

Get Ya, Get Ya

Bizzy Bone

[Intro: Bizzy]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Roll that blunt (yeah)

Give me another toké homie

We ridin, pimp[Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone]

Ooh, I guess they don't know, I'm finna call up David

And we marchin on them quickly to the South Pole

So what they wanna do with us? Uh, finna get'cha get'cha

Uh, finna get'cha get'cha get'cha get'cha[Bizzy Bone]

Lord, crush they numbers daddies eyes can see

I know Jesus carry me, he ever need me I'm there verily

I love the Virgin Mary, Mexican food, without the children
or the child shall lead to mommy, daddy love me I'm chillin

Bless the world if it's possible, I cry on my knees

Praise the Lord, God almighty the creator of all lightning

Ass booty and cattle, blood stop, I'm feelin the brain waves rattlin

Tryna stop what we got, ain't seen no cops come

Stone cold producer, bad to the bone, I ain't no sell out

Better leave him alone, I'll clear this bitch out

Shut the fuck up out of they pencil walls and then shake that dust

Fuck the lust, non-physical, now they got me in cuffs - one love[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]

Deep in the mind where they question me, what do you want to know?

I don't know nothing, but I heard that legend tellin me take it slow

Finna be, within the body this is a blessin

better get rid of whatever you need

You better go get it remember to plant that seed

While I'm dead holdin the microphone, closer to the spirit

Clearly I get that jealousy somehow I just don't fear it

I blame nothin and it's surrounded, we're surrounded and trapped

Come up off that bullshit, pulpit, feelin the fact

Everywhere we lack, in the battlefield the shit like that

Baby we serious and I'm not curious, you tell 'em to watch that

Ideologies remember scientologies, isn't it bloody enough?

Fuck it, we are the soldiers in the rucket rough

Runnin from the spiritual po-po

Don't act like you don't know though cause I don't know either

So y'all relax and take a breather, drink a liter then roll

We gotta, we gotta find somewhere to leave for our souls[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]

I call up my uncle let me cop some fuckin Mary Jane

We been out here grindin steadily climbin each and every day
Fucker don't test us come and arrest us, show me how we play
 Feelin me with the spirit, fight you back like I was anime
Quick to have a baby sick as fuck and jump right on the stage
Comin up out that limo pockets swollen payin attention to everything I say
 Open up my mind with a prayer, as I worship the Lord Jesus
 The Dragon Slayer verily, verily I'm reborn
 Tarnished and torn, burnin up I'm feelin scorned
It's gettin warm I'm tellin 'em turn it up, turn it up, turn it up
 Tarnished and torn, burnin up I'm feelin scorned
It's gettin warm I'm tellin 'em turn it up, turn it up, turn it up
 Don't burn...

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