

Get Yo Money

CyHi The Prynce

CyHi...

Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money...

I'm from the home of the Georgia peach
We had to call Meech if we wanted to order keys
Our blow was from Miami, enjoy the Florida breeze
Got a Zo' pound and broke it down to all quarter P's
Don't run off with the pack, my nigga, we used to torture thieves
Immigrant killers (huh), I think they Portuguese
And ya'll lookin' like some sittin' ducks just a porch of geese
At 17, I was on the run with a fugitive
All he gave me was game and I kept it like it a souvenir
I swear I seen them things come, whiter than some new veneers
I was supposed to be in school, I think it's like my junior year
Cadillac Coupe de Ville, he said remember three rules
First, you 'gon need a tool and if you pull it, shoot to kill
Never shit where you lay, don't bring that work to the crib
Clique full of killers, that means you got a weak crew
You need some corporate gangsters, just can't have a bunch of street dudes
Never gang-bang, but I can call 'em if I need to
My homies was cripin' so hard, all they eat is seafood
Had a manager named [?] he used to teach me Kung-Fu
It was ironic 'cause I had to call him Sifu
Born dope, you should put the lighter on the teaspoon
All I know is drug-lords, kingpins, street cats
Funny I'm all of them niggas rehab
Fuck around a relapse when I hear this beat slap
Just don't [?] alone, I was servin' like three traps
I was deep in the game, I'm talkin' to my knee caps
If a cutie was a mile, I just served that nigga three laps
I be nervous when I rap 'cause I be thinking the beat tappin'
You and your dogs is all bark, I'm talkin' tree sap

Dig this, man sharpen man like steel sharpens steel, understand me?
Check this out cuz, every [?] think he the slickest thing moving until he gets washed in the game

Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money...

Godfathers, top shotters, block robbers
Outsiders, box riders, God got us
Dodge Chargers, mob daughters, trap houses
Fly swatters, dough stoppers got choppers
Know mobsters who love murder, like soccer
Like Tonka, put in work, night walker
Might off ya', good shooter, knife propper
Dice dropper, street ties, white collar
I done seen it all
I was taught by the mob
When you stop behind the car, give yourself another car length

Can't let 'em box you in, that's how they did Pac then
Only trust your friends as far as you can toss them
And you ain't a boss if you ain't ever took a loss, pimp
When you in the club leave your pistol on the car rim
My OG's done retired that's why the police never caught them
So get your money and get out, that's the lost gem

See, this shit ain't got no love for nobody
You niggas think you poppin' right now? You better have a back-up plan
Put these fools up on this CyHi
There's only 3 ways out this shit
Dead, jail or get your legal hustle on
I'm talkin' car-washes, barbershops, real-estate, app-
stores, jibs[?], juice, clubs, ranch shops, studios, understand me?

Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money and get out the game
Get your money...