Get 'Em Girls

Cam'ron

I get the boasters boasting, I get computers puting
Y'all get shot at, call me, I do the shooting
I do the recruiting, I tutor the students
I nurture they brain, I'm moving the movementWhether Buddhist or Buddha, that's Judist or Juda
I got luger to ruger, hit from Roota to Toota
Chick from hooter to hooter, I put two in producers
I'm the real boss story, the hoolah of HoosiersI rock mostly dosey, I roll mostly dololy
I'll leave you wholy, holy, you'll say "Holy Moly"
Here come the coroner get 'em, play "Rolly Poley"
I'll tell you true stories, how I coldly hold heatWhen it's repping time, I get on extra grind
Fried to fricassee, pepper seed to pepper dine
Jeff Hamilton, Genesis, leather time
Bitches say I'm the man, I tell 'em never mindThey getting nice, they got some ice
Let's get the dice and roll 'em, get 'em girls
They getting chips, they flippin' bricks
Get the Rots and Pits, tell 'em, get 'em girlsSee acting feisty, getting shiesty
Call her wifey, tell her, get 'em girls
Just lay back, get your face slapped
We at the race track, eight stacks, get 'em girlsYou acting funny nigga, come dumb, dumby nigga
Killa keeps twenty blikers, I'm getting money nigga
So you should move away or join the dude in Play
Hey, so you can say, I'm getting money niggaFirst pal up in the rare, I style up in my gear
Stallion of the year, medallions in my ear
Whips on my fists, houses on my wrists
Your budget on my neck, your spouse on my dickPosters on the wall, posted on my balls
Dick in her mouth, I tell her I'm getting money nigga
Y'all faking the fizzle, I'm caking for shizzle
Fuck a sizzler steak, my steak stay sizzledEight, boom, boom, my ace boon coon
Shake, bake, skate, vroom, vroom, we getting money nigga
Seventh to eighth, zoom, zoom, boom, boom tune
For I get like that boom, boom room, I'm getting money niggaWreck 'n effects, zoom, zoom, meh poon, poon
Since the movie cacoon had my uzi, platooned
I'm getting money niggaThey getting nice, they got some ice
Let's get the dice and roll 'em, get 'em girls
They getting chips, they flippin' bricks
Get the Rots and Pits, tell 'em, get 'em girlsSee acting feisty, getting shiesty
Call her wifey, tell her get 'em girls
Just lay back, get your face slapped
We at the race track, eight stacks, get 'em girlMy team is the goonies, we where seen with buffonies

Toonies, best dressed, stay up in Nemis and Bloomies
Want to hit it from the back, she agreed that I'm looney
But proceeded to moon me, I'm getting money niggaBaby, BS in honey do, Cam, VS 1 and 2
I'll help you get your son out of P.S. 22
Get him a Maury flow, from the Maury show
Fuck around, y'all gonna be up on the Maury ShowHe in boot camp, you on food stamps
Welfare, no health care, a true tramp
And I'm lockey, lockey, leave you pokey, pokey
No Rice a Roni, that's the Okey, DokeyMe and Toby homie, make you do the hokey pokey
Pull the pound, up and down, turn yourself around shorty
Here's some weed, burn yourself a pound whodie
Here's a map, go load yourself a town, sporty
I was down forty now I'm up fifty
Buck fifty, buck quickly, who could fuck with me? Killa

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/