

## **Carly Simon F/ Ben Taylor**

### **"If You Want It You Can Get It"**

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#### **STYLES PANIRO**

What sense does it make to talk and not listen  
shine eye glisten, BMZ 3 automatic ignition  
Ice on wrist and  
an Armani safari suit, when I'm fishin'  
GoodFella tradition, ring the  
my thing is the six double o, deep dishin'  
You never seen a thug with a salary  
trying to get fat like callories, open art galleries  
No love lost and, how you think it feels gettin' dumped  
in the coffin  
you'd rather be flossin'  
Remember one rule, get the money that's important  
share with your people, if you don't, take caution  
L.O.X. keeps it real so we share every fortune  
all about dinero so make another zero  
Runnin' from the cops in the iced out Carrero  
Don Styles, good fella Paniro

Chorus: If you want it, we can do it,  
take your time, do it right, we can do it baaaby  
(We them niggaz that you niggaz be talkin about),  
get that money right! 2X

#### **JADAKISS**

When it comes to this money niggaz, you can bet I'm all  
in it  
the rocks on my neck be brigquette almond  
Always on the job so I never call in  
while y'all playa hate I'ma keep ballin'  
There's too much cream to be countin'  
in the glass house with the Greek fountain, on the  
mountain  
Don't get it twisted, 914 is where I'm listed  
the cat with the Corleone Christmas  
Iced out wrists'  
poppin' the cork, on the Crists' toastin' champagne with  
my misses  
Did you imagine me, in the new E-

class Benz with the laser cut key  
Then we leave the gats with the lady down the hall  
'cause only real niggaz stash they money in the wall  
We here now, so if you love it prepare now  
twenty deep up in the club havin' you stared down

Chorus

MA\$E

When you a GoodFella, you get cheddar for your work  
rock Versace leather shirts, when you dead a girl it  
hurts  
I flowed around the world with a mean golden girl  
throat full of pearls drinkin' Mo' until she hurls  
I need a hundred mo' 'cause I got a ton of hoes  
that lay up in bungalos with sexy under clothes  
This your last waring, remember you've been told  
nothin' less than the S Benz when we roll  
I rock the latest gators, with the tennis sole  
all expensive clothes, suits from Kenneth Cole  
Now I'm that GoodFella everybody wanna meet  
every girl I meet spends two weeks in boutiques  
We can do whatever my whole team got cheddar  
fromt the bar to the telly Jaguar with the celly  
Suits from Perry Ellis, got niggaz jealous  
what they tryin' to tell us, we the GoodFellas

Chorus

SHEEK LUCHION

Can't nothin' come between me from gettin' my  
cheddar  
don't talk me to death, you just a side better  
So you ain't gonna talk to me, the way you do  
'cause for that paper, we ain't gonna play with you  
I know the broke feeling, tryin' to make a million  
while Popo watchin' me, my click'll make a killing  
'Cause you that type of nigga that don't wanna see me  
rich  
you scared I'm gonna get money and be goin' up in yo  
bitch  
And even when we at the Mirage, I'm on my job  
come out the garage dipped out in camouflage  
Ready to work, for that cheddar you'll get hurt  
layin' face down with your head in the dirt  
And for that pasta, who gonna stop us  
I'm Sheek Luch the mobster, and not even the coppers  
can knock us  
It's all real, you think not

I'm just another link in the L.O.X. before you blink you'll  
get dropped.

Chorus

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