

## Royce Da 5'9

### "Gettin' Money"

Visit "[Gettin' Money](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro:]

Bar Exam 2

I got this

Mike Bizzle whats up baby? \*chuckles\*

YEA!!

[Verse 1:]

I'm gettin' money like a motherfucka (YEA!)

I do the dollar like D.L. stretch

Casino chips then I'll bet

Ain't spazzin' at the house party

Mink draggin' 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 and Irv Gotti watch

A walkin' mollie wop

Tell your whole fellat to cock off

Drop the jeans, pull out a foot like when you take a sock  
off

I ain't attached to no tooley, I'm 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 that Wayne A Millie 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 years

I'm been rappin', reppin' the D-12, ask Proof (R-I-P)

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 to 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 (Whoo!)  
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 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 (LET'S GO!)  
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 Energizer  
Inside of a flyin' bullet until the day a bullet stops me  
Fuck a bitch, I'm it nigga, I'm a dime  
I'm the reaper on Cancer, like I'm a sign  
Immaculately conceived, product of dollar signs  
The only father of mine's 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!

