

## Still Getting It

Stone Sour

"Off the rip" video shoot  
Niggas drank a whole bottle of Tiger balm  
Then went to Sushi Momo  
Ass shots of patron, that shit is called "death"  
Swear to God, I died for like 30 seconds  
Rest in peace my nigga Chinx (hold you down)

Haha, you see we still getting money, who?  
You see we still getting money, uh oh?  
You see we still getting money, huh?

Money on my mind, all I want is bread  
Niggas wearing wires, can't trust the FEDS  
I got it if you buy it, that's a 100 bands  
If I catch your ass lying, kill a 100 men  
My dealer gotta [?] said it's 2-toned  
I want a white and yellow, grey poupon  
The ceiling some where missing cause the roof gone  
I be shitting on these niggas' where the [?]  
I respect my O.G.'s, I respect my peers  
I respect my younger niggas', I'm remembering them years  
I was feisty just like them, Icy just like them  
Chip on my shoulder, had a boulder just like them  
But now, it's Tom Brady style, inflated it  
Started pushing Europeans, hood really hated it  
I took the hate serious, I ain't never play with it  
No security, bigger Guns around the way with it

Haha, you see we still getting money, who?  
You see we still getting money, uh oh?  
You see we still getting money, huh?

Uh, the press game turned real killers into cowards  
You ain't even worth the trade; Dwight Howard  
To say we getting money, that's an understatement  
If you ain't talking millionaires then you under payed them  
El-Gordo with tons in the [?]  
Motherfuck the DEA; no Po-Po's  
If she don't want no money, she just wanna fuck  
Head bobbing and weaving like it's double dutch  
A nigga high as fuck trying to die to live  
And yeah, we're talking extortion's, what you got to give?  
Go head and reach, you'll get the posterize  
Never called for the travel, you're just local guys

Haha, you see we still getting money, who?  
You see we still getting money, uh oh?  
You see we still getting money, huh?

Yeah, ayo  
You hating on the boy, you better fall in line  
You blowing all your bread, I'm stacking all of mine (facts)  
Uh, I can still make it rain cash, like changing different schools  
We ain't in the same class  
I went from a night box to city bank  
A smart nigga, my mind sharp, it's 50 shanks  
Whoa, you fall back, they swear you fell off

Until you pull up in that 16, they know you're well off  
So I slide through with the top down, hand on my cocked-pound  
Bitches like "you still getting guap now?"  
Yes, and, I'ma always be the freshest  
Just in case you niggas missed the message  
Motherfucka

Haha, you see we still getting money, who?  
You see we still getting money, uh oh?  
You see we still getting money, huh?