Get Em

JR Writer

Hook:
Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em
We get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em
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Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'emVerse 1: (uh, okay, uh)
We hit the club, gripping on the ol' heat
Purple in the air, middle finger to the police (fuck 'em)
Then get a dub, I'm skidding up the whole street
Tires lookin' like ya nigga's sitting on some slow lease (twenty-sixes)
So sleek, skipping wit' ya old freak
Who swear to god I'm the flyest nigga on the whole east (east)
Get the drift*(drift), the party'll be pissed
When I buy the bar and only leave water on the list
Prick, I'm the shit,(shit) and known in the city (uh huh)
Prefer Cris' even though the Moe get me dizzy
So it's a rizzy, I'm 'bout it
Standing on the couches like I ain't got no home-training in me
Huh, you can't stop it, I'm harder to crack
So the DJ bring it back like he borrowed the track
I ain't never had a problem with that
I'm a problem in fact, a nigga really know a squad that can rap
Tell 'em goHook:Verse 2:
We get it poppin',(poppin') you know where I'm from (harlem)
Everywhere I go them damn groupies wanna come (come)
Cuz if them lil' chickens ain't drooling on my 1s
It's the G's on the lace with the Gucci on the tongue
Hun, I'm gettin' bread, don't confuse it wit' a crumb (cha ching)
But if I gots to reach up in this Louis then ya done (blap)
Them Rugers'll get swung,*(swung)* you'll drop in a ditch (blap)
The cops'll have to tape up the block like it's ripped
I'm so smooth but move the drop 'til it skid
Pockets fulla cheese like a mozzarella stick
Rocks on the wrist, yes I drop hella chips
Prepetual, I don't want it if the watch got a tick
Shit, how could I miss if I'm hot like a strip
With the cops on a bitch tryna knock you for bricks
Trick, watch ya lips or get dropped from a cliff

Cuz I can get you off for a box fulla kicks, likeHookVerse 3:
We keep the bar pissed, buying out the hard liq'
That make ya broad sit right under the armpit
She say the god sick, brighten on the arm wrist
Ainlt harm shit but I iced her like a mob hit
A hard brick, biter every bar of piff
You heartless, you's a writer wit' a start kit
I'm hard prick, stressin' 'em out
It's a mutha fukini drought 'til I step out the house
I was never a slouch, listen B, dog known
As the Royce to call it like a B-ball zone
Watch me breeze on chrome, with the heat all shown
In my Dior own, this ain't D Hore homes, holmes
Devoted to floss, showin' it off
A boss, fresh to death like some clothes on a corpse
They stalk, the O that you brought, yo what this cost
I tell 'em doze you'll get lost with the dough that you tossed
You couldn't goHook

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