

# Get Em

## JR Writer

Hook:

Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em  
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Verse 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 go

Hook: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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