

# Get Your Money Up (feat. Keyshia Cole & Trina)

Keri Hilson

Stop, now let me see your booty drop If you think you impressin' us with your ice and your dub  
Poppin' bottles in the club, get your money up  
'Cause I ain't your average girl, I've been all around the world  
If you wanna wow me, then get your money up Get your money up, boy, get your money up  
I wanna see somethin' bigger than an armored truck  
Get your money up, boy, get your money up  
You gotta throw somethin' bigger than a hundred bucks Now slide, slide one of them Black  
Cards  
If you got it, then show me how you gettin' it  
Diamonds a girl's best friend, if you can provide them  
I might even act a fool while you're hittin' it  
When you see me and my dames blowin a whole lot of change at the bar  
Don't get jealous, get your money up  
And if you don't like us, there's nothin' to discuss  
We don't even give a fuck, get your money up Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop playin' with yourself, get your money up  
Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop, now let me see your booty drop If you're tearin' the bar down with all the fly women  
And still livin' with your momma, get your money up  
Ridin' big whips, can't take care of your kids  
Why you lookin' at me? Get your money up When I'm up in the club, you know how we roll  
Them bottles pop, nonstop  
You up in Hollywood, you know how we roll  
Stop, now let me see your booty drop  
Cash is what I'm talkin' about, I don't wanna hear your mouth  
You need to put some money down, or get your money up  
Why you invadin' my space? Why you get up in my face?  
I ain't got nothin' to say but put your money up Get your money up, boy, get your money up  
Know you wanna see somethin' better than the MATA Bus  
Get your money up, boy, get your money up  
You know a bottle cost more than a hundred bucks Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop playin' with yourself, get your money up  
Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop, now let me see your booty drop Okay, now slide, slide one of them Black Cards  
If you got it, then show me how you gettin' it  
Diamonds a girl's best friend, if you can provide them  
I might even act a fool while you're hittin' it Now grind, grind, get you some big money  
And don't forget about me when you spendin' it  
But if you ain't gonna pay don't be screamin' out, "Hey, girl!"  
Stop, now let me see your booty drop Now slide, slide one of them Black Cards

Make the Pacific Ocean be part of my backyard  
If you ain't gonna pay, don't be screamin' out, "Hey!"  
I'm an independent honey, I get money all day  
Now slide to your bank account, all the cash,  
throw it out  
If you ain't yellin' dollars and diamonds, I gotta walk it out  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? You steppin' to the baddest  
Got millionaires standin' in line wishin' they had this  
Take me to Paris, buy a lotta carats  
Christian Louboutin boots, bags, and more carats  
You want average, well, this the wrong section  
My girls need the check, so we headin' in their direction  
Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop playin' with yourself, get your money up  
Get your money up, get your money up  
Stop, now let me see your booty drop  
I know that's right, Keri, your girl KC, and Trina  
They gonna hate on this one right here, let's go  
Now get your money up, get your money up  
Get your money up, we don't like them broke boys  
We don't like them broke boys  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>