

# 50 Cent, I Get Money

I get money, I get money, I get I get I get money (50)

[Chorus]

I get money, money is got (I I get it)  
I get money, money is got (I I get it)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)  
I get money, money is got (I I get it)  
I get money, money is got (I I get it)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

[Verse 1]

I take quarter water sold it in bottles for 2 bucks,  
Coca-Cola came and bought it  
For billions, what the fuck?  
Have a baby by me; baby  
Be a millionaire  
I write the check before the baby comes,  
Who the fuck cares  
Im stanky rich  
Ima die tryna spend this shit  
Southside's up in this bitch  
Yeah i smell like the vault  
I used to sell dope  
I did play the block  
Now i play on boats  
In the south of France  
Baby, St. Tropez  
Get a tan? im already black  
Rich? I'm already that  
Gangsta, get a gat  
Hit a head in a hat  
Call that a riddle rap  
Shit, fuck the chitter chat  
I'm the baker, i bake the bread  
The barber, i cut ya head  
The marksman, i spray the lead  
"I blood clot, chop ya leg"  
Do not fuck with the kid  
I get biz wit the cigg  
I come where you live  
Ya dig?

[Chorus:]

I get money, money is got (I I get it) (2x)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)  
I get money, money is got (I I get it) (2x)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

[Verse 2]

You can call this my new shit  
But it aint new tho  
I got rid of my old bitch  
Now i got new hoes  
First is was the Benzo  
Now im in the Enzo, Ferrari, im sorry!  
I keep blowin up! (Oh!!)  
They call me the cake man  
The strawberry shake man  
I spray the AR  
Make your whole click breakdance

Backspin, headspin, flatline, ya dead then  
9 shells, Mac-10,  
"Who wan get it crackin?!"  
I was young, i couldnt do good  
Now i cant do bad  
I ride, wreck the new Jag  
I just buy the new Jag  
Now nigga why you mad?  
Oh you cant do that  
Im so forgetful, they callin me cocky  
I come up out the jewler, they callin me Rocky  
Its the ice on my neck man, the wrist and my left hand  
Bling like BLAOW  
You like my style  
Ha ha im headin to the bank right now

[Chorus:]  
I get money, money is got (I I get it) (2x)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)  
I get money, money is got (I I get it) (2x)  
I get money, money is got (Yeah yeah)  
Money I got, money is got (I run New York!)

Yeah, I talk the talk, and I walk the walk  
Like a teflon Don, but i run New York  
When i come outta court, yea i pop the Colt  
I keep it gangsta, have ya outlined in chalk  
I I get it,  
In the hood if ya ask about me  
Theyll tell ya im bout my bread  
I I get it,  
Round the world if ya ask about me  
Theyll tell ya they love the kid  
I I get it,  
Whoa Hey..  
I I get it,  
Whoa Hey..  
I I get it,  
Whoa Hey..  
Yeah,  
Whoa Hey..  
I run New York!  
Whoa Hey..  
I I get it,  
Whoa Hey..