

# A\$AP Rocky, Wavybone (Ft. Juicy J & UGK)

[Intro: Juicy J]

The hustle continues (Yeah)  
Gettin' money is (Yeah), gettin' money is  
Put your mind to, something you want  
Gettin' money is, gettin' money is  
It come true (Let's go)

[Chorus: Juicy J]

Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought you knew, uh-huh  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you baby)  
It's what I do, yeah  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

I remember all the nights  
On different corners spittin', pitchin' water (Uh)  
Now I'm richer off the shit I thought of  
From the home of the richest ballers  
I'm Richard Porter mixed with Mr. Porter  
This picture all the jiggy shit I ordered (Uh)  
I went to France and almost got deported (Yeah)  
The fans is screaming when I hit the border (Uh)  
I visit Nice like it's my sister's daughter  
Vision broad, I thought of all the different kids and all  
Poor without a sip of water, time to get my shit in order  
And do somethin' different, gettin' tired of the same old shit  
When I'm spittin' lines 'bout the section lines  
I sit you kids who listen for us (Uh)  
I see prison for us until we pull back, that's a true fact (Yeah)  
Get money, yeah, I do that, thought you knew that

[Chorus: Juicy J]

Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought you knew, uh-huh  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you baby)  
It's what I do (Uh, yeah)  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)

[Verse 2: Pimp C]

Candy low slider, I'm a soul survivor (Soul survivor)  
Keep a Sweet in my visor, bitch, I'm keepin' it liver (Liver)  
Than the average Joe (Joe), I think fast, talk slow (Slow)  
He think he want a war but he don't really wanna go (Go)  
Need to get me some head from Sheryl Crow (Crow)  
A helluva blow (Blow), from a millionaire snow (Snow)  
You can waste your time, with the goody, goody two shoes (Uh)  
Now I'm puttin' 'em on the spot (Uh), I give a ho the blues (Blues)  
I'm touchin' on her cot (Cot), I put her on the block (Block)  
You think I'm startin' over (Over), bitch, I ain't never stop (Stop)  
Poppin' the trunk, and testin' the pills  
Don't give a fuck 'bout where you're from  
Don't give a fuck 'bout how you feel

[Chorus: Juicy J]

Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought you knew, uh-huh  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you baby)

It's what I do  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you), uh-huh

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

I'm a vet' still in this game, I'm rich, bitch, like Rick James  
Got a group of hoes in MIA, get a condo in Biscayne  
The Louis store, I drop bands, the Gucci store, I drop bands  
Prada store, I went HAM, my left wrist, it cost a Lam'  
Your girlfriend a groupie, like Trident, she wanna chew me  
Hell nah, I ain't cuffin' 'em, I'm a dog just like Snoopy  
And when I leave the mall, it's sold out, erryday shoppin'  
Taylor Gang, blowin' money, \$50,000 on wrist watches  
\$100,000 in a plastic bag, we takin' off, bitch, pack your bags  
Bitch, I came from having nothin', damn right I have to brag  
Try me and I'll pop your ass, stupid nigga, get a body bag  
All I talk is money, ho, rich niggas don't lollygag

[Chorus: Juicy J]

Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought you knew, uh-huh  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)  
Thought y'all knew  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you baby)  
It's what I do  
Gettin' money is (What I do, falling in love with you)

[Verse 4: Bun B]

Gettin' money is the main reason most people wake up (Wake up)  
The root of why most relationships is startin' breakups (Breakups)  
While niggas get haircuts (Haircuts), and bitches do makeup (Makeup)  
While we take their penitentiary chances (Huh), we shake up  
It's an everyday struggle for the almighty dollar (Dollar)  
Some is in the streets and some is workin' blue collar (Collar)  
Real up in your field and, man, it make you wanna holler (Holler)  
Say your prayer for a player, amen, inshallah ('Shallah)  
Been like that, ain't a damn thing change  
Money on mind, the red of my brain  
Candy paint is gon' drip that stain  
Lean on left, the grip of my grain (Grain)  
See, ain't a damn thing change but the weather (Weather)  
So If you ain't breakin' bread then we can't even sit together ('Gether)

[Outro: Juicy J]

Gettin' money is (What I, do)