Get Up Get Off

Prodigy

You got to get up if you wanna get
I hate people that ain?t movin? their shoes
And I hate everybody that I see not feelin? my groove
I like rhymes that be quick as we be takin? the bar
But I hate everybody that don?t like electric guitars
And I hate people who think they can dose up their medicine
Fuckin? with venom and I twista show them the force
I?d like to see somebody talkin shit get turned up a corpse
Only model with the ones that got the wickedest drawers
Kick it with ya?ll
But I hate phony ass people and I hate having no dro
And I hate bitchy-ass clubs that don?t be havin' no bitches
That break it down to the floor and I hate when I can?t help somebody

And I hate when I ain?t got dough, and I hate everyone feelin' twista
And prodigy rockin? music party music control
You?ve got to get up if you wanna get off
Keep your eyes open so I can stop you from blinkin'
Make you feel try to see what you?re thinkin'
Through the hole in your dome while I?m holding my own
Get so cold in the zone I?m destroying my clone
I can fill the fuckin? room up with torture and pain
Lyrical is coursing my veins
It?s the trilogy of terror from my era
Agility that I scare ya because I hate ya?ll

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