

Get Up in It

Sole'

Yeah yeah

Sole'

Bitch Brigade comin'

Throw 'em up, throw 'em up now Wanna iy yi yi, tonight

See me make a nigga, mine, mine, mine tonight

See ya check ya nigga, why, why, why tonight

Make a nigga dump a hoe for this

Roll with this

Get up in it Wanna iy yi yi, tonight

See me make a nigga, mine, mine, mine tonight

See ya check ya nigga, why, why, why tonight

Make a nigga dump a hoe for this

Roll with this

Get up in it The shower when the phone rings lookin' for me, now that figures

Then the door bell, who could it be? It's my niggas

Wanna get up in my closet and floss it

Make a move never used but I'm grabbin' and tossin' Comin' too, still new, but I'm lookin' fo' shoes to rock wit' it

Get the tightest jeans, Gucci the theme, lock wit' it

Little panties but I'm ditchin' the bra, no back in it

Got the tightest strings know what I mean, no slack in it Yell for KC, see if she ready, let's ride

Hear my other girls pull in the drive outside

Last brace, see the angel will last all night

Check the locks, blow this nigga a kiss from last night Get my keys and I'm droppin' the top S K

Blowin' in the wind, wavin' or not Parlay

With the range and the six in the rear, it's all woman, we stunnin'

Niggas runnin', my Bitch Brigade comin' Wanna iy yi yi, tonight

See me make a nigga, mine, mine, mine tonight

See ya check ya nigga, why, why, why tonight

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Get up in it Roll with nothin' but the finest of bitches in my crew

Havin' niggas throw the finest of riches at my crew

Hit the club, ain't no standin' in line stroll through

Have to shut it down so the Brigade can roll through
Sayin' nothin' and these niggas is sweatin' come wit' it
Know they want the ass, watchin' 'em bettin' on who get it
It's a no go, if you no dough, forget it
Don't like, you can roll the fuck out or roll wit' it
Bout 5 of the finest you seen in yo life
Make you question why the ho that you wit' is yo' wife
At the bar, niggas spillin' they drinks on they slacks
Comin' through, we just stoppin' they women in they tracks
Entourage, lookin' like we a page in Playboy
Hear me flow sick, knowin' that I'mma stay, boy
It's Sole', what I'm sayin' for us, ya pay, boy
Pocahontas and my Indian bitches, don't play, boy
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Pack it up, now we leavin' the club, let's ride
Screamin' niggas follow closely behind outside
Time to go, leave 'em wonderin' why dreams die
Thought you come wit' me, heard it from who? Damn lie
Got to take it home, workin' tomorrow, laced track
Puttin' it down, me and Santa forever, blazed that
Hit the door, and my nigga is waitin', I'm wit' that
Put it on him like a champ and ya never forget that
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