

Birdman, Get That Money

(Birdman:)

Y'all already know what it do nigga?

Theres money over here, Cash Money over here, nigga

Me and the little J.R., Like that homeboy

We on the grind nigga, got some muscle nigga, shine nigga, like father like son nigga

Hey we drive shiver, headlights like a light bulb, that means the cars expensive you stupid f**k, kee

(Lil Wayne:)

I know some niggas that'll murk ya for a quarter birdy

You bitch ass nigga just be lucky that the boy ain't hurt me

I got the money to lag, and I got that swager workin

I'm smokin some I can't pronounce, but I'm behind them phantom curtain

What is you hiding bitch?

I'm on some paper shit

She wants to make me dinner

I tell her, "Make me rich."

Your f**kin with a winner

But I come from the litter

Woke up out of bed and I can that dirt and turn that shit to glitter

I leave the work with her

yeah, she my baby sitter

And if I find out she's stealin

For reala I'ma kill her

I'm just a money man

So where the dollars at?

Some around back, Ima work until them flowers black

She wanna ride on this

I make her ride with that

Her pistol and her celly, thats her survival pack

And do I love her? Naahhh

Man I just love the spirit

Blind, deaf or crazy, its money over bitches

(Chorus x2:)

Now errbody that I'm knowin get that money baby

And we aint worried bout them hoes, get that money baby

You get that cook or that blow you are called a baller

If you aint talkin about that dough, homie what you talkin?

(Birdman:)

So get your game up

Take a bitch, break a bitch

Strap her down with work, and tell her dont trip, take a trip

Get your hustle up

The money's what you make of it

These niggas wanna cook down they clothes, they close down the bakery

So stop stuntin homie, false promotin

It aint about what you make

Its about what you told em

Burn him up and leave him naked

Bring him back to his wiiifffee

The bitch aint even cry cuz he was living that liiifffee

These niggas think I'm slippin cuz I'm fallin back

Bitch, I got money and a wall for that

When you get it from the ground homie

And hold the hood down

And don't make a sound if the people swing around

Bitch, do ya thing hoe

Hussle, try to stay low

This is for my old school g's who aint around this bitch

But shorty, they aint f**kin with pops

Let them niggas chase that pussy, we gonna follow tha guap

(Chorus x2)

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And we aint worried bout them hoes, get that money baby
You get that cook or that blow you are called a baller
If you aint talkin about that dough, homie what you talkin?

(Birdman:)

50 stacks in the garden and the backyard
Youngin talkin, turn a key into a crack charge
Y'all niggas aint eatin how we eatin
F**k how we used to be
Now we how we need to be
If they aint with us
They must be against us
We shoot em in the head, cuz the act like they sistas
If you aint gettin bread, nigga keep ya distance
Sharks over here, nigga keep on fishin

(Lil Wayne:)

Money, money, money, is my intuition
Money over bitches, such an easy decision
Young money, money men, monster militia
Hard body, these niggas is a box of tissue
That nina will kiss ya
That chopper will twist ya
380 snap shots, now smile for the pictures
Wheezy motherf**kin baby, pay me
A 9 to 5 is over rated
I'm on that grind hoe

(Chorus x2)

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