

# Get It Get It

## DJ Whoquestion

Been had to get forget, lived in the sickest pad  
Slept with mice and roaches, woke up pissed up slab  
School of the hard knocks, I on the vicious ave  
Jim chase Mark Chan, we beat a bitches ass  
Ask me who you loving, Cam, you been bugging  
Must have lost your mind, you fought Lucien's cousin  
And St. Mark's, yeah, big LE watch  
My nigga red squashed it, forget that topic  
40th, down the block danger zone  
Up the ave forty wall, hope y'all niggas bring you chrome  
What you saying homes? Cops, they raiding homes  
Activator juice, yes, to spray your dome  
From a tiny dude, developed grimey dude  
Stuck delivery, took all his Chinese food  
I'm so good but bad, I'm so kind but rude  
Americas most wanted, should have signed a Q  
Plus its savage, cop car crash your door  
Further more heard the boy 'em at the sack amore  
Boy yes, overseas, more sex  
4 jets, corvettes and I ain't done a tour yet  
'Cause I'm moving bricks, yes, they serve in fours  
Signing off dipset boss, truly yours  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all  
We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it  
We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all  
We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it  
We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it  
My cerebral stress, eagle let it rest  
Feel it in the air, yeah, Siegel said it best  
It's a legal mess, needles need to death  
Blame the government until then I need to chef  
Turn right, lead left, street games scrums  
Call the cops, oc, like we need a ref  
You can't cheat a chef, I can see your chest  
No heart, cherish your oxygen, breath your breaths  
He need a rest, how he gon' be the best?

Like I guess a couple slugs he need to catch  
See the sketch, you lassie  
The gun is Frisbee proceed to fetch  
Side up the hopty, spray up the Sentra  
Be sixty years before I'm layed up in benter  
Sprayed up her denture, your girl  
Then I layed her placenta, blew hazed in her rental  
Some days in December, some days I remember  
A boy, Sugar Ray wanna play the contender  
Just say I got a temper  
And my temperature is off the thermometer  
Korean New Year to Hanukah, I'm bombing ya  
Put you to sleep for good pajama, ya  
Wrangle you in ya He-Man pajamas  
Wrap you up in your Pac Man sheets  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all  
We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all  
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We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it

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