How We Get Down

Sebastian

Purple, yeah, it's Dogghouse why y'all

[Bad Azz: x2]
See me, I be about my dollars
In my own world, wit my own girls popping collars
I'ma G, we, be up for the Impalas
Wit the juice, getting loose on why y'all, I make ya holla

[Bad Azz]
I make ya feel like ya drunk, you on a gallon of strong gin
What's happening, it's a party cracking up in my play pen
The play pen party is popping, it's strait line up
It's an after Aftermath party and my bed's smelly bottom
Oh you gone, I see real weird 'til it's over
When we leave, we goin' peel out in the limo wit the chauffeur
Wit the doja, gat, Congnac and some soda, (c'mon, see man)

[Kola]
Who make 'em chat? Angels rule the world
Who make these niggas want to leave their girl? (Kola, Kola!)
Who got the turk to the dirt? Throwing nose and dope
Got niggas cumming from the lyrics I quar (Kola, Kola!)
Dogghouse checking niggas with the switch in their walk
Niggas would talk, slept wit my, leave 'em in chalk
Keep it pimping (truly!) Got 'em screaming (ooh wee!)
Angels 'with B-A-D A-Z-Z!

[Chorus: LaToya Williams]
(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down
(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down

[Bad Azz]
Money talks, nigga bullshit, run a marathon
Gotta have bread, every month, every cent, every blunt
Every single bottle of 'gnac, you could shine
It ain't no thing, show your paper stack (check it out)
Money makes girls, take bitches, make niggas
Take money by the motherfucking gun

See I'ma gangsta from the East side, the L.B.C.
I wouldn't do it if it wasn't no fun (c'mon)
Oh you gone? I see it real weird 'til it's over
Where you at? We still smoking and this is Conyiac

[Conyiac]
It's only one way, Dogghouse is doing movies
Fun stack to unlimited, riches with intentions
Regulate every aspect of the game
(Brain loose, sipping purple smoke)
That got me and Angels choked out (no doubt)
They formally stampeded like Kurk (have some party's)
Step up wit quiet and I could get us
Rep the 'boes, sticking clicks, sick dumbs never holla
I be out, thugged out, then follow, make 'em swallow

[Chorus: x2]

[Bad Azz]
Three, two, one, it's at the NFL like the thing just begun
I'm fucked up, I can't believe I'm still looking at butts
I can't quit, I'm off the hizzle with this kinda shit
It's goin' be all away, done before we trying to split
When it's this kinda party, we always act dope
Now you all doped up and you think ya mad dope
Gotcha homegirls talking to you, glasses of, damn
I done, drank all my 'gnac and Cola, whats up Chan?

[Big Chan]
Know I, not tap, no hats, nothing but hand claps
Slap the pistol cause my holsters snap, and dudes get snapped
Time to act up, and I could definitely dig that
We got's to get paid to snitches masses, my decision is made
Why y'all bought, why y'all paid
We be fiends, everywhere, the Angels are back
Hold that, so let it go and put the bang-bang
That's how we doing the damn thing (damn thing)

[Chorus: x4]

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