

Imma Get Me Sum

Project Pat

Money, this that shit these robbers out here blast for
Money, this that shit these bitches clapping ass for
Money, this that shit a nigga living fast for
Imma get me some, Imma get me some

Only thing I know is get money, I got to have that
Quick to put that chopper in your life, bitch where that bread at
I don't want to rob, but I promise you that I will though
Imma do whatever I got to to pay these bills ho
These niggas say I'm rapping, but I could be trapping
A round of applause the way these nines get to clapping
A lot of y'all broads pillow talking with these bros
And telling all your business, pussy nigga naw
I never tell my business to a ratchet ho
Oh nut gobbling slutty bitch, all she want is blow
And money's everything, got my ride sitting clean
Boy if you ain't seen a half a million you ain't seen shit

Baking soda my trick, making noise on my strip
Fuck her while she snorts salt, my dick hard as a brick
I'm the man moving that boy, Camero my new toy
Exclusive clientele, so hard Dan Aykroyd
I rubber band my check, Susan Summers all on my neck
Chevy running like a Corvette, still war ready on deck
And money bag on your head, they coming straight for your neck
Niggas stepping over your kids, and running up in your nest
Louis shoes are all checkered, dollar bills are my chess
Bare [?] on my neck, smooth [?]

WHO, walk in the bank!? WHO, open the safe!? WHO, I don't have account
WHO, my shit in the safe!? Passcode, bombproof, Ebola
Proof, New York Times want a photo shoot, Double XL want to write reviews?
Sixty minutes, with Barbara Walters, fuck would I do? I did it
I had to get it, you won't see my goons, got a thousand midgets
With text on 'em, I send a text to 'em, to hide in your crib and send a text back
They put rattle snakes, in your baby's crib, Bushwick Bill, the ugliest niggas
That kill, I'm laughing, I'm counting my money with cheers, BURRRRR,
you niggas is her's -
Bitch made, C section with a switch blade, STUPID
I go buy Rav', you talking sideways? I'm parking that bitch, in your baby driveway
How do I do it, that's how I stunt on a hater, fuck would I do else? Fuck what I knew,
fuck what I do, if I ain't doing Juicy J to the fullest?
That Juicy J carrying metric tons, since I was thirteen, watching Pat in the coke game

'Til I grew up shouting Three-Six (MAFIA!), fifty-
billion dollars in the basement (MAFIA!)
I buy your connect on an iMessage, bitch don't flood my emails
Juicy J, I never fly alone, my weed got frequent, flier mileage
(Money!)