

## Dukedagod

### "Getting Money"

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Hook:

We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
(Repeat)

Verse 1

J.R. Writer:

That's word buzzen, I swerve cousin (Errr!)  
In that 2006 like it's worth nothin'  
Got these birds buggin', I'm on 1st stuntin'  
With no stick-shift, just a reverse button (the Aston  
Martin)  
But I ain't Hollywood hater, I'm still servin'  
'em like a volleyball player  
Spare 8 keys, the gear chase me  
You need two, meet me in Staircase B (second floor)  
I'm pitching 'em, you ain't never seen hard  
You little creeps starved, you niggaz need jobs  
I do this thing large, bottles after bottles  
Then dismiss the case like a judge on a weak charge  
Peep .R, scrapper this shit is nothin'  
You actors are into cuffin', these stragglers are  
disgusting  
Ask 'em all how I'm bubblin'  
I spray more alcohol around then a barber after he  
finished cuttin'

Hook

Verse 2

40. Cal:

(40.) I dress gully, vest with the fresh skully  
Lex buggy, no cologne cuz I'm smellin' like fresh  
money  
You better tell thunny you never will sell bunkies  
You can't hold nuthin' but shells, get 12 from me  
Probably go to jail, prayin' like "Help" dummy  
While I'm diddy-boppin' out, wavin' like jail funny  
I get locked up by 12, say around 12:20

Call me Slater and Screech, get saved by the bail  
money  
Then I ice-grill the judge cuz it just felt gully  
Leave an ape nigga bloody's what I call a Red Monkey  
Yeah, the champion cheering, man of the year when  
I go to the store, coppin' what the mannequin's wearing  
Serving grams to ya parents, I get the ounce flippin'  
I admit, I'm the reason the shit in ya house missin'  
I'm in ya spouse kitchen, makin' other figures  
With dick in her mouth, like Killa, "I'm gettin' money  
nigga"

Hook

Verse 3

J.R. Writer:

Ya shines are simple, mines offend you (Heh)  
Yours bling bling, my shit dingles (ding)  
You don't know the grind I'm into, check the Rolls I floss  
Yeah I put 'em on but the shits keep going off  
I'm glistening gold, wrissery froze  
Boogers all in my ring and I ain't diggin' my nose  
Too much digits to fold, what I'm spending is old  
But I still'll mack a chick and tell a pigeon like "Yo"  
(We getting money over here)  
Fix ya face ho, why, cuz I say so  
What part don't you understand, I'm gettin' peso's  
They know not to stunt on me wit' some liquor  
I'll buy out the bar just for me and my niggaz  
Nobody drinks, look fam that's the truth  
I'll have the whole club sipping Cranberry juice (sober)  
You hungry in the rear, my money in the air  
I don't know what y'all doing over there, but look

Hook

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