Got

Mos Def

Some cats really like to, you know
Profile and front
And then the jooks go down, all at once they like
Don't get me
Don't get me
Don't g-g-get me
Don't get me
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Don't g-g-get me
You're out on the block hustling at the spot
Got, this is how you get Got
At the gamblin' spot and your hand is mad hot
Got, this is how you get Got
Out in Brooklyn late night flashing all of your rocks
Got, this is how you get Got
Some girl from pink house said, "I like you alot"
Got, this is how you get Got
This one goes to all them Big Will cats
With ice on they limbs and big rims on they Ac
You rollin' 'round town with your system bumped
And your windows cracked low to profile and front
Now I like to have nice things just like you
But I'm from Brooklyn, certain shit you just don't do
Like high postin' when you far from home
Or like high postin' when you all alone
Now this would seem to be clear common sense
But cats be livin' off, sheer confidence
Like "Fuck that, picture them tellin' me run that"
But acting invincible, just ain't sensible
It's nineteen ninety-now, and there's certain individuals
Swear they rollin' hard and get robbed on principle
5 star general, flashin' all your revenue
You takin' a ride on the Downstate medical, like

Colorful sparks, yellow and blue
A full on attack and it's happening to you
Wit' nothing you can do but bust back and cop a plea
But five of them and one of you, that equal Got to me
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Come on ya'll now, let's be real
Some jokers got a rough time keepin' it concealed
I wonder what it mean, it's probably self-esteem
They fiending to be seen, get hymned like Aberdeen
Cats think it can't happen until the gats start clappin'
They comin' down the wire spittin' fire like a dragon
'Cause while the goods glisten, certain eyes take position
To observe your trick, and then catch that ass slippin'
Like, come on now ock, what you expect?
Got a month's paycheck danglin' off your neck
And while you Cristal sippin', they rubbin' up they mittens
With heat in mint condition to start the getti-gettin'
They clique starts creepin' like Sandanista guerrillas
You screamin' playa haters, these niggas is playa killers
Mr. Fash-ion, that style never last long
The harder you flash, harder you get flashed on
There's hunger in the street that is hard to defeat
Many steal for sport, more steal to eat
Cats heavy at the weigh-in, and they playin' for keeps
Don't sleep, they'll roll up in your passengers seat
There is universal law, whether rich or poor
Some say life's a game, to more, life is war
So put them egos to the side and get off them head-trips
'Fore some cats pull out them heaters and make you head-less
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