## Get It Get It

## **Ike & Tina Turner**

Been had to get forget, lived in the sickest pad Slept with mice and roaches, woke up pissed up slab School of the hard knocks, I on the vicious ave Jim chase Mark Chan, we beat a bitches ass Ask me who you loving, Cam, you been bugging Must have lost your mind, you fought Lucien's cousin And St. Mark's, yeah, big LE watch My nigga red squashed it, forget that topic 40th, down the block danger zone Up the ave forty wall, hope y'all niggas bring you chrome What you saying homes? Cops, they raiding homes Activator juice, yes, to spray your dome From a tiny dude, developed grimey dude Stuck delivery, took all his Chinese food I'm so good but bad, I'm so kind but rude Americas most wanted, should have signed a Q Plus its savage, cop car crash your door Further more heard the boy 'em at the sack amore Boy yes, overseas, more sex 4 jets, corvettes and I ain't done a tour yet 'Cause I'm moving bricks, yes, they serve in fours Signing off dipset boss, truly yours We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it My cerebral stress, eagle let it rest Feel it in the air, yeah, Siegel said it best It's a legal mess, needles need to death Blame the government until then I need to chef Turn right, lead left, street games scrams Call the cops, oc, like we need a ref You can't cheat a chef, I can see your chest No heart, cherish your oxygen, breath your breaths He need a rest, how he gon' be the best?

Like I guess a couple slugs he need to catch See the sketch, you lassie The gun is Frisbee proceed to fetch Side up the hoopty, spray up the Sentra Be sixty years before I'm layed up in benter Sprayed up her denture, your girl Then I layed her placenta, blew hazed in her rental Some days in December, some days I remember A boy, Sugar Ray wanna play the contender Just say I got a temper And my temperature is off the thermometer Korean New Year to Hanukah, I'm bombing ya Put you to sleep for good pajama, ya Wrangle you in ya He-Man pajamas Wrap you up in your Pac Man sheets We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it We gon' get it, get it, money we gon' get it, get it We gon' make it, make it, we gon' make it y'all We gon' make it, make it, we gon' take it y'all We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it We gon' get it, get it, we gon' get it, get it

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