

# Gettin' It (feat. Funkmaster Flex)

## Mase

How 'my complain, na?  
When I'm as pretty as my father?  
And he got 60 hoes  
(60 hoes?)  
That know each other  
(Yeah)Yo, I'm the problem niggas got, but scared to step to it  
If a nigga really want it with me, let's do it  
See cats in the club, it's just music  
Thieves and killers'll tell ya, I just proved itI set the tone, ya nigga's adjust to it  
Spit bars, nigga's do sets and rep's to it  
I'm the type that get 30 years and rep through it  
Want it wit' us? Come put your best to itCome clean now, I'll send these tests to it  
I should get a Nike contract the way I 'Just Do It'  
You know I hide B's on it  
Come on B.S. and leave on it  
Get 50 grand and breathe on itRed dot, squeeze on it, drop keys on it  
Might hit a chicken and then put cease on it  
Cats get greed in war with the heat of they jaw  
Somebody move wrong, I put they teeth on the floorIf they don't show you where the coke at, beat 'em some  
more  
Make 'em see how it feel to have to eat through a straw  
While I'm sittin' in the car, chick goin' to get my jar  
So I greet them like the chicken they areSaid shorty, if you ever follow me and spit a clip in my car  
Tell ya now, that's like lynchin' the law  
Ain't no gettin' up if I hit you  
So all them cowards wanna ride with youThey either die with you or lie cripple  
Mess with me, now why would you?  
Niggas die dealin' with dough, that's quadruple  
'Double Up'Where all my down super star's at?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the cats at the barn at?  
(Gettin' it)Where the 90 girls that?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the girls around the world at?  
(Gettin' it)Real hair, real furs  
(Gettin' it)  
Got a house that's hers  
(Gettin' it)For my niggas outta town at  
(Gettin' it)

Can't forget my niggas locked down at  
(Gettin' it, uh huh)Yo, it's like some be real, sold me three and squeal  
Some hold they head, some see appeal  
Some come home wild in the week to kill  
Then show old cats young cats be realDeep throat be how I greet my chick  
Any hoe suck a dick, got at least a six  
Any man call me fam', got at least a brick  
Shut the whole morgue down just for Easter kicksWhen I'm down and out and I need the chips  
Vietnam will be how I leave your script  
And it take dough just to reach the rich  
So can't no senator impeach my sshhAnd don't rush to be somethin' that you're not  
Reworn up lies, keep guns cocked  
And any cat mess with us get one shot  
To do what he gotta do and get somethin' hotBlaque, back up, what, what?  
Blaque, back up, 'All Out'  
(Where you at? Where you at?)Where all my down super star's at?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the cats at the barn at?  
(Gettin' it)Where the 90 girls that?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the girls around the world at?  
(Gettin' it)Real hair, real furs  
(Gettin' it)  
Got a house that's hers  
(Gettin' it)For my niggas outta town at  
(Gettin' it)  
Can't forget my niggas locked down at  
(Gettin' it, uh huh)Yo, please don't make Murda live out the name  
I'm only here to get enough, then I'm out the game  
A nigga didn't want drama, why he came?  
It's like tryin' to win, know you cross the grainMessin' with my niggas, y'all will both get the same  
Cut 'cross the face, now you both look the same  
Still wanted for the bricks, took up in Maine  
Run up for ya chain, fifth cop aimPlease don't be stupid, come out the chain  
Don't be a hero, this clip will bang  
A nigga like Ma\$e probably got everything  
X-30 G's, then why buy a plane?No skinny Benz's, wide-bodied things  
Four dot, six dot, chick dot Range  
Uh, All Out  
(C'mon)  
Bad Boy, Double Up  
(Where you at? Where you at? Where you at?)  
It's not a gameWhere all my down super star's at?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the cats at the barn at?

(Gettin' it)Where the 90 girls that?  
(Gettin' it)  
Where the girls around the world at?  
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(Gettin' it)  
Got a house that's hers  
(Gettin' it)For my niggas outta town at  
(Gettin' it)  
Can't forget my niggas locked down at  
(Gettin' it, uh huh)  
Come on, come on

Songwriters

Betha, Mason / Kirkland, Robert / Barrow, JamalPublished by

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