

Gettin' Money

DJ Drama

Earli in the morning, when the sun asleep
You can find me in a Catalac, out by the creek
Bendin corners, ridin steep, yeah, I'm smokin my Keef
My baller things are quite steep, so the pockets are deep
And Texas my home, where I do my dirt
While these boys chacin skirts, I'm puttin in work
One word to the man Martin Luther King
I get the green, stackin the ching ching
Money over everything, money is first
I be right there on the corner, till the cash disperse
One word if he ain't give me anything, and to Andrew too
Bring Alex over, fuck it, the whole crew
Money in the rubber band, stackin the chips
While the road suckers on the side, bumpin they lips
These boys is talkin noise, but they sweet as a Cantaloupe
I'm posted in here, so you can never call me

Gettin money, still stayin up on the grind
Got them Benjamins, them cheques and grams up on my mind
I'm gettin money, steady stackin my bread
Soon as I get up out the bed, them the thoughts in my head
I'm gettin money, I'm collectin my cash
I'm stackin change, put it all in my stash

Ain't nothin greater than calculating my paper
Haters, I shake 'em off with the salt shaker
Payin full price for a slice, I want a full loaf of the bread
I'm countin stacks with the big face head

Nothin don't change but the kommas and the zeros
Mixtape money, same as the keelos
Get that cash, backwards and forwards
I grind all day, and hustle tomorrow
Mind on my money, get mama out the sewer
She worked so hard, her boys bairly knew her
Runnin dope boy fresh, Cocaine conasur
Tried to straight drop, 100 percent pure
Everyday I'm hustlin, for Tripple Seese
Call it cash for fact, I flip the D
I'm boss hog, and yes, my crew bruin
Paul, tell 'em what I'm doin

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Gettin money, if it's dark outside, or if it's sunny
Slim Thugger gotta get it, stayin hungry
I ain't a dummy, I'm throwin my cash up in the stash
While a boss still ball, your wings don't last
I got old money, 1994 money
That on the low money, dope sold money
Small money, keep that at your home money
I'm on everything that I'm in, I'm grown money

CEO favor, R&B pages
I'm fuckin the Jalotto, just give me the Keef paper
You gettin low doe, plan to sell dope
Could take a fuckin year off, and still blow doe
Could never signed the deal, and still get more doe
Sell dope, and still ball like I got four
I'm gettin bread, it's time to eat, I'm gettin fed
I'm on the grind 24 7, I sleep when I'm dead

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