

# Get Your Shit Right (feat. DMX & Mad Rapper)

## Jermaine Dupri

Grrrrrrr, grrrrr, grrr (Yeah) To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high  
An' all my playas world wide it's just you and I  
Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right  
To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high  
An' all my playas world wide it's just you and I  
Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right First off, y'all niggaz know I don't slouch  
An' as a kid I done did the shit you talkin about  
I'm from the South, ya heard?  
Where niggas fly birds outta Impalas  
Live lavish  
From ATL to Dallas an' the little palace  
Goin once, goin twice, everyday, livin nice  
In the grey wit the ice, makin money rollin dice  
Livin the life, that y'all dream of  
Puttin niggaz outta business like Sony did to Sega  
You seen us, the green stuff  
An nuttin' else that's all I collect  
I got the hots like the Lox - Money, Power and Respect  
An' I can damn the check that any of y'all niggaz spit  
I stay hittin, I ain't bullshittin (he ain't bullshittin)  
Nigga, wit more glitta, than M.J.  
It's all pimp play, when it comes to me  
An' y'all motherfuckers know how J.D. gets down  
An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town  
Feel me now To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high  
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Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right Yo, let me tell you were I'm at y'all  
Shits kinda sad y'all  
If you ride the buses or trains  
Watch ya back ya'll  
Who think he stallin?  
I still ain't ballin

An' I got wild bills  
An' a crowd that keeps callin  
My dogs wanna hang (bark)  
My bitches wanna bang  
But it don't mean a thang  
When all you got is change  
That's why my women ain't dimes  
Not even close to nines  
Sorta like fives and sixes  
Wit scars and stiches  
Type of bitches that spit in yo' face like Alomar  
Broke hoes without a car  
snatchin' fruit from salad bars  
Which one of ya'll come on, test me now  
Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now  
So next time you see me up in them clubs  
I'm probably scemin'  
While you at the bar  
Brick hard and fiendin'  
I wait for 4 o'clock when yo' drunk ass is leavin'  
Cause I paid to get in  
An' now I gotta pray teethin' To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
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An' all my playas world wide it's just you and I  
Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right Niggas goin' to parties  
Thousand dollar shoes and jewels  
You Begets what I be wantin' so I be bringin' the tool  
Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in  
An' nigga D be flippin', yeah, money, it's the same shit  
What you thought  
Cause you bought  
A joint  
You might be able to creep a nigga  
When he ain't on point  
An' I can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than tryin'  
An' every step you take brings yo' ass closer to dyin'  
An' I don't flow wit the dough  
cause money comes and goes  
Gimme the love of my thugs  
Hoodrats and hoes, an' I'm good  
Cause motherfucker I'm stayin in the hood

An' I'm gon' rip till I'm stiff like wood  
You wishin' that you could  
Keep it as real as me  
An' you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me  
When I get ill it be  
Some next shit  
Darkman, Motherfuckin X shit  
Wreck shit  
For respect bitch To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly  
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Songwriters

Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Angelettie, Deric Micheal / Charlemagne, Henri / Griffin, Rahman Muhammad /  
Simmons, Earl Published by  
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