Get Me

Dope Casio

(Get me)
Uh huh
(They pretty)
Uh huh
(Wit me)
Uh huh
(It's crispy)
Yeah
Whoo! Uh huh, uh huh, yo
Y'all just blowin' smoke, fan in the fire
Your wife is gettin' curious homie you better hide her
Keep it gully baby boy, share that
Easy when you see me, I don't like to get stared at
Niggaz only mad 'cause they asses can't rap
Soup the cowards up, if you want, get your man clapped
Yeah, sealed signed delivered, Anthrax
You got a thousand niggaz I'll do numbers with half that
Catch me whylin' out with a mami in Club Black
Enough on the wheels make me feel like the tunnel packed
Yeah, if it's something I'm feelin you runnin' that
And we don't let a thing slide baby, what's up with that?
Talk on the jack like feds, got the phone tapped
Havoc make tracks, didn't know, just hold that
Career ain't goin so well, I got that
Slide you some hot shit, nigga it's a wrap
See the cats in the whips wanna
(Get me)
But I got the pounds and them 9's
(They pretty)
See me on the streets, them gorillas they
(Wit me)
Bills in the pockets, know them things is
(Crispy)
Yeah, you all niggaz pussy son
Y'all not known for bustin' them guns
So for the 9, I got beef for days
Y'all want it wit us, don't get carried away
Call the coroner
Yo, a closed mouth don't get fed, that's why I talk to him

I'm hungry, niggaz is eatin' four pounds, I walk through them
Either you shook or your 9 spray
You got a row of sixteen and a clip, one in the head around my way
Fuck with my money you be shot the fuck up
The name Littles got the streets locked the fuck up
Dumped off the bridge, body mopped the fuck up
When them Mobb Deep boys creep or pop the fuck up
There ain't a nigga that can cramp my style
15 get money, livin' frozen out
You cowards softer than a bitch, get a baby wipe
Before I show you what the 9 or three-eighty like
Want beef motherfucker come and get me
All this rap in the booth, or whassup in the street
Not a nickel get sold in the park 'less I eat
Think different the mac'll spin you like the G-Unit piece
See the cats in the whips wanna
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See me on the streets, them gorillas they
(Wit me)

Bills in the pockets, know them things is
(Crispy)
Aiyyo, hey, hey
Look I walk around with my pound in a glass
Puffin' my haze, missed with that dro and sprinkled some hash
How I roll? Why would you ask?
Know I'm swingin' my piece, pocket full of G's, gun in the stash
I know you all roll with the boys with the badge
That's why when you kick that gangsta rap, homie I just laugh
From the ave, where snitches get blast
They say,"No Noyd, you won't blow makin' songs like that"
I say ,"Homie you sell your soul to glitter, it don't last"
I don't get no bigger, I'ma keep it realer to death
Fuck is a check if you ain't bustin' a tec
Nigga we countin' the scrilla with the gun on the deck
Countin' the gang that snaps, think how many straps and vests
We flash the pound around and knuckle down the rest
We hate the e-mails and the phones, the spots get blown
It's deep, we can't even speak in certain rooms
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Y'all want it wit us don't get carried away
Call the coroner
I'm tellin you it's somethin' about them Mobb Deep boys, they no joke
They blood-thirsty for that rap music yo
It's not a song, it's a goddamn bomb fittin' to blow
They not a group, they a motherfuckin' gang for sho'
More than a gang, we more like a troop and oh
Let's not forget to mention our jewels is whoa
All our guns get blown, all my fools is loc
Everytime we drop a new one the streets gon' go
Straight berserk, cause we don't play with that there
They know it's safe to spend they money over here
Everytime they cop from somebody else, the shit wack
That shit there is doo-doo, the shit here is crack
Get them all higher than Scotty could ever beam them
They know it's safe to spend they doe over here
Fuck that new shit, they high wear off too fast
Them niggaz got garbage, this is that smack
See the cats in the whips wanna
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