

Get It Again (feat. Dave East)

Shy Glizzy

Hey
Young Jefe
Cardo got wings
Fuck it up, get it again My mind it be stuck on that cash
If I love you, I'll give you my last
Hundreds and fifties is hitting the stash
Twenties and tens, we blow that shit fast
Fuck it up, get it again
Fuck it up, get it again
Fuck it up, get it again
We fuck it up, fuck it up, get it again
I'm here to make money, not friends
I fell in love with the blue on them bands
I like to thumb through a check with my friends
For all of this money, committed some sins
Fuck it up, get it again (yeah)
Fuck it up, get it again (fuck it up)
Fuck it up, get it again
We fuck it up, fuck it up, get it again, yeah
She wanna fuck with a boss
She cannot kick it with him
She wanna fuck a big dog
I told her okay lil baby I'm him
Me and my niggas we ballin'
Fuck around, cut the net off of the rim (swish)
I fuck around, fuck her again (yeah)
Then I fuck around, fuck on her friends
They like who is them niggas right there?
I see all of them dressed in Monclers
I spent twenty bands on my ears (bling bling)
Goddamnit this shit is unfair (goddamn, goddamn)
Play with me nigga, I dare
I highly advise you to stay over there
Got your lil bitch and another lil bitch and they all in my bed
We layin' on the spread
I am the Louboutin don
I'm passing my swag to my son
Big booty bitch on my arm
She papi can we go to Milan?

I took that bitch to Miami
Yeah and we stayed at The One
We had to live up on Sunday
I fucked that bitch off the Dom Perignon, uh
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Fuck it up, get it again (yeah)
Fuck it up, get it again (fuck it up)
Fuck it up, get it again
We fuck it up, fuck it up, get it again, yeah I fell in love with the seats in the Wraith
My lawyer Jewish, I'm beating my case
Hundreds and fifties, we keeping it safe
You say you got pistols, I need 'em today
I don't feel safe if I ain't got a pip
My homie just called me, they just gave him life
I'm tryna give 50K to his lawyer
I hope they appeal that shit like shakin' dice
Fuck up a check when I run up in Saks
My bitch got my name tatted right on her ass
I used to bag up, go right to the ave
I ain't have no whip, I got right in the cab
Goin' for nothing, know I'm with the shit
I like to match up my gun with my fit
Shout out to Glizzy, know I got that glizzy
Got so many diamonds I look like a lick
So many bitches I look like a pimp
We ordering lobster, don't forget the shrimp
Foreign, I gotta five percent the tint
Every day prayin', lord forgive my sins
Young nigga risk it all for a Benz
Ain't got no pal, I'm goin' to the pen
Baggin' the powder, blow it in the wind
I'm gon' get dollars, know I'm 'bout to spend
I gotta get money My mind it be stuck on that cash
If I love you, I'll give you my last

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Fuck it up, get it again (yeah)
Fuck it up, get it again (fuck it up)
Fuck it up, get it again
We fuck it up, fuck it up, get it again, yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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