

Get 'Em (Dev79 Street Bass Refix)

J.R. Writer

Check it out
I break a nigga down ugly like Coke, up on the scale
Next step throw a stack up on the third rail
The undisputed, I'm never ever diluted or polluted
You could fuse it, if ya choose it 'cause it's deep rooted
I make ya maggot ass crawl out tha gutter
For underestimatin' as I'm cre-atin the butter
Cliques get clipped like heavy bricks when I'm droppin'
I'm wreckin' nigga whole shit plus I make a profit
Wicked with this shout, bodies are fished out
I'm wreckin' niggas one-by-one but then I miscount
Mispronounced, how do LL bounce
And get ya shit bust? I turn ya faggots into mush
Ya slippin', I'm grippin' microphones real tight
Then I crack up the speakers in ya Ac all night
Deliver messages, the prophecy's in me
His Royal Highness, you minus what you claim to be
(Say what?)Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasUh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasUh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasI blow 'em, kaboom, but fuck sound effects
Niggas was sleeping like I was off on a Star Trek
Select my dialect, inspect all my checks
He claim he gettin' money but L cast the check
You sell blunt weed, Glock block, horizons
Niggas in the projects find ya hypnotizing
You clowns know when I bring forth the heat
Hardcore niggas be wearin' panties, lookin' sweet
I'm on a journey through the land of frontin' niggas
Nervous motherfuckers with tha hands on dirty triggers
I lay back, niggas beef or let my nuts live
I take my blade, insert it until ya guts give
Execution, the destroyer of ya suspect bunch
What? Drama! You can't believe how I deliver bomb shit
Ya brains split, the pain hits ya little dickUh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasYou fallin' backwards, leanin' like a dope addict
Rope niggas claim me, packin' automatics
Found his ol' Earth's burner underneath the mattress
Go outside, the bitch up just like a actress

I take ya motherfuckers one-by-one and show ya how it's done
And dick ya down in front of everyone
Bitch niggas ain't got no type of reason
To say a bullshit rhyme in LL season
I'm freezin', ya bleedin' heavily up out'cha rectum
Black and blue, tryin' ta hide up in the spectrum
I got ya raw ass bustin' straight flat
Head up on the place mat, ready to waste that
Operatin' incorporates stimulin' designs
Lay that motherfucker's shit down, nigga resign
Don't lose ya mind, concentratin' on how I shine
You never hear a nigga like me, never in time
I blaze it quick, amaze cliques when I flip
I can't believe you niggas forgot who rip shit
It's '96 and niggas like to hold they dicks
I'm breakin' shit aside ya doctor's can't fixUh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasFuck the tricks and all them smooth singin' grooves
I'm bringin' crews, in my ring you swing and lose
With the blues light my fuse, allow me
To show ya crab ass fake niggas how it be
My technique's superb when I'm pissin' on these herbs
Crystal clear so you can hear every word
Fuck the goodie-goodie or your moms might hear it
I gotta keep my title locked down so niggas fear it
Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot for my niggasUh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot!Uh, I get da drop on you niggas
I blow it, I make it hot!

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