

# Get Ya

## Mannmademusic

We straight  
Extra, extra read all about it  
The Legit Ballers came out with with an unbelievable album  
Fuck a truce put the side on the news  
Got killers that'll ride from the loc to the deuce  
I heard a shot proof flip nigga gimme a bitch  
At the Martigra crowd flipping the trigga  
You still a bitch nigga  
Sticking ya head up at a meter now you die how do ya figure  
Acting hard with your Capri's on  
I come out at the neck of the woods on ya ass nigga ease on  
And where ya from no ain't shit to me  
Bring that ass to the tailor talking shit sent ya ass history  
Evident you you weren't meant to be  
Jacking over another niggas loot and fucking up the currency  
Born and bad seed outta the crowd  
Like David Guenna you don't wanna see me angry pal  
I'll raise up on ya ass like a root canal  
Get fucking up shit like the trench coat mafia  
Unbelievable how we popping ya  
Them state street boys will get ya  
Betta be ducking when you running or they gonna hit ya  
Them West side guys will get ya  
Burning the rubber off the 20's before they get with ya  
Them South side boys will get ya  
Ready to roll straight outta control scummy off the liquor  
Them Chi Town boys will get ya  
Throw up your guns and bust a slug and be pure scripture  
Let 'em all know now we piece and spit  
Talk about shit bout we ain't choking thangs  
I gave two to the motherfucking pork chop and watch his body drop man  
Let em test the skills of us niggas thats triggerly inclined  
Dump off on the rocks and Monica red link  
While blocks young guns on the grind  
Out on the field what would a tribe nigga do  
In a kill or be killed situation  
Drama's what you motherfuckers facing  
While he running I'm walking like Jason  
Shocking your motherfucking body like grave dig

Then we dumping you all the say did  
I bring pain to y'all niggas who be hating  
Fortification 'bout my nation got me sniffing up information  
Gimme the body dig a ditch  
Bury the motherfuckers like old ancient blue prints  
Execute you use 'em, find 'em, hit 'em, split 'em 4 to the vest  
What a way make to rhinos rip through the flesh  
God bless us thugs that hold our own controls  
On a mission yanking the snitch know to get it on  
24 hour ghetto jeep is at the door  
Lynch mob made me how you and your goofy click  
And your throat is gone, suffocating em by dozens  
Running with grim reapers handing out some good guns  
And it all kicked off some shit you said  
Now look at the little pus dressed up in red  
Them state street boys will get ya  
Betta be ducking when you running or they gonna hit ya  
Them West side guys will get ya  
Burning the rubber off the 20's before they get with ya  
Them South side boys will get ya  
Ready to roll straight outta control scummy off the liquor  
Them Chi Town boys will get ya  
Throw up your guns and bust a slug and be pure scripture  
Them St. Louis boys will get ya  
Betta be ducking when you running or they gonna hit ya  
Them Houston guys with get ya  
Burning the rubber off the 20's before they get with ya  
Them Cleveland boys will get ya  
Ready to roll straight outta control scummy off the liquor  
Them dirty South boys will get yet  
Throw up your guns and bust a slug and be pure scripture  
Whatcha gone do when them niggas run up to you  
Don't fold stroll mean mugging you with them thangs out  
How you gonna play that terror roll  
Or let the march unfold slaughtery act at 11 to it and then die  
Laid off in the streets with a psychotic thugs wont stop playing for keeps  
He waiting to get tipped for your and your peeps  
Clock ticking slow its a quarter past three  
Lights on lights off in your community  
Your block's having problems with electricity  
Beat gang and in the presence of the one you envy  
So go collect struck chains greens and weed  
Burn off a little bit of rubber if you ride with me  
Slipping the clip in and put your pistol back on your hip  
And I'm giving you half of the wild green

Down with them niggas Mob stability  
Let's keep em feeling me we bogus with vocal trilogy  
Get in a game where you get crapped out  
Spooking the mouses with design got them niggas pulling macs out  
For the love of the green liar promotion  
Hell if I expose ya mad assed out blowing some backs out  
Them state street boys will get ya  
Betta be ducking when you running or they gonna hit ya  
Them West side guys will get ya  
Burning the rubber off the 20's before they get with ya  
Them South side boys will get ya  
Ready to roll straight outta control scummy off the liquor  
Them Chi Town boys will get ya  
Throw up your guns and bust a slug and be pure scripture  
Them St. Louis boys will get ya  
Betta be ducking when you running or they gonna hit ya  
Them Houston guys with get ya  
Burning the rubber off the 20's before they get with ya  
Them East Coast boys will get ya  
Ready to roll straight outta control scummy off the liquor  
Them dirty South boys will get yet  
Throw up your guns and bust a slug and be pure scripture

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