Waka Flocka Flame ''Get'em''

Visit "Get'em" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus (Flocka)
Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,
better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip
Get em (x16)
I hear you niggas talkiin,
boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a
nigga dick
Get em (x16)

Verse 1 (The Game) What I'm gone do when I see that boy, grab a bottle and BUST EM' Turn the fuckin music down then yell FUCK EM' Nigga actin like he don't wanna fall RUSH EM' Club is playin Lollipop but we don't fuck wit SUCKAS Take the Patron and mix it wit Juice I'm all in my zone and feelin real loose The bigga the belt be the bigger the goose I snatch up a broad and hop in the coupe In Compton where I'm found at That's where I stunt and clown at That's where I where I wear my crown at Tie my red rag around that I'm ridin in Ferraris I'm draped up in Bylgari I used to run around the A with Puff and that nigga used to stunt to scar me Now you can just black card me Down Crenshaw Boulevard me Think a nigga went soft cuz I stopped movin raw Somebody better get a fuckin

Chorus (Flocka)
Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,
better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip
Get em (x16)
I hear you niggas talkiin,
boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a
nigga dick
Get em (x16)

Verse 2 (Game)
That's my Patron that's my bitch
T.I. be on some fly shit
Now I can feel my projects inside my fuckin closet

Daffy Duck and uncle Screw

That's what we stuffin in them boots Put them bitches on the track, sell them hoes to Interscope Sell them hoes to Def Jam, I'm known for movin work Ask around I've been sellin birds since Gucci said BURR I'm a cold motha FLOCKA Red Diamonds in my WATCHA That nigga got a hot one Take a trip to the A and cop one That Lambo came with shotguns You prolly never shot one That Bent came in Alisha You prolly never chopped none Them bullets I done caught some Them bottles I done popped some So order that CIROCA Can't wait till twelve OCLOCKA

Chorus (Flocka)
Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,
better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip
Get em (x16)
I hear you niggas talkiin,
boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a
nigga dick
Get em (x16)

Verse 3 (Flocka)

If you aint tryna leave the club leakin on crutches
Than when you see a real nigga don't say nothin
Bust Em (x9)

This for all the niggas in the trap playin round the oven
If you can't get em off let a real nigga touch em
Bust Em (x25)

Chorus (Flocka)
Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,
better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip
Get em (x16)
I hear you niggas talkiin,
boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a
nigga dick
Get em (x16)

 $\underline{\text{MotoLyrics.com}} \mid \text{Lyrics}, \text{ music videos}, \text{ artist biographies}, \text{ releases and more}.$