Project Pat, Been Gettin' Money

(feat. Three 6 Mafia (DJ Paul, Juicy J))

[Project Pat:]
Yeah it's Project Pat in this thang... This goes out to all real niggaz mayne... You gettin' that money you gotta keep gettin' that cheese man... You know what I'm sayin'? And those who sittin' around waitin' on a handout, nigga, keep waitin'

[Chorus:]
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
I been gettin' money, I been gettin' money
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life, I chose
I been gettin' money, I been gettin' money

[Verse 1: Project Pat]
The gutta, the hood, the drugs, what's cookin'?
The guns, the mask, the young broads hookin'
The grams, the zones, the hundred for the tens
The county, the state, the fed-e-ral pen
Police in them high speeds now that's where I been
Ya left ya house unattended, was breakin' in
Old heads 'round the way say I need to cease fire
Cocaine habit like, water to the grease fire
Nines, big pinky rangs, flashy like King Tut
Dirty South ain't havin' thangs, do you see the bling what?
Candy paint, on the cars, hazelnut wood
Twenty fo' inch floaters floatin' through the hood

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Juicy J]
I'm on the slab tryna slang this pack of yams (yams)
Call me the sand man straight, outta Pakistan (stan)
I'm tryna get in, suckers better get this (this)
I'm tryna make it rich, ice on my wrizzist (wrist)
You on the grind every night, tryna get mine (mine)
Slangin blow, packs of pills and that goodie pine (pine)

[DJ Paul:]
Yeah, I specialize in bein' a specialist (specialist)
Don't make money ain't makin' our list (what?)
Except ya girlfriend 'cause she insist (she insist)
I got the chewin' so long I left her wit' a lisp (wit' a lisp)
I make the ones hatin' feel shitty (really)
Show my ass buyin' the same cars as P. Diddy, what?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Project Pat]
I been gettin' money from the crumbs to the purse snatchin'
I kept a mask on wit' the guns click-clackin'
Project was straight jackin' drug dealers to the fiends
I wasn't comin' up I had dreams of comin' clean
About this ghetty green, night and day I plot and scheme
Was in the project sellin' pills sippin' lean
Nigga I'm hustlin', where the bullets never ceaseful
It's always gunplay, 'cause ya mouth stay in grease-ful
Get a treeful, my candy like Honeydew
They see me in my car, dog, this what money do
Ya baby mama wanna holla so you hate to this

I'm talkin' money talk some can't relate to this

[Chorus]

[music to fade]