'
With no pen, that's how you know when you show them
Real niggas shit, I let bitches brain storm
Tryin' to analysis how daddy making it rain storm

[Malice]

I lead a horse to water, but I can't make 'em drink
I chef classics, here's my Cuban link
Mama want it all, even the kitchen sink
But they don't never get nothin', I just let 'em think
Yea... the allure for the couture
South Miami Beach, Art Deco decor
Par k, louis chest, bar for the floor
Out the blue, mama wanna build a rapport (yes)
I love what she do, she love what I can afford

G-4 flights, we the only ones aboard
Over the clouds, dodging the down pour
But even them double R's got burners in the door

[Hook: Pusha T.]

Now ask yourself: do you roll with the winners?
Spend Benjamins just as fast as they print 'em?
Walk through the city in your thousand dollar denims?
Drive foreign cars with the V-12s in 'em? (Yea, yea)

[Chorus]

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