

Get Down

Everlast

I see everybody rockin' the same old style
And everyone's sportin' the same profile
And all of y'all wearin' the same name brands
I hear everybody jackin' these played out jams
I won't reach for no gun, punk, I use my hands
I rock mikes and roll bikes, I cross foreign lands
I made my bones out in zones where twilight be
And every time I touch the mike it's Fright Night Part Three
For every emcee that wannaa test and try
In your custom made wears thinkin' you too fly
Make it up in gold chains what you're lackin' for brains
It's time to call your ma, duke, scoop up your remains
And finally lay to rest all the shit you stressed
Of boastin' and braggin' about the toes you taggin'
I'm knock, knock, knockin' on heavens door
While every rapper that's simmed is pimped like a whore
You see the talk is eighteen, three quarters past four
When your doctor slaps my ass, hear the lion roar
The record sales soared and the world got toured
You say what happened to my band, I say I just got bored
Now they call me Whitey Ford, and I praise the Lord
Find me breakin' up your crews, catch me singin' the blues
Strummin' and pickin' like I'm BB King
It's Abdul Rakim, now watch me do my thing

CHORUS
Down, down, you go

Down, down, so low

Down, down, till you hit the floor

Keep fallin' down, till you can't get down no more
You go point blank range with the scope he's knockin'

The Psycho might change but there ain't no stoppin'

The mmon's on the rise when the sun start droppin'

And y'all need to quit the bullshit that you be poppin'

'Cause I've been hip hoppin' since BDP

(???), it's Abdul Rakim

And when referring to me you must respect the name

Make a quick double take and double check your game

'Cause you about to get dissed, I'm checkin' my list

When I check it over twice it's like rollin' dice

I hit four, five, six, I'm all up in your mix

I rock good from Hollywood to the city of bricks

And all these fake cats scream they're keepin' it real
While you're makin' your deal we'll be breakin' the seal
You be breakin' your vows like people worshippin' cows
And then I hit ya with the who's, what's, where's and how's
Like Vinny Barbarino, Matt Pachino
I'm with my man Rino with the Brooklyn Lordz
Crashin' the boards with my soul in a hole
I take it back to the future from the days of old
I'm too cold to hold, too hot not to burn ya
Don't stick your nose in business that don't concern ya
Might have to trip and flip like I've Turner
You too old for schoolin', boy, when I'm gonna learn ya

CHORUS

Songwriters

SCHRODY, ERIK Published by

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