

Get It How We Get It (Splack-Interlude)

YoungBloodZ

I'm saying everybody gettin' tired of the nickel and dime
Know what I'm saying?
Don't waste no time playa hating on another nigga
Know what I'm sayin', get this money man, know what I mean?
See...I kill for my nigga, die for my nigga
Send your weak body floating in the river
Ways of the day, man nobody knows
If you should be for sure to walk out your door with your 44.
Hell I waited, and I waited, til' I can't wait no mo'
Man, fuck this rap shit, hit my bro', front me some dope
See money thirty times a day, still can't seem to hold
Lower than thirty dollars a month off in a nigga billfold
Now would somebody please let me know, what cha' got to show
For when thangs movin' slow, with only six grams of blow
Life ain't nothing but a struggle when you pit of the poor
Hustle and get it in, like most my niggas rockin' the boat
The strong survive, the weak should die, nigga must stay afloat
Momma still work that 8 to 4 lord, bless her poor soul
Turn this dope into some lyrics nigga, make it go-go
Be it a million sold, woah, gotta get it for sho'Hook
Cause we some full-time grinders, hard time hustlas
Get it how we knew it, from the smoke unto the dust
>from tracks to traps, slabs to raps
Spread a little round', make it all come backNow open up your mind, as we unclog your brain
And wipe away these thoughts of what you ever felt was pain
Cause like rain, it pours, like thunder we roar, your bloods at your ass
So get your face up out the floor
And know that it's real
Cause sometimes I feel the only way to survive is, is just to live
My life day by day, in the way I only should
So who the hell is you to tell me how to live it good
To the good that went bad, from dwellin' in your path
To partna' keep a look out for these niggas startin' to blast
And in a flash, you back at home
Under your sheets weepin' in your sleep
Like when them bitches start that snitchin', I'm a cut you deep
Now take a peep, and tell me what you see
It's dem boys from dat attic makin' noise in the streets
So don't you come with no hoe shit, or none of that old fuck shit

Me and my niggas out to get it and split it, so nigga duck quickHook
I put my grind down, I pick my rhyme up
Ain't no money loss, I sack it up, who gives a fuck
I'm stuck in the dirt, I put in my work, money to be made
10% in church, oh it's a business now
Don't play that dumb shit, by all these sales that I had I need a lil' bit
Oh now you feelin' this, I knew you would though
A dirty south nigga straight up out the hood bro'
I went from trapped thang off in this rap game
Bid your clientelle, make a sell, it's all the same
And once you recognize, no tears from them eyes
You do that damn thang, wait for that big surprise
They say they know the deal, they say it's all real
They feel what I feel, thats what they need to kill
A nigga tryin' to live, I gotta pay the bill
I lay these rap songs, to make you dance a lil'Hook

Songwriters

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