

Hi-C f/ DJ Quik, El DeBarge**"Get the Money"**

Visit "[Get the Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hi-C]

Ey yo Quik (What's up dogg?)
I was hollerin' at LL, right? (Uh-huh)
And he said uh... "Yo god, man you gotta give me
some heat"
(That's right, what you say?)
I said "Yo L, c'mon man, you know how we do"
We do what we do... check this out -

Money-money make the world go 'round
And homie if you got it you can damn sure clown
Flyin' in and out of town, party over here
Look at you tryin' to be Baller of the Year
Now what you hear is not a test
Comin' from the kingpins of the Wild Wild West
Grab your nine milla' and your bulletproof vest
A ticket to Atlanta with a gang of sex
Yes, it's 'bout time I get mine
Big pimpin' goin' on and you a step behind
Nigga get off ya ass (When there's money to be made)
Stop livin' with your moms ('Cause there's bills to be
paid)
You treat her like a maid, she cook and clean
While yo' ass on the couch watchin' her big screen
Since the age of 19 I was on my own
In the zone, out there straight gettin' it on
When you're broke you're alone
And I love humpin' me them big booty hoes
steady tryin' to hump me... the more money, more
freaks
So you better get payed this week

[Chorus: El DeBarge]

Money, yeah
I gots to get it y'all...
Ooh ooh ooh ooh, money...
I gots to have it y'all...

[DJ Quik]

It's a rich mans world nigga
And it's gon' take about a billion to get like I wanna be

chillin'

The feelin' is mutual for niggaz that wanna grind too
Let DJ Quik and my nigga Crawford remind you dude
You needs to get out on the frontline, on the grind
While you lay up on yo' ass and dream of dollar signs
Nigga don't you know that money keeps the sex
steamin'?

So don't be jealous when you see my Lex' gleamin'
We talkin' millions, that's what we wanna holla
You talkin' G, all section 8 and three-hundred dollars?
Nigga what you thinkin'?... fool what you drankin'?
Hmm, that's probably the reason your couches is
stankin'

(Now it would be easier to get up on the county
and lay up on yo' ass while you makin' free money
Finna get my hustle on, payin' all the taxes
that go back to niggaz like you on the county)
Say it if you feel it, money may be root of the evil
But the chips will have you jumpin' shit like Robbie
Knieval
Fuck thinkin' money buys you happiness, that's just bad
But I'd rather be rich and sad, nigga

[Chorus: El DeBarge]

Money, yeah yeah
Gots to get it y'all...
Money, yeah yeah
Got to have it y'all
Talkin' about, talkin' about money...

[Hi-C]

You the type to borrow money but you don't pay back
You don't look out for your homies when they pockets
are flat
Your mamma workin' hard, steady breakin' her back
While you steady seekin' money in that raggedy 'Llac
God bless the child who got his own
So God blessed your boy with this microphone
Stand strong in the zone, get your hustle on
Whether it's ballin', babysittin', or slangin' this bone

[DJ Quik]

A big baller roll call, baby we all here
We drink up more money a night than y'all see all year
And that half-breed you stressin' dude she call here
And we ain't gotta push her down, she fall here
Spendin' everything left of the decimal point
Take a hit and I'm passin' on the rest of my joint
So bring a big check or I'm bringin' the drama
With a zero - zero - zero - comma
Where my -

[Chorus: El DeBarge]
Money, yeah yeah
Gots to get it y'all...
Money, yeah
Got to have it y'all
Talkin' about, talkin' about money, yeah
Talkin' about money... yeah
Money, yeah... money... yeah
Money, yeah... talkin' about money
Yeaaaaah... money, yeah, talkin' about money
You know I got to have it
Money...

Visit [Hi-C f/ DJ Quik, El DeBarge](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.