# Let's Git It On (Instrumental)

## Smif-N-Wessun

[Intro: Rock]
Ah-yea, ah
I don't think these peeps know
Yo it's finally on for real, duke
Brothers better recognize
Smif-N-Wessun up in the chain
Bucktown, Boot Camp, bring it son[Steele] (Tek) {both}
Raise like a rock, on the block, where the cops carry
And the hard rocks carry, with props and black hearts
(Meet up with my people on the corner) {in the morn}
(Get zoned get {on} now prepare to get it {on})
What does it take, to get the brake in the world of snakes
And those who fake (may be a taste of this)
Ah, true, now what them gon' do, when Smif-N-Wessun come lookin for you
Sin! (I'm comin wit my Boot Camp Clik) Yea (My troops)
Bringin da Ruckus, Rock and the rap crew, that switch just to get loot
(Not tryin to go out like the recipe, the best
Just get to get rough and touch my chest, nothin less)[Chorus 4X: Tek (Steele)]
Git it on! (Smif-N-Wessun and we do it like this)[Tek] (Steele) {both}
Git it on, I've been playin my dues for the longest
(No more callin from chest to chest) to whose the strongest
I got ya block on lock, now you gettin dropped
New on and on, {Smif-N-Wess, and we never shop}
(The underground flavor is major, I check ya later
Gotta get with my peeps and get paper)
No time for sleep, gotta hit the streets
With my peeps (get with Mr. Walt)
Tell him hit us off with this phat beat
(Hit the sack and rip the track back to back)
Feelin the vibe (come around the Clik, catchin contacts
We bringin drama to y'all wannabe) {Do me a favor}
(and bring on the real MC's
Respect the I Representative) It's Smif-N-Wessun
(Sent to give you a rundown on how it is) Yo how it is, dunn?
(We do what we do we don't fake it, we just take it)
{So let's git it on!}[Chorus 4X][Steele] (Tek)
Beef knockin at my front door, time to face drama once more
(Once and for all) settle the score
(I could feel the heat from the hot concrete

Cops walk the beats, but the crooks rule the streets)
Come and mingle in the cipher of a no good hood, try to survive
(Bucktown!) Boot Camp if you could!
(The trouble's no different and the pain's all the same)
All the same game (Just mingle wit a different name)
When beef gets thick, I stick wit my Boot, Mr. Rippa
Mr. Fix, the awesome bricks
(No doubt, peepin in ya heart, ya had it paid)
Smif-N-Wessun representin from the cradle to the grave![Chorus 4X]

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