

Get Money

Shy Glizzy

GG, lil bitch, 33rd

[Shy Glizzy:]

Yeah, how the fuck you winning, now you niggas look crummy
Ask me where I been? Nigga I been getting money
Walkin' through the storm, I knew my days would get sunny
If I don't do shit, nigga I'm a get money
I'm a get money, nigga I'm a get money
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What the fuck is up? Keep a pistol in the tuck
Sipping on that cup, that shit kick you in the butt
Might get a fiancée, but my bitch ain't in a rush
Shout out Elliante, know my neck and wrist is bust
Baby this is Prada, yeah she do it for the dolla
Girl where you get that ass from? She get it from her mom
These niggas talking that ra-ra shit but they don't want no drama
We pulling up with hollow tips, I put that on my mama
He fucking all the hoes, he be putting on them clothes
He rock the Gucci loafers when he cooking on the stove
A lotta, lotta smoke, you don't want it? Hold your nose
Ten piece with the blue cheese, that's a bankroll, oh

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[Rick Ross:]

Brand new black Ferrari fat boy known to pop a clutch
Bought another Rollie, Presidential is a must
By the way that bottle, Belaire only one I touch
Any nigga got a problem got a hot boy that'll bust 'em
Half the market now the problem kilo by the crate
C-Notes in the safe, cause C-notes on my face
Indicted, I'ma fight it, like I'm Micheal Tyson
Lawyer custom model, that's a couple car notes
Homie doing fed time
After 10 it's bedtime
Snitchin' and you red line
Dig a ditch and lay around
Never wanted to play around
Pussy boy don't make a sound
Swishers in the wave cap
Get money still in style

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