Get It Poppin'

Joe Budden

(ALRIGHT!)
(I'm showin my flying monkey)
(OH NO! NOT THE FLYING MONKEY!)
(Yes, yes the flying monkey)
[DJ On Point:]This shit right here is called Get It Poppin'
Shout out to Soul Diggers on the beat
[Intro: Joe Budden]C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon [2 gunshots]
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon [2 gunshots]
C'mon, c'mon niggaz, c'mon, c'mon [2 gunshots]
(DJ ON POINT)
C'mon, now look, now look [gunshot]
(Is this what you want?)
[Verse 1: Joe Budden]Nobody likes me, everybody hates me
Play that jump off, all of Jers' gon' go crazy (yeah)
Model chicks buggin, talkin 'bout havin his babies
You just "Think She Likes You", you doin it like JD
Pull up at the dice game, wrists on AC (so)
For my own safety, I'm keepin it off safety (okay)
Feds wanna indict him, blue suits wanna chase me (what?)
My money too long for you fuckers to come and cage me
Don't wile out with glocks no more (naw)
If I'm "Window Shoppin, " I'm probably 'bout to rob that store
Dog, license suspended, stash, stay with a nina
While I'm the highway, drag racin the Medina (c'mon)
Naw they can't be 'em, Joey they can't see 'em
No prison could hold 'em, Bruce Bowen can't D 'em (oh)
Don't handcuff a ho, don't wife 'em and don't feed 'em
Somebody should have told her, it's a privilege just to meet 'em (c'mon)
[Chorus: Joe Budden]Let's get it poppin niggaz, let's get it poppin [2 gunshots]
Let's get it poppin my nigga, let's get it poppin [2 gunshots]
You know that sound, whenever they got it poppin
It's, [2 gunshots], What it do [gunshot], how it go [gunshot]
Let's get it poppin niggaz, let's get it poppin [BOOM, BOOM]
Let's get it poppin my nigga, let's get it poppin [BOOM, BOOM]
You know that sound, whenever they got it poppin
It's, [BOOM], What it do [BOOM], how it go [BOOM]
[Verse 2: Joe Budden]
Look at here
Let me tell you why I'm that hype (why?)

As soon as I started ghostwritin everybody started gettin signed overnight (yeah)
I need green for everything now
The murder rate's goin up cause they puttin Beans on everythin now
I had this Bugaboo bitch, kept wantin me to romance her (HO!)
Always poppin up, I called her George Costanza (HO!)
Spent some time with her, realized I couldn't stand her (So)
So I logged her in my phone as "You A Fool If You Answer" (c'mon)
Drama's not a thing, my ratchet'll never leave me
Fitted on tilt, I'm bitin off that obe-sity (yessir)
Feel like Bruce Lee-roy, if niggaz is so tough
I put they face underwater and make 'em say "sho nuff" (sho nuff, c'mon)
You know how the game go, every club, same hoes
I ain't with the rumors tell the bullshit to Maino
But call me if you lookin for that cocaine flow (why?)
Then I'll spit that propane and watch the whole thing blow (LETS GO!)
Let's go
[Chorus](Is this what you want?)
[Verse 3: Joe Budden]Look, look
I told 'em not to fuck with the kid
I take your wig off or maybe you can save it, like Busta hair did
Drop my V at the garage, let 'em custom my whip
I'm not spoiled, it's just I've grown accustomed to shit (OH!)
I mean nobody likes me, everybody hates me
Keep that shit comin, watch how stronger it makes me (uh huh)
Burner near by when I'm ridin in that Mercedes
Case one of these snakes get they courage up to face me
Let's go
[Chorus][Outro: DJ On Point - talking]Shout out the whole BSC
My nigga Slum Bugz
DJ Sunkist
Drew Cartier
The Don, Dre Bless
DJ BabeyDrew, My nigga Freeze, what up?
Shout out to mixunit dot com
Can't forget Young B
Toya, MK, Nate, I see y'all

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/