

Shaquille O'Neal F/ One Accord

"Let's Get Em"

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Yo locs nigga shit, I know you done whipped up this
muthaphukkin dope, but
we gonna break these niggas off. But, uh I need to go
out and handle my
buisiness with some of these niggas, cause uh niggas
out here are rappin, or
should I say yappin. They dont realize that, nigga this is
real life. This
reality. You know what Im sayin? Nigga when you say
somethin about a
nigga, you got to be ready to die for that shit. You know
what Im sayin? I
mean its like uh, niggas out here wanna be me. Heh.
Niggas know the real
from the fake man. I smell a muthafuckin jealousy
everywhere I go. Niggas
is wearin it. But uh, we bout to handle this muthafuckin
shit. We gonna
set the muthafuckin record straight. UGGGH.

There they go
There they go
There they go
UGGGHHH!
Pass me them thangs
Lets Get Em!
3 x

I get swoll like a boulder
Bitch Im a soldier
Yall runnin from the rollers
I slang tapes like crack
My rhymes so pure you hit it with 2,7
8 come back
And the game wont change cause Im the dopeman
But why yall niggas still runnin all off at the mouth man
TRU niggas dont talk shit
We in the game stackin Gs
Yall niggas still tryna get me
With playas and hustlas
But chall cant make no money

Cause yall niggas BUSTAS!
Hahm Bra
The game wont change
Yall niggas mad cause Master P got some change
Seen a nigga in the ghetto slangin dope
Now yall buyin my shit out the record store
And yo baby momma lovin me
And everytime you turn on the TV
I feel ya muggin me
But I cant be stopped
Cause real TRU niggas make their money from slangin
rocks
Heh yall niggas slangin bunk rhymes
Thats why Im in the game, and I got mine
And yall Jewish brothas hollerin that black shit
Quick to sell a muthafucka to the white bitch
For 15%
That aint enough money to pay my muthafuckin rent
I made a movie nigga think Im slangin coke a lees
Nobody questions Bill when hes smokin weed
And Pac and Biggie taught me a lesson
What?
Never leave without your Smith N Wesson.

Bitch you went from the man that go AHHH
And the man that go UGGH
I ought to be proof up your ass that there just aint no
limit to the shit
we been doin
Only way to keep you from sayin my name is to put my
dick in your mouth
I piss on your porch, shit in your house
Somebody said that you were talkin about me
I heard that
I could fuck you up with words but you dont deserve
that
Go ahead rhymes rest your fuckin barber, but hurry
back
I took a brain outta my own head
Whip yo ass with one of my platts
You mad cause Im bringin home big ol shows my nigga
with no tax
Jumpin cause we got a bigger fan bases and gold plats
Unfortunately a couple of things that in this industry
that niggas dont
understand
90 percent of this shit is your buisiness
10 percent of this shit is your timing
Slangin tapes across the whole planet
Mystikal, Master P, Silkk tha Shocker
We gonna keep this bitch jammin

Above the standard
No Limit on the charts slammin
Fuckin wit what we planned
Well gonna leave you dead where you standin
Aint that fool yall

Whenever we have to fuckin talk
We be silent
Or should I say real silent
Real niggas they speak with fuckin violence
Thats why I play a muthafucka like hockey
They mad cause they ho jock me
They cant stop me
So their result is to fuckin copy
I say P where they at?
There they go
I spot em I got em
Got EM!
Probably man thinks they on the muthafuckin top they
on the bottom
See uh, you run your mouth
Nigga, Ill be like nigga what!
What
Tryna talk some shit about em, they wanna be just like
us!
They talk about one
They talk about all of fuckin us
Fuckin white roll real killas dealas who dont give a fuck!
See Im on some evil murderous devil shit
Got some niggas over they head they couldnt get off
I was the devilest
So what you sayin nigga
I roll with niggas with big triggers
Million dolla shit niggas with big figures
Tru niggas
Yall can tell, we soldiers off the back
We dont fuck around we stay strapped
Fucked up talkin bout you know where we at
Wherever, whenever, however it goes
I wash your mouth out with soap
Rush to you outside know what Im sayin
No fuckin mo!
Here we go

All yall fake ass niggas. Nigga gon get chall. Cause you
know what? A
real TRU nigga, when he go to jail, he never rat on his
potna. He get
caught by the police TRU niggas dont talk. Whenever
TRU nigga falled off
in the street, he hustles. Cause TRU niggas know how

to pop back up. They
dnt need to use other niggas names. Another niggas
muthafuckin game. A
TRU nigga is a muthafuckin man. Gotta stand on his
own nigga. All yall
fake niggas, yall eventually gonna fade with the
muthafuckin wind. Until
then nigga we bout it bout it n rowdy rowdy nigga. No
Limit for life.
T-R-U nigga And when I say T-R-U, I mean the whole No
Limit family. The
muthafuckin group TRU, Master P, Cmurder, and Silkk
nigga. Family.
Remember that.

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