

Die Dödelhaie

"Gotta Get Mine"

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Intro: Whose world is this?

Verse One: Kasino

Mine call me Kasino
Lay up in the Coconut Lounge in Montego
Keep it on the hush cuz we busting something lethal
Multi coastal, villas in Puerto Rico
You can call me Papa, mama show me love
Perrier, stay up in the whirlpool tub
We can parlay all day in the sun
Or bounce in the 720 thou. in the club
Straight to LA five months for the winner
Play the House of Blues or the Beverly Center
Everywhere we enter, we on the guest list
Garbona suited down, up in Essence
Who said we don't stack the presidents
0-7 triple 6 peep my residence
Benzo push don't have the Lexus
Show me V-12 600 S's
Unless it's money up on the table
I'm trying to see me via satellite cable
Worldwide, multi-plat. 'til I die
Putting your life on the line, well here's mine

Chorus:

Keep on doing what you're doing
I gotta get mine, you gotta yours, so brother let's get
paid (2X)

Verse Two: Dinero

Stand swift represent the most vandalous teams
Spread love across the planet like Dr. Kings dreams
International, America, flip pone cellular
Do it once a week kid, we do it on the regular
Who represents it from NY to the C
Crushing all pussy clots, they won test me
They want some of me, I'll leave bullets in 'em swift
My mob is taking over while you ain't taking shit

Verse Three: Jadakiss

It ain't no time for sleeping, cuz this money comes uno
And you know
We gonna get it
As long as they print it
Me and my fam, likes to rock Persian lambs
Sip Persuette and freak honies in the sedan
Can't get rich off say so, it's all about the peso
Catchy melodies whenever Jay flows
Sure, gimme more, Jockodajour
Universal money ripping tour after tour
All the butter Nats be eating the fresh fruit
Laced in \$1,200 sweat suits
Sipping Don out the bottle, laying up with the super
model
You know the time like Movado
Clocks be, my socks be seasoned Picatti
In the Benz with the chromed out biagotti
Hear me, we trying to bring the L.O.X. to the Grammy's
Gown men shouldn't have to sling rock candy

Chorus

Verse Three: Mo' Money

Now, many estates in the estates we built
But in the Swiss Alps, we own the glass house on stilts
Five car garages, steam room massages
Being watched by the Feds, getting cash regardless
Legal fronts can't be touched by the government
The only money spent, was laundered by bank
presidents
Leaving no traces, the lawyers covered all bases
Illegal searches bought dismissals on our whole cases
Now we facing, conspiracy and homicide
Who woulda thought the day before trial the snitch
would cry
Ghetto protection
Money breeds deception
No pay dough, a no show
Death row's a no go
So when we blow by now, we watch out for the sniper
Dissing you snake bitches, never sipping venom with
vipers
While we sit
Illegally rich
Underworld kingpins
From American dreams

Chorus

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