

# Get Me

## Dope Casio

(Get me)

Uh huh

(They pretty)

Uh huh

(Wit me)

Uh huh

(It's crispy)

Yeah

Whoop! 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  
(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)  
Aiiyo, 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  
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  
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  
(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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>