

Get-U-Now

KMD

(Intro)

{*BEEP!*} The fuck was that man?

That shit blew my head man...(Zev Love X)

I got a brand new .380 in the box, made like glocks

A shoebox of bullets, two clips, no safety locks

Won't get knocked cause I avoid the rage

Catchin mad bodies like the AIDS

Used to carry blades, now I'm fully loaded, save the bullshit

Tempt me I'ma empty the whole shit, that's that cold shit

And that's what I'm into, and plus it's winter

And beef ain't squished until the bullet enter

Dead center or dead broke, when I got the flame out

I'm stickin up a drunk at the liquor store, he came out

cause my rent's due, fuck with my money I'ma dead you

And you can tell the {?} sent you, and he meant it

Cut your throat, and maim your last breath, wait

I got a bullet for your ass wit'cha name and your death date

Nigga!

(Interlude)

There it is - that's what got him

I don't know man...(Chorus: Zev Love X)

I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)

I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)

I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)

I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)(Intro)(Zev Love X)

I had to get a shotty, the barrel's a double one

Cause my sidewalk got more shells than bubblegum

Stuck on it, I'm settin it, bring it if you want it

And I still got my .22, I'll never point it though

I go hip-hop, it pays by the sheets

So fuck my mother-in-law, I'm fin' to run the streets

Be the syntax error, delete

I live to spin wax, compete with off beat

(Chorus)(Interlude)(Zev Love X)

I got it, my tool, my utensil

to draw led in that ass like a pencil with a stencil

And let me see them kids who had beef in the summer

And they mugs, all look like Helen Keller but dumber

Ain't that a bummer? I'll take you out your misery

I'll be the mad bluff caller like, caller ID motherfucker!

I'm rakin in the dough by the heap

(Get the cash) C-Cypher-Punks can't 'pete

(Buck his ass) The last that you heard of your Jeep

As you sleep, I buy it off my boys for dirt cheap(Chorus) w/ variation "we gonna Get-U-Now"(Outro)

Nigga! Fucka, uhh, watch you drop!

You know what the fuck we talkin about, word is bond

And we ghost, C.M.!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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