

## Royce Da 5'9 "Gettin Money Freestyle"

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[Intro:]

Please be clear. This is a fuckin' invasion. Royce Da 5'9"

[Verse 1:]

I'm gettin' money like a motherfucka  
I do dollar like the Yao stretch  
Casino chips that Denale bet  
Ain't spazzin' at the house party  
Mink draggin'/dragon like Bilil breath  
dead prez ran a train on the green lady  
That green lady turned around and had a dream baby  
That dream baby was I  
That green lady was ma  
Follow me honey, it sound funny  
I'm money  
Get it?  
Niggas is idiots so probably not  
I Murder Inc., let Ashanti & Irv Gotti watch  
A walkin' mollie wop  
Tell your whole fellat to cock off  
Drop the jeans  
And take out a foot like when you take a sock off  
I ain't attached to no tooley  
I quite screwy  
I just take the Lock off  
Pop it and Drop It like Huey  
Weed avenue, bread rollin' on Phillie Street  
Triggers get used more than Wayne on +Milli+ beat  
So don't make me laugh  
You think with your class  
I think with my math  
Not with my dick, I speak on his behalf  
Anyone of you motherfuckin' NASCAR tunnel crews  
I call you that, cause you fixin' to crash  
The word in the hood is I got the bag in the streets  
Pull the rig up  
Take a load off, like I'm havin' a seat  
This black coup is V-12 as far as year  
I'm been rappin', reppin' the D-12, ask Proof  
As far as tears  
My face ain't big enough to relate  
How many bodies gone in the form of a tattoo

Alcoholic, my kidney color is black blue  
Forever fuck with that Remy, love it like Papoose  
Wearin' that XXL mag or in The Source  
Being the king of the magazines and in a Porsche  
My release date is more important to the country than  
Tunin' into your news stations November 4th (Obama!)  
I turn niggas into veggies and get my lettuce straight  
It's like you niggas addicted to bitch shit, you fetish  
fake  
Dahlmer  
Pop you, then eat you on the anniversary of your death  
Like the top of a wedding cake  
Two timer  
Yeah, I keep a bitch on the side  
I'm Mr. Warning Guy  
You Mr. Wanna Die  
The Bar Exam 2 comma  
More polished than  
Ray Robinson in his prime  
The shoe shiner  
He kill 'em with his persistence  
Sendin' niggas to hit 'em is a silly mission  
Like he's one of Diddy's assistants  
Look in my trunk and find a pair of legs inside of some  
gym shoes  
Hangin' out a trash bag and in fumes  
I spit whole winters and then June  
Show up to your video while you performin'  
And shoot you like Ben Boom  
You might have dealt with the tools  
But you ain't swam with them sharks  
Nickle, Mike Phelps in the pool  
You might pull triggers but you don't pull them like me  
Bullets runnin' through shit like the bullets got feet  
I'm gonna keep goin' and goin' like a Energizer  
Inside a flyin' bullet until the day a bullet stops me  
Fuck a bitch, I'm it nigga, I'm a don  
I'm the reaper on Cancer, like I'm a sign  
Immaculately conceived  
Product of dollar signs  
The only father of mine  
Is Father Time

[Chorus:]

I'm gettin' money like a motherfucker  
You ain't got nothin' on me  
I'm gettin' money like a motherfucker  
Fuck this auto tune shit  
That shit sound weak as a bitch  
Unless it's me usin' it  
Cause I'm the shit fool

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