Lil Baby, Get Money

Yeah

So we was at a gas station today, I told the bros, like Last one home owe a dub, know what I'm sayin'? And we all ridin' in foreigns, so That shit super fun cuttin' all through traffic, sayin' Kinda felt like I made it for a change That's what I do

Lamborghini truck, big Dre in the cut Bruh them Bentley-ed up behind me, know what's in my cup Doin' ninety in a thirty-five like I don't give a fuck I'm sorry Aventador, I let lil' Q 'dem drive, make sure y'all don't hit nobody I can't lie, this rap shit got us livin' like we hit the lottery Crippin', knockin' niggas out, one punch like he got into boxing I been flying state to state for drip, I done got into shopping Every other day, it's somethin' fake, I'm duckin' paparazzi He ain't listen, they tapped his nugget Label told me ain't got no budget This ain't that, and that ain't 'bout nothing I got rich, but got folks still strugglin' I got bros give a fuck 'bout nothin' I got hoes, don't give a fuck 'bout fuckin' I ain't did that if she ain't got no butt Money bring problems, okay, so what? Pee them too real, they bought me a Rolls truck Sent it back to get a newer version Cullinan with the stars in it, got the captain seats in the back I want the white paint with the red guts, all my other cars need to match it They be like, "Ooh, ooh," off in traffic Gotta put racin' gas in my track kit

Get money Get money, get money Get money
Get money Get money, get money Get money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money
All I do is get money Get money, get money Get money
Get money Get money Get money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money, yeah

How you make a whole chorus about getting money? 'Cause all I do is get money Monday through Sunday, Sunday through Money It ain't no stoppin', always gon' clock in Ask for my bookin' phone like I'm trappin' He a good rapper, yeah, but he cappin' I treat my shows like I'm getting loads I gotta get off anywhere I go, yeah Hop out alone, I'm in my zone Most of this shit I done did on my own Niggas want credit for shit that my mama did I really treat Lil DT like my mama kid Been poppin' shit since I bought me that Bonneville I'm in Atlanta from Bankhead to Summerhill I can't play 'round 'cause I know it's kill And I know it's real, yeah

Get money Get money, get money Get money Get money Get money Get money I'm getting money Money I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money
All I do is get money Get money, get money Get money
Get money Get money, get money Get money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money Money
I'm getting money
I'm getting money