

Get At Me (feat. Ron Browz)

Papoose

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yea
Real nigga shit
Huh
You got a problem nigga?
Get at me nigga[Chorus]
Bitch nigga get at me, yea
Bitch nigga get at me, yea
Bitch nigga get at me, yea
Bitch nigga get at me, huh
I'm reppin my gang, yea (I'm flaggin)
I'm reppin my gang, yea (I'm flaggin)
I'm reppin my gang, yea (wave yo flag)
I'm reppin my gang, yea (wave yo flag)
Bitch nigga get at me, yea I get me the thing in my Gucci belt
I look at the world through my Gucci glasses
I carry a burden, my Louie bag
You give forty two stacks, you can have that
I got the baking soda in my frigerator
I got the ziplock bags in my cabinet
I'm ridin with thugger in that new whip
We see our enemies then we stop in traffic
Bitch nigga get at me! Mama ain't raised no savage
But if you owe me you better pay yo balance
The Brooklyn niggas, they so valid
You a deadbeat shooter, ain't man enough to raise yo ratchet
Screamin you the best but you ain't no Khaled
I got a bird in my paw and it ain't no parrot
Big homie, that ain't yo status
I got them clips on my hip and they ain't no malice[Chorus] I be in the club throwin bottles up
We getting money, I be where them stacks be
Bitch boy say they wanna do something
But they never ever get at me

If I ain't the heads up I'm on Lafayette
It ain't hard to find Mr. Maggy
Bitch boy say they wanna do something
But they never ever get at me
Bitch nigga get at me!Pop hammers, fly clothes watch wearer
iPhone 5 cameras, my flows got clearer
Grind hella, dime scrambler, I am a wise planner
None of yall drop grammar like the men in my mirror
Yacht seller, shop blamer, cop scarer
Turn this track to a deadbeat like a man who can't buy Pampers
Cursed like a song bitch, motherfucker goddamner
Man I run this shit, like my plans, so tell em get at me[Chorus]

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