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 rightFirst 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 nowTo 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 rightYo, 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
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 rightNiggas 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 bitchTo 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
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

Songwriters
Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Angelettie, Deric Micheal / Charlemagne, Henri / Griffin, Rahman Muhammad / Simmons, EarlPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/