

Get Ya Shit Together (Feat. Lil' Kim)

T.I.

As you can see the O.G.'s from Grand Hustle
Done laid it down again, T.I.P. Shawty
A man, this for all my home girls that like to see a baller do his thing
(Get ya shit together, come on) All the 8's, 9's, and dimes
I like to welcome ya'll to the best time
Of ya life, ya, understand that
All the stones are real and its chrome on all the wheels
Ya, know, anythin' less is uncivilized Aye, I pull up to the club, lift both doors up
Hopped out clean and ya hoes choose us
Walked in the door make the show hold up
'Cause my neck and my bracelet was so froze up The kind of stones bitches wanna see close up
So we don't approach them, they comin' and approach us
Roll the dro up then go post up
Look down cause that's where its gonna go, sho nuff In the V.I.P. and all eyes on us
Hoes chill, poppin' pills, blowin' dro no duff
Whatcha say you got a man, so what
I don't know him, and baby he don't know her I got a new phatom and my own chauffeur
Ya, think ya finna be thinkin' 'bout him, no sir
Probably prefer to tell ya man goodnight
And she don't wanna know what the good life look like If you ain't gettin' money goodnight
I know what a broke nigga look like
When you ridin' in your wheels, get ya shit together
Boy, then diamonds ain't real, get ya shit together Now we can ball seven days, six nights
If that head and that pussy get right
And match ya panties with ya bras, get ya shit together
Come get your hair and nails done, get ya shit together Hey, I'm off the scene with Louis the 13th
Chains swing to my jeans, and my T-shirt clean
In case you been researchin', I'm the King
With a style as mean as the earth seems Chest on ice, and my wrist on gleam
30 karats in the ring, money ain't no thing
You think I'm playin', but I ain't jokin'
The dro king, if it ain't purple, I ain't smokin' Rubber band bank rolls, 50 thousand dollar cheddar knots
Try to shine, is you out your mind, boy you better not
I walk around with more money than you ever got
Shrewd attitude like I never had to sell a rock Shawty I can get you in whatever spot
Backstage, front row, what I got to front for
I'm gettin' bored, don't even know what I stunt for
Got a lotta rides, what it hurts to cope one more If you ain't gettin' money goodnight
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Come get your hair and nails done, get ya shit togetherTo all my hot girls, if you wanna come chill
Let's roll on chrome wheels, let me tell you what it is
We finna throw a little party at the crib
Where the floors tricked out and the rooms like illThe basements cool, but the pools unreal
Where that millionaire lives, shit remains concealed
So pop a pill, put on your blindfold
I'm hittin' the dance floor, and grab eighty-nine moreLet 'em know we on the way, where they been tryin' to go
I knew I had 'em when they asked me
"What kind of diamonds are those"
Headed to the spot, pourin' double shots of XO
Play the, "Love Below", and watch 'em undress slowFlicks on the flat screen, make 'em want to, "Get low"
And spit shine this dick of mine until it gets swole
When they kick it with the king, they don't wanna let go
So whatcha gonna tell a nigga, when he tells ya, "Let's go"If you ain't gettin' money goodnight
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Songwriters

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