

Get In 2 It

Fiend

Boy, you done fucked up now
Boy All I know you better duck when I blast, run when I pass
(And get somewhere)
Come up with my cash, I'ma up and get mask
(And get somewhere) Take what I'm owed, I'ma have to unload
(The [unverified])
Re-stock the rifles [unverified]
(Cause I'm street with it) Never be punked keep one in the trunk
(My deadly assassin)
Get to jumping the skunk Mr Whomp
(And I'm acting bad) Loaded and full don't try none of that bull
(2 steps to the head)
Go on and pull [unverified]
(They'll find you dead) Down in the south claiming the heat
(Let 'em bleed)
Going to get bucked and not give a fuck
(Where it's ass bleed) This ain't just words
And I damn sure can't fake it
What I'm trying to say is you a coward
And you might not make it So what we got to do to get in 2 it
What we got to do to get in 2 it
Boy, thinking we can do it Now we can flip anything that I front ya
You say nigga I ride before you bring mine's
I'ma leave yours outlined in chalk
And if you talk to them F-E-D's like the street code homie then
The catfish are hungry Too many phony mothafuckas try to step in the circle
Don't you know TRU bitches will hurt you
Break your shirt too Mia X
(Mama Drama) Coming and swinging at dumb hoe beaters
Right and left will crush you, attitude adjuster
Fuck get ready for war, nigga, send them on in Cause I got more guts than nare [unverified]
I fears no man or woman and kin after them
My gat retracts at them, reacts and claps at them
Nigga So what we got to do to get in 2 it
What we got to do to get in 2 it
Boy, thinking we can do it So what we got to do to get in 2 it
What we got to do to get in 2 it
Boy, thinking we can do it So what we got to do to get in 2 it
What we got to do to get in 2 it

Boy, thinking we can do itSo what we got to do to get in 2 it
What we got to do to get in 2 it
Boy, thinking we can do itNow I done seen your kind before you walked that line before
Plenty niggaz talking they sticking ass out [unverified]
I don't hide from my hoes, bitch, I meet 'em where I tell 'em
And let the results be three days and you'll smell 'emI can't give a nigga the satisfaction of altercation
Miscommunication got his ass with a bang face
Chasing mothafuckas up the block if I have to
Don't think that I won't smack you or bitch slap youWith something filthy I bought for the dark
6 shot ghetto hot, so I can't be caught
Look I fuck with 'em I let the bulldog talk to 'em
Don't got the pedigree of a G until it bark to 'em

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