

# You're Gonna Get Yours

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

Ooh chuck, they outta get us man  
Yo, we gotta dust these boys off  
In this corner with the 98  
Subject of suckers object of hate  
Who's the one some think is great  
I'm that one, son of a gun  
Drivin' by, wavin' my fist  
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this  
Top gun, never on the run  
They know not to come 'cause they all get some  
Goin' quicker in the speedin' lane  
Jealous can't do it and it's causin' them pain  
Caught in my smoke, all they did was choke  
Look at my spokes, you know I'm no joke  
Out that window, middle finger for all  
Jealous at my ride, stereo and black walls  
Suckers they got the nerve and gall  
To talk 'bout the car when they're walkin' tall  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Pullin' away every day leavin' you in the dust  
So you know I get paid on the mile ego trip  
And 5-O tailin' on my tip  
Watch me burn rubber fall in my flame  
This episode is always the same  
Seein' no comp comin' like I'm blind  
All left back trailin' my behind  
I go faster cops try to shoot me  
They'll get theirs when they try to get me  
I'll let it go, my turbo  
Run, I'm in the river 'cause they're movin' too slow  
Laughin' hard at their attempt  
So what if the judge charged me contempt  
I'd run my boomerang 'cause I'm feelin' proud  
An' I wouldn't even hear them cause my radio's loud  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Cruisin' down the boulevard  
I treated like some superstar  
You know the time so don't look hard  
Get with it, the ultimate homeboy car  
All you suckers in the other ride

Wherever I'm comin' get you my side  
My 98 is tough to chase  
If you're on my tail better watch your face  
Smoke is comin' when I burn  
Rubber when my wheels turn  
A tinted window so super bad  
Lookin' like the car the green hornet had  
It's the reason I'm ahead of the pack  
It's the reason I left them back  
It's the reason all the people say  
My 98 - O blows 'em all away  
My 98 Oldsmobile is  
My 98 Oldsmobile's so  
My 98 Oldsmobile is  
My 98 Oldsmobile's like  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Suckers to tha side I know you hate my 98  
You gonna get yours  
Understand, I don't drive drunk  
My 98's fly, I don't drive no junk  
No cop gotta a right to call me a punk  
Take this ticket go to hell and stick it  
Put me on a kick butt line up, times up  
This government needs a tune up  
I don't know what's happenin' what's up?  
Gun in my chest, I'm under arrest  
Sidewalk suckers wanted to spill me  
So I got my crew and posse  
Took their girls and got them to thrill me  
Stepped outside, got in my ride  
Drove them around an' I looked around town  
Caught 'em out there cold ran 'em over and down  
They didn't get me and that's the truth  
'Cause the 98-O is bullet proof  
My 98 Oldsmobile's so  
My 98 Oldsmobile is  
My 98 Oldsmobile's so  
My 98 Oldsmobile's like

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>