

Get Yours (Featuring T.I. & Sha-Dash)

Lil' Kim

[Chorus]

Hey throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours

If the rims on his ride ain't as big as yours

You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my niggaz for?

Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours

Throw your bottles in the sky if you're gettin' yours

If that other bitch's ass ain't as big as yours

You gettin' money what'chu hatin on my bitches for?

Hey get your mind off of mine and get to gettin' yours Boss lady pull up in the back of the Maybach

Chaffeur behind the wheel, feet up, leaned back

Readin' the newspaper, honeygirl put a hurtin' on 'em

Haters like a bad act, I just close the curtain on 'em

Play all day on the Siruis, radio

Satellite TV, who do it like me?

In designer outfits, while sellin' the tag

Yves Saint Laurent boots, Yves Saint Laurent bag

Keep the Pokeman in case a big bitch think I'm ass

Eatin' through her stomach like a gastric, bypass

Bitch you better buy a pass and you better have the cash

When you in my town you got to see me to buy a pass

Number one rule, think B.I.G.

50 grand for the girl to sit in V.I.P.

The spotlight is on me, I'm the one they wanna see

They give they money to Kim like I'm H.S.B.C. [Chorus] Yeah, well it's young Dash to all those who don't know

The boy who stay hot when his jewels is so cold

Killer screwface and he cockin' that fo'-fo'

Wanna ice grill? Better holla at Paul Wall

Is all that called for? Whole crew do it up

Champagne, threw it up, 'til niggaz threw it up

Cruisin' up, tinted up, gotta be some star

Don't know what to call it, they say it's a truck car

You been with a chump pah; like Ashton

Was the first one to "Punk" y'all

Have yo' ass holy and resemblin Spongebob

Like an old album, you happen to come for us

You guys get dust off

It's the young boss, show you what the imp us for

Family and friends be the only ones missin' boy

Sayin' that you rich and all, tell me what'chu bitchin' for

Maybe cause I'm gettin' mine - well is you gettin' yours?[Chorus]You don't really want it with the nigga right
in front of Tip

Have you duckin' on the shit, wanna let the burner spit
Get bucked bitch, give a fuck who you run and get
King of the South, Pimp Squad Clique runnin' shit
Bricks in the pipeline, sold in the nighttime
Take a lifetime to find a flow that's quite like mine
40 cal's and 45 glocks, I don't like nine
Mac-9 and automatic flatten niggaz lifeline
I'm already rich, use the rappin as a pastime
Grand Hustle bitch and I ain't settle for the last time
Other niggaz settle down cause I don't bag mine
You see me pull it I'ma blast, I don't flash mine
You niggaz livin' check to check but I don't cash mine
Deposit it and let it sit cause all the cash mine
Been goin easy on you rappers I'ma mash now
Niggaz throw your bottles in the air and put the glass down[Chorus]

Songwriters

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