

Get Your Shit Right

Jermaine Dupri (jd)

[dmx:]Grrrrrrr

Grrrrr

Grrr

[jd:]Yeah.

[chorus:]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 the shot or die

Getcha paper, getcha dough, getcha shit right

[x2]First off, y'all niggas 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' niggas outta buissiness like sony did to sena

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 niggas spit

I stay hittin'

I ain't bullshittin'(he ain't bullshittin')

Nigga

Wit more glitter

Than m.j.

It's all pimp play

When it comes to me

An' y'all muthafuckas know how jd gets down

An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town

Feel me now

[chorus x2][mad rapper:]Yo, let me tell you were I'm at ya'll

Shits kinda sad ya'll

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 y'all 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'

[chorus x2][dmx:]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 muthafucka I'm stain' 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
Muthafuckin x shit
Wreck shit
For respect bitch
[chorus x4]

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