

# Go Get It

## Chamillionaire

Mmmhmmm, alright  
Chamillitary mayne  
Mmmhmmm, the money's calling me  
Everybody knows how I feel about my bank  
Some say I'm heartless, but y'all know I ain't  
Don't have no problems, as long as you're keeping it G  
The money's calling me

Yeah, I could have went Hollywood, but I stayed trill and remained true  
Still riding them big blades that I slide on when I skate through  
Ever told me you hate haters, well guess what, that makes two  
Cause nowadays he got paid, You girl want me to serve pipe, got pa'tners on  
their third strike  
And they going for they fourth, it's like they know they wanna serve life  
Got pa'tners that life and got pa'tners that for life  
No longer beefing with Mike Jones, but I still murder mics

City where you from, you made it from the slum  
Now they're acting like you over, you've gotta give 'em some  
Park your Caddy in the sun  
They didn't know you did it, but they'll always be some people getting mad a  
bout your digits  
They boys that never did it, disrespecting what you've done  
Got some ladies catching feelings, tryn'a be your number one  
Got the world on your back, I know the pressure weigh a ton  
But we keep on grindin' on 'em, tell 'em money here I come

I be like, let's go get it  
Let's go get it  
I drop it out no acting timid  
I'm like, let's go get it  
Let's go get it  
I drop the top, then turn up the so they can feel it  
I'm like, let's go get it  
Let's go get it  
Looking at my watch, time is money, so I'm counting minutes  
Got the world on your back, know the pressure weigh a ton  
But we keep on running on 'em, tell 'em money here I come

Can't sidetrack these lying cats  
Tryn'a make me take a straight loss  
He say he got them birdies, told 'em I don't even play golf  
Completely different sport, they got me balling, practise paid off  
Step back and hit that switch, it's like, there's no blocking my J, dawg  
Got diamonds in my chain, celly going "rang rang"  
Look down inside my dough make sure I've got my Kirko Bang Bang  
And I ain't talking 'bout car bass  
See how fast your heart race  
And I keep it ghetto boy, but please don't end up with a scar-face  
I twist in that little key, and then start my car up  
Before noon, I flip mode, then registers at Starbucks  
Don't talk much, I talk math, don't subtract, let's add  
Gold Roley and Go count ones, then check twice, just get it right, don't gue  
ss though  
I hope the money ain't short dawg, cause I never settle for less ho  
A big salute to my congregation, we get dollars no Money pockets with money  
in them is always part of my dress code

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I be like, let's go get it, alright  
Let's go get it (go), let's go get it, alright  
Let's go get it (go), let's go get it, alright  
Looking at my watch, time is money, so I'm counting minutes  
Got the world on your back, I know the pressure weigh a ton  
But we keep on grindin' on 'em, tell 'em money here I come  
They ain't hustling the same as me, alright  
The money's calling me

We ain't worried 'bout a thing, cause we, alright  
Grinding so hard they can't believe  
They ain't really who they claim to be, alright  
All this money's never changing me  
Loyalty is everything to me, alright  
And that's why, I'm staying suckerfree

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