

Get Your Money Right

The Game

You gotta get it get it
Get it playa
Count all the cash up
You gotta get it, get it, get it

See stops signs and red lights, I hear gun shots and street fights
Ambulance sirens holler in the late night
It's murder, Compton nigga it don't stop
Fuck the world, Dre'll blow it up
If you down throw it up soak it up like a sponge, baby
I'm sweepin up all the crumbs daily
It all add up, it's about to get fucked the fuck up
Shut the fuck up or get fucked the fuck up
For real nigga, keep your eyes on your women nigga
Pass the lemon, squeeze it in Hennessey nigga
It's all with me, let the mob kiss you
Affiliation is my job, forever I'm a paid man
A brave man I sip the Henny down to nothin'
What you know about the knock you got from Doc huh?
It's nothing', it's all money and cream
Gasoline so supreme it's third under the greens

Get your money right
Don't be worried 'bout the next man
Make sure your business tight
Get your money right
Go inside the safe, grab your stash that you copped tonight
You gotta get your money right
Be an international player
Don't be scared to catch those red eye flights
You better get your money right
Cause when you out there on the streets, you gotta get it, get it

If you ain't in it for the money then get out the game
Motherfuckas' better think 'fore they spit out my name
I've been known to have tone, shit out the frame
Load up the clip and aim, listen
If you ain't in it for the dough your rhymin' the blah
I hit you with an O you'll be the crime in your block
If you wanna sell a million motherfucker then ride
You know we come through with the glacier
You'll be blabbin you blah
And our homes be spacious like a million and dot
I be holdin your bracelets tryin' to steal at your shot
Been a villian since I can remember 4 wheelin' the plot
Sell crack, make a million and stop, feel me?

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Yeah
From Compton to the Brooklyn zoo
I'm classic like Detox and Blueprint too
I went from Whoo Kid's and the DJ Clue's
To signing autographs on G-Unit shoes
Y'all thought it was over after Hova retired
'Till I pulled up in that Rover on 24 inch wires
Under the limo tint spittin' that gang bang lingo
The kid get 20 thou' for a show with no single
So how the fuck could you judge me
Nigga's push but they can't budge me
Nigga's sayin' fuck me
See me in the lowrider, nigga's try to mug me
Then I hop out, nigga's try to dap me and hug me
See me in my red converse, nigga's wanna cause me
But bloods be the reason these street niggas love me
The same reason your bitch wanna suck me
You niggas ain't artists you just paint pictures of me

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