

Romeo

"Get Money"

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(feat. C-Los)

[Hook: x4]

Get Money, Get Cash
Let Them Haters Hate

[Verse 1: Romeo]

I live for good cream
The fens they want me
I'm not cooked coke
But I feed the dope-fens
Hip Hops in My blood
Like Veins that Ivy's
The son of a hustler
Y'all follow my lead
My shows sold out
Cause the kids they love me
The Kobe of the game
And y'all just in little leagues, yea
Why play hard when y'all cats is practice
Half kid, half amazing
Why y'all dudes is whackers
Same game, new team
But never play for the Raptors
Keep a camera man cause y'all dudes is actors
I'm Kanyeing em
Rick Ross Raying Em
Play like Jason Young
Got the whole hood haten em
Crib look like a football stadium
Light brothers out
Well I think they back into em
Got your girl trying to read me like a psychic
Tell her to hit me on my Teen Mobile Sidekick

[Hook x4]

[Verse 2:]

You follow me cause I'm a leader
I'ma show you how to treat her
Put it up on 22's
Paint it up like its easter

So young but I'm fly
Now you looking at them sneakers
P. Miller yea I treat em like Adidas
Five-hundred mill and we steady getting rich
Can't be De Ja Vu cause my name ain't Jiggilo
Most cats can't read so I'm about to paint a picture
I've been starving to long now I'm about to come get
yea
You wanna stunt don't do that no

I don't do shopping sprees cause I live in the mall
Dudes hate on my game but I'm killing em all
Hey I got that crack money
Cause its climbing the wall
You better grab your chick got me on the cell phone
Hormones rising yea you better take your girl home
From the south but get hiffy like the BANG
Real dudes lean back and do what the hook say

[Hook x4]

[Verse 3: C-Los]

I'm C-los I'm about to step up
In this game and spit a message
If all these fake thugs
little test they'd get an F
I'm all on the screen
Will still get respect
Ain't chewing on no bubble gum
But grill still is the freshest
I'm an animal don't meet me
I'll have to handle you
And open up a can of you
I ain't talk about no Cambell Soup
Still won't beef
I'll meet two people
who look and handle you
My chain stay flashing
Same as a little camera do
No you don't stand a chance
My diamonds make a you half glance
Don't talk to loud around me
All this ice will cause an avalanche
Me, I'm a handful
Plus another gutta gutta
Ride with the plucka plucka
Theres ain't anotha brotha
Like a crash
Like Micheal Jackson
House a giant mansion
Just imagine people staring

Say watch my star mansion
King T lows, chain hang low
And my mouth resemble skittles
Dog I really taste the rainbow

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