

# Get yours

## Dubee

Hey, throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours  
If the rims on his ride ain't as big as yours  
You gettin' money what'chu hatin' on my niggaz for?  
Hey, get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours  
Throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours  
If that other bitch's ass ain't as big as yours  
You gettin' money what'chu hatin' on my bitches for?  
Hey, get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours  
Boss lady pull up in the back of the Maybach  
Chauffeur behind the wheel, feet up, leaned back  
Readin' the newspaper, honeygirl put a hurtin' on 'em  
Haters like a bad act, I just close the curtain on 'em  
Play all day on the Siruis, radio  
Satellite TV, who do it like me?  
In designer outfits, while sellin' the tag  
Yves Saint Laurent boots, Yves Saint Laurent bag  
Keep the Pokeman in case a big bitch think I'm ass  
Eatin' through her stomach like a gastric, bypass  
Bitch, you better buy a pass and you better have the cash  
When you in my town you got to see me to buy a pass  
Number one rule, think B.I.G.  
Fifty grand for the girl to sit in V.I.P.  
The spotlight is on me, I'm the one they wanna see  
They give they money to Kim like I'm H.S.B.C.  
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Hey, get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours  
Yeah, well, it's young Dash to all those who don't know  
The boy who stay hot when his jewels is so cold  
Killer screwface and he cockin' that fo'-fo'  
Wanna ice grill? Better holla at Paul Wall  
Is all that called for? Whole crew do it up  
Champagne, threw it up, till niggaz threw it up  
Cruisin' up, tinted up, gotta be some star

Don't know what to call it, they say it's a truck car  
You been with a chump pah like Ashton

Was the first one to "Punk" y'all  
Have yo' ass holy and resemblin' Spongebob  
Like an old album, you happen to come for us  
You guys get dust off  
It's the young boss, show you what the imp us for  
Family and friends be the only ones missin' boy  
Sayin' that you rich and all, tell me what'chu bitchin' for  
Maybe 'cause I'm gettin mine, well, is you gettin' yours?  
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Hey, get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours  
You don't really want it with the nigga right in front of Tip  
Have you duckin' on the shit, wanna let the thunder spit  
Get bucked, bitch, give a fuck who you run and get  
King of the South, Pimp Squad Clique runnin' shit  
Bricks in the pipeline, sold in the nighttime  
Take a lifetime to find a flow that's quite like mine  
Fourty cal's and 45 glocks, I don't like nine  
Mac-9 and automatic flatten niggaz lifeline  
I'm already rich, use the rappin' as a pastime  
Grand Hustle bitch and I done said it for the last time  
Other niggaz settle down 'cause I don't bag mine  
You see me pull it I'ma blast, I don't flash mine  
You niggaz livin' check to check but I don't cash mine  
Deposit it and let it sit 'cause all the cash mine  
Been goin' easy on you rappers I'ma mash now  
Niggaz throw your bottles in the air and put the glass down  
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