Let's Get It

P. Diddy

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggas from the, what you gonna do
When you ready, shit I was born ready
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya, attack like a vulture
If I said I get cha, wear it if it fit ya, y'all thirteen inches
I see the big picture, if it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused
Like to suck her own titty
Put it in the video
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it
Won't reach out and ya bet I won't visit
Till my whole wardrobe is it, now listen
Make this money, take this money
Ain't no way you can take this from me
Ain't shit funny, shake it honey
Take it money, now let's get it
Creep with your people, though my shit is sweet and low it's no equal
Front butch look, once I throw the hook you proceed to get cook
With the game and the soldiers sit
When I came, the game that I owed you one
Wide big Lincoln, why he died on the side for the stinking
Watch the task force task for look Marlboro
It's a big chance, big pants
Might guard him with my man's a type barber
Better learn quick, 'cause my clique don't argue
You ain't my crew, then who are you
For we take off make sure that your seated
Billboard read it believe it
Make this money, take this money
Ain't no way you can take this from me
Ain't shit funny, shake it honey
Take it money, now let's get it
Soul Controller, rap Itola, kids hate me when they older
I put cracks by the stroller, I'm registered voter, motherfucker quota

Give some baking soda and a quota
Man I flow straight up out the water
I'm break this game till it say out of order
Who's the high scorer, then tear the floor up
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head on the tour bus
Do what them niggas them niggas in the drop thinks cooler
All the five quarters, headline supporters, hitting wives and daughters
Brought a neck spray from Esate Lauders, call Puffy to order
Ayo, call me Diddy I run this city
Send the cops, the feds and D.A to come get me
Cats wanna leave me for dead you coming with me
Get head in the Bentley red at one fifty
Straight lose it, love two things my family, my music
Might co-write and produce it
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive, got y'all hulking like Bruce did
Deuce it, break backs and stacks it's no problem
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
Get worldwide coverage, got so many spots
I don't even buy luggage, ya love it
Make moves major, hide out in Asia
If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators
Not guilty and I'm filthy, c'mon
Make this money, take this money
Ain't no way you can take this from me
Ain't shit funny, shake it, honey
Take it money, now let's get it
I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to dismantle
Can't slay Rob, how many niggas done tried to play mob
Quit they day job
Tired of putting broke niggas under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing
Act like you gonna pull that thing, thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent eight blocks and Sing-Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fucking with Latch in Killer Queens
Moves for paper, moves no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with the laser
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it
Now let's get it
Make this money, take this money
Ain't no way you can take this from me

Ain't shit funny, shake it, honey
Take it money, now let's get it
Make this money, take this money
Ain't no way you can take this from me
Ain't shit funny, shake it, honey
Take it money, now let's get it
Let's get it
Let's get it
Let's get it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/