

Get Over Here

Rasmus Faber

Ain't nobody as hot as us
East side, west side, north side, south side
Let's ride, uh, the Goat is now taking over the building
It's time for some of that ol', that good ol'
Yankee up north dirty south, Yankee music
Uh, it ain't where you from, homey
It's how hot you are, Nicolette, let's, come on
I be that, girl who straight pop from the N.Y.
Doing my thing, all day, yeah, it's her
Nicolette on the track, matter fact, bring it back
Tell me what you think about her
Who you know with a flow so loco
On a dirty south track from the N.Y. though
I be on it, I be on it, y'all cats don't really want it
Y'all don't want it, y'all just fronting, homeboy
Then back up off me
I'm a young fly soldier
Thought I told ya, wack cats is gon' be over
I'm a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up
I'm a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up
Take it back up to the N.Y.
Show 'em how we do, what we do and why
Keep ballin' in our ride, driving show, I pass 'em by
You see our paper, haters hating but it's still all good
And if you looking for me
You can catch me in my hood
Just doing my thing, got the ring bling
Don't get it misunderstood
Nicolette, LL, on the same track
Bring it back, tell me what you, think about that
Boys tryin' to holla but I ain't having that
You better have game, you better come correct
Ya Girl Nicolette, don't like lame cats
Tell me what you think about that, let's go
Love that you made money, really don't matter
If I see her from a far, this what I yell at her
Hey, over there, over there
Ho, get over here, get over here
In your club with your girls, I'm in here with my mans

Won't your girls meet my boys, we can all be friends
Hey, over there, over there
Ho, get over here, get over here
Got to get it popping
The track is knocking, the Bentley's rocking
Overdose I'm suppose to roast 'em
With every bar I'm dropping
Every time I drop they copping
Every single line I lay is locking
You a hater, boy, stop your plotting
It'll be your blood we mopping
Talk about that major flavor, keyed up, cut like a razor
Lyrically I stake and bake ya, you can see I get that paper
Wear jet black like Darth Vader, hopping out on playa haters
It's in my n-n-nature, never been a smoother operator
Switch it up, hit it up, get it up, let it up
Your girl from the back like giddy up
How come I run, you like my son
I blow the whole god damn city up
Inside that long white milky Bentley
Like I just picked Diddy up
Think about that while you doubt that
You a fake mac, you can't count that
Hop all off then I bounce back
Got 'em looking a wolf pack outback
I'm from where them Goat, Goat, shout that
Ask Master P, I'm bout that
Everybody know I'm holding
In the party, pocket swollen
Rock and rolling
Competition catching coals in they colon
Love that you made money, really don't matter
If I see her from a far, this what I yell at her
Hey, over there, over there
Ho, get over here, get over here
In your club with your girls, I'm in here with my mans
Won't your girls meet my boys, we can all be friends
Hey, over there, over there
Ho, get over here, get over here
What up y'all, y'all know us
Know the party ain't I'll til we show up
Once we hit the scene, the chicks go nuts
Sorry if I intervene, ma but so what
Pour more cups of the drink, cups of the guz stop
Til I'm all drunk in the place, burn the kush to the face

Making the dudes wanna hate
'Cause we them new dudes in the state
Yeah, we in the club just chilling, B, yeah, baby feeling me
Feel like a barbecue, shorty keep grilling me up
In the club doing stacks where a ceiling be
Do it well, ask LL dog feeling me
Dudes not feeling me, because we walked in the door
Looking flyer than airplanes, it's not touching the floor
It do what it do, get the flow get you, and it move
The body move to the tune, yessir
DJ let it boom in the room
Shit's just there like and now your boy here
We hot like June, gon' drop real soon
Let 'em know that Queens in the house
We jam ride from to the north to the side
I'm a young back, just shut your mouth
Shut your mouth, turn it around
Shake a little bit, drop down to the ground
Most of the time, don't stop or pound
Before we wasn't it but be popping now
Popping now, people love us when we dropping the sound
Come to your hood, we be rocking your town
Go to the show we rocking the crowd
Get gwop by the thou', wow
Come on and roll with the kid, back to the crib
Car real fast, bed real big
Just like that, I'm a get them stacks
Got 'em screaming out, my neck, my back
Work it all night, this ain't no tease
You gonna be scarred, I'm a sweat that weave
Now you can't drive, it's too much speed
Just sit back and enjoy that breeze
In the whip today but not tomorrow
That's the life of a superstar
Wanna be involved, better be aware
Ticky Diamondz got women everywhere
Do it on the floor, stairs to the chair
Do it on the beat, please, hands to stare
Got you on the beach, you out somewhere
Got your girl screaming that it ain't that fair
Baby come true, got enough bread
Switch to the truck, nothing more said
Kid don't play, just do clean
That's what it is, when I come from Queens
Do my lean, big black truck

Coming through like I'm moving that stuff
I just get checks, just get neck
Girls I'm afraid, running round butt naked
Gotta go back to the grind
Back to the tracks, back to the rhymes
Burn a little haze, I let my rhyme
Love that you made money, really don't matter
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