

Get This Money

R. Kelly & JAY-Z

Yeah yeah
Damn it's hot
Like a muh'fucker
Yo jigga
Whassup my nigga?
Pop that water
Fo'schizzle
Yeah
Get'cha mind right, c'mon Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh-uh
Uh-uh uh-uh, gettin' that money my nigga
(Woo woo woo woo)
You better call the muh'fuckin' cops
This is a crime, uh-uh, let's go
Keys to the Bentley, off to the club
Switchin' lanes like what the
Chick on the cell wanna get with a bruh
But y'all know I don't love no
(Never love her) She, say, she, slick
I'm, like, baby, please
She say, she's got a man
But what's that got to do with me?
(F'real) Some chicks like low-key
Wrists of, zero degrees
I'm, toxic off the Belve'
Two strippers, in my hotel suite Fee fie and, foe fum-ah
Look out now, here I come-ah
For you haters, keepin' up trauma
Me and jigga thugged out on the come up
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money
You got what I want, I got what you need
Let's put it together; get this money Ace hit the club 'bout five o'clock
(Woo)
Hungry 'bout to hit the Ihop
(Let's go)
After that, menage-a-trois
And he out by seven o'clock
(P-yoon) 'Cause I'm a baller, thought I told ya
Blue rocks lightin' up my shoulders
(Bling)
See y'all niggaz know y'all need to grow up
Your album ain't out, 'cause I'm the hold up Busters wanna hoop with me

Wanna run our ways, doin' R&B
 I'll, creep creep, blink blink
 Cross your ass over, take it from meFee fie and, foe fum-ah
 Look out now, here I come-ah
 Gold diggers, this you gets none of
 Me and jigga thugged out on the come upYou got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this money
 You got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this moneyPull up on the block, cran-apple Benz
 White tank top, cran-apple trim
 Egg-shaped watch, cran-apple gems
 Dice hands 'side both of themTwo rolls and I leave with a stack
 Off to the club, G's in in the back
 V.I.P. nigga beez like that
 When you gettin' that money my nigga
 (Get this money)I spit this for my riders
 Twenty-inch rims and wide body drivers
 We can't let nothin' stop us
 (Get this money)Young H O V A
 And the boy R. Kel', you know how we play
 For that fetti, Mayne, we'll let the lead rang
 You young boyz ain't readyYou don't know Nann a nigga to near jigga
 To near as well as me and the boy Kel'
 Yeah it's money, recognize the smell
 And we up out this bitch, yellYou got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this money
 You got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this moneyGettin' that money my nigga
 Ha ha, ha ha
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha
 I gotta laugh at this shit
 (Get this money)Gettin' this money my nigga
 Yeah, ohh oh ohh oh
 Oh it's too late to get scared niggaz
 (Get this money)
 It's way too late now
 Gettin' this money my nigga
 (Get this money)You got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this money
 You got what I want, I got what you need
 Let's put it together; get this money
 (Gettin' that money my nigga)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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