

# Gettin Money

Jungle Brothers

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die"

Lace up a fattie of the greenery, bounce and check the scenery  
Anticipation of the raw fills up the whole vicinity  
Legendary quotes from promissory notes  
Authentic fatigues wrapped around your throat  
Coming hitting like a hammer  
My overuse of truthful grammar might send me to the slammer  
So I got my alibi, so if the DA try to make me fry  
I'll poke him in his eye with a who, what, when and why  
Oh no, not I, done hit you up with the jimmy so now identify  
Cause whether dollars or yens, the 5-ohs always want to apprehend  
A brother for doing his thing

A yo! Hotshots rock spots and smoke chocolate thai  
Talking about getting money till the day they die  
Make money money, make money money money  
Take money money, take money money money!  
Suit getting chunky, well you see my pockets' fat  
Enough to go around ten times and come back  
Be the A double B on the thousand G bill  
Circle it around from Brooklyn to Castle Hill  
Right from the getty we caught bank from the piggy  
Cause we give it to you raw down to the nitty-gritty  
People acting shitty when they see me counting fifties  
Buying new sneakers, "Yo, son! Where'd you get these?!"

Brush off the comp like lint after the hit  
No one's seen the brothers with the three shades of tint  
Only a sign they're in like Flynt and haven't reached the extent  
We use the brain as the furnace and the mouth as the vent  
>From the set off we jump on the mic and go get off  
Versatile styles bursting back and forth  
>From the dealers and shakers, we fill the rhymes pages  
To catch them papers we're back with flavours

Kick the lotto, that's my motto, stash the loot in the bottle  
Fill my tank up with gas and then hit the throttle  
Me and Mike G lamping like Lamar and Rollo  
Rocking the mic, ripping shit at the Apollo  
Check the promoter for my quota  
Money quench my thirst like Dr Pepper soda

Recognise by the 'G' at the end of the name  
The aroma in the air when I spark a new flame  
It was the DJs in the park that put a start to the game  
That's what made me grab the mic and go seek fame  
And put a shame to the emcees with styles too lame  
For the treasures I lust but I fall short of, In God We Trust  
But I learned that doesn't mean they can't be touched  
Just if you're too slow then you might get crushed  
Or bite the dust, bite the dust, bite the dust

Mega bucks in armoured trucks falling out the sky

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die"

You ask why we stay fly

"I'll be getting money till the day that I die" [repeat to fade]