

Let's Get It

Three The... feat. G. Dep, P. Diddy & Black Rob

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggas from the, what you gonna do
When you ready, shit I was born ready
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya, attack like a vulture
If I said I get cha, wearing it I'll fit ya, y'all thirteen inches
I see the big picture, if it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit' ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her own titty
Put it in the video, ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit
Till my whole wardrobe is-it listen
Make this money
Take this money
(Let's get it)
Ain't no way you can take this from me
(Let's get it)
Ain't shit funny
Shake it honey
(Let's get it)
Take it money
Now let's get it
(Let's get it)
Creep with your people, though my shit is sweet and low it's no equal
Front butch look, once I throw the hook you proceed to get cook
With the game and the soldiers sit
When I came, the game that I owed you one
Wide big Lincoln, why he died on the side for the stinking
Watch the task force task for look Marlboro
It's a big chance, big pants
Might guard him with my man's a type barber
Better learn quick, 'cause my clique don't argue
You ain't my crew, then who are you
For we take off make sure that your seated
Billboard read it believe it
Make this money

Take this money

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Ain't no way you can take this from me

(Let's get it)

Ain't shit funny

Shake it honey

(Let's get it)

Take it money

Now let's get it

(Let's get it)

Soul Controller, rap Itola, kids hate me when they older

I put cracks by the stroller, registered voter, motherfucker quota

Give some baking soda and a quota

Man I flow straight up out the water

I'm break this game till it say out of order

Who's the high scorer, then tear the floor up

On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head on the tour bus

Do what them niggas them niggas in the drop thinks cooler

All the five quarters, headline supporters

Hitting wives and daughters

Brought a neck spray from Esate Lauders

Call Puffy to order

Ayo, call me Diddy I run this city

Send the cops, the feds and D.A. to come get me

Cats wanna leave me for dead you coming with me

Get head in the Bentley red at one fifty

Straight lose it, love two things my money my music

Might co-write and produce it

Drop mine, hot nine exclusive, got y'all hulking like Bruce did

Deuce it, break backs and stacks it's no problem

Make raps and tracks and go Harlem

Get worldwide coverage, got so many spots

I don't even buy luggage, ya love it

Make moves major, hide out in Asia

If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her

I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators

Not guilty, plus I'm filthy, c'mon

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(Let's get it)

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano

Flow in their channel with the opposite handle

Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel

Snatch the yag of the mantle, the proceed to dismantle

Can't say Rob, how many niggas done tried to play mob

Quit they day job

Tired of putting broke niggas under the wing

If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing

Act like you gonna pull that thing, thing

You the only one who gets played for bling, bling

I represent eight blocks and sing-sing

Almost caught a buck fifty for fucking with Latch in Killer Queens

Moves for paper, moves no chaser

Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser

Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it

(We ain't do it)

Now let's get it

(Let's get it)

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