

**Robyn S****"Hit Me With That Shit"**

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Intro:

Hey what's up fam? (what's goin' down?) Word to this  
GP shit right here  
nawmean? (1-2) Turn my mic up. We're comin' through  
until the next  
millenium. (word born no doubt) Time to hit 'em with  
that shit.

Down Low Reka:

Take flight thieves in the night hold ground  
Swipe all belongings without making a sound  
It's the Low Down crystal clear with these vocals  
My international skills train the locals  
World wide, what make you think that you can hide  
from the darkside  
Fuck runnin' from the sun it's a no win situation goin' up  
against  
gladiation  
Now knowin' what you're facin'

Junelover:

Question what was you representin' back in the days it  
the grain over fades

(I don't know) Runnin' through my projects pickin' fresh  
cotton  
Silly of you to think that GP would be forgotten  
You spoiled rotten you with the man is allowed you with  
temp you plotted  
Ways to make cream and took the profits elsewhere  
money grip  
As far as I'm concerned your ass best not slip  
Or get hit and injected with the truth to your vein  
And a sticker on your face that reads "GP the grain"  
You wonder where this shit in my from recognition  
(what what what what  
what)  
You been out for years and ain't a motherfucker  
mention  
Where that shit came from instead you play dumb  
Stapleton invented you you ain't know son?

A hundred grand for the head of thee imposter  
Description of his face hangin' on the roster  
Bring out the lie detector cause we beez the truth  
injector  
You better watch what you say in my Beretta  
Will be used for the first time straight out the box  
They dealt it to the Hudson by the Stapleton docks  
Poppy hit me with that shit one time (no doubt)  
and let these niggas know

Hook:

GP forever shine as we illuminate and capture your  
state of mind  
It's like we try to tell you time after time

You fuckin' with the raw

Pop The Brown Hornet:

The floor should of been empty because you against  
me  
Is like a grown man against a baby  
No way no how could you fuck with this  
Before I'm done with you you'll be on my shit list  
Dead and stinkin' for even thinkin'  
You can pull off an upset please you don't pose near  
threat  
You're a stink bomb I'm comin' Stapleton style  
To blow up your whole profile  
My shiggy shiggy Shaolin style is so rugged  
MC's that like our identity try to dub it  
It can't be duplicated the way I situate it  
It's too complicated I get highly motivated  
It comes to battlin' MCs they start thinkin'  
I wonder the fuck Pop with the blood clot drinkin'  
I hope it wasn't gas cause I'm about to get up in that  
ass  
You fucked with me first but I should of been the last  
Brother word to mother keep them feelings hurt  
Dealing with the lyrical expert  
Who don't give a hoot I'll be the first to shoot  
Deadly lyrics ironically raisin' dead spirits

Rubbabandz:

GP's comin' through call it a hostiel take over  
You on the hunt for our LP like Sean Connery on The  
Hunt For Red October  
Candy rappers dependin' on the power of a four leaf  
clover  
President and plus part owner  
Rubbabands got more fans than Barcelona  
You gettin' more record sales than me

Chances are slim like tryin' to get a job on Wall Street  
with a diploma  
High school graduate just wasn't me  
So '93 be the year I sign up for my G.E.D.  
Takin' trades so I have something to fall back on  
So on a job interview this looks good  
Just in case our records don't sell, knock on wood  
My fault but that's just a wild and crazy thought  
Cause you know we goin' gold from like a month from  
when we drop  
Cause GP the grain is just so so hot  
To def get left in the dust we bust  
Real hip hop guaranteed platinum and plus

Hook

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