

**J.R. Writer f/ 40 Cal.****"Getting Money"**

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[HOOK]

WE GETTING MONEY OVER HERE....WHAT IT DO PIMPIN?  
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[J.R. Writer]

That's word buzzen, I swerve cousin (errr!)  
In that 2006 like it's worth nothing  
Got these bird's bugging, I'm on 1st stunting  
With no stick-shift just a reverse button (the Aston  
Martin)  
But I ain't Hollywood hater, I'm still serving them like a  
Volleyball player  
Spare 8 keys, the gear chase me  
You need two? Meet me in Staircase B  
I'm pitching em, you ain't never seen hard  
You little creeps starved, you niggaz need jobs  
I do this steam large, bottles after bottles...  
then dismiss the case like a judge on a weak charge  
Peep .R....scrapper this shit is nothing  
you actors are into cuffing, these scragglers are  
disgusting  
Ask 'em all how I'm bubbling...  
I spray more Alcohol around then a barber after he  
finished cutting!

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[40 Cal.]

I...GET MONEY, GET MOOGA  
GET MONEY, GET MOOGA

GET MONEY GET MONEY GET MOOGA.....40!  
I...dress gully, vest with the fresh skully  
Lex buggy, no cologne cause I'm smellin like fresh money  
You better tell thunny you never will sell bunkies  
You can't hold nothing but shells that dwell from me  
Prolly go to jail, praying like HELP dummy  
While I'm diddy bopping out, waving like jail funny  
I get locked up by twelve, say around 12:20  
Call me Slater & Screech, get Saved By The Bell money  
Then I ice grill the judge cause 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 copping what the mannequin wearing!  
Serving grams to ya parents, I get the ounce flippin  
I admit...I'm the reason the shit in ya house missing!  
I'm in ya spouse kitchen, making other figures  
With dick in her mouth like Killa, "I'm getting money  
niggaaaaa!"

[HOOK] - 2X

[J.R. Writer]

Ya shines are simple, mine's offend you / (heh!)  
Yours "bling bling"....my shit dingles! (ding!)  
You don't know the grind I'm into, check the rose I floss  
Yeah I put 'em on but the shit's keep going off  
I'm glistening gold, wrissery froze  
Boogers all in my ring and I ain't digging my nose  
Too much digits to fold, what I'm spending is old  
But I still will mack a chick and tell a pigeon like "YO!"  
/...WE GETTING MONEY OVER HERE!  
Fix ya face ho, why? cause I say so  
What part don't you understand? I'm getting peso's  
They know not to stunt on me with some liquor  
I'll buy out the bar just for me and my niggaz  
Nobody drinks, look fam that's the crew  
I'll have the whole club sipping Cranberry juice (sober  
Imaoo)  
You hungry in the rear, my money in the air  
I don't know what y'all doing over there, but look.....WE  
GETTING MONEY OVER HERE!

[HOOK]

Visit [J.R. Writer f/ 40 Cal.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.