

Youngbloodz "Get It How We Get It / Splack - Interlude"

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I'm saying everybody gettin' tired of the nickel and dime

Know what I'm saying?

Don't waste no time playa hating on another nigga

Know what I'm sayin', get this money man, know what I mean?

See...

I kill for my nigga, die for my nigga

Send your weak body floating in the river

Ways of the day, man nobody knows
If you should be for sure to walk out your door with your 44.

Hell I waited, and I waited, til' I can't wait no mo'

Man, fuck this rap shit, hit my bro', front me some dope
See money thirty times a day, still can't seem to hold

Lower than thirty dollars a month off in a nigga billfold

Now would somebody please let me know, what cha' got to show

For when thangs movin' slow, with only six grams of blow
Life ain't nothing but a struggle when you pit of the poor

Hustle and get it in, like most my niggas rockin' the boat
The strong survive, the weak should die, nigga must stay afloat

Momma still work that 8 to 4 Lord, bless her poor soul
Turn this dope into some lyrics nigga, make it go-go

Be it a million sold, woah, gotta get it for sho'

[hook]

Cause we some full-time grinders, hard time hustlas

Get it how we knew it, from the smoke unto the dust
From tracks to traps, slabs to raps

Spread a little round', make it all come back

Now open up your mind, as we unclog your brain

And wipe away these thoughts of what you ever felt
was pain
Cause like rain, it pours, like thunder we roar, your
bloods at your ass

So get your face up out the floor

And know that it's real

Cause sometimes I feel the only way to survive is, is
just to live

My life day by day, in the way I only should

So who the hell is you to tell me how to live it good

To the good that went bad, from dwellin' in your path

To partna' keep a look out for these niggas startin' to
blast

And in a flash, you back at home
Under your sheets weepin' in your sleep

Like when them bitches start that snitchin', I'm a cut
you deep
Now take a peep, and tell me what you see

It's dem boys from dat Attic makin' noise in the streets
So don't you come with no hoe shit, or none of that old
fuck shit

Me and my niggas out to get it and split it, so nigga
duck quick

[hook]

I put my grind down, I pick my rhyme up

Ain't no money loss, I sack it up, who gives a fuck
I'm stuck in the dirt, I put in my work, money to be
made

10% in church, oh it's a business now

Don't play that dumb shit, by all these sales that I had I
need a lil' bit

Oh now you feelin' this, I knew you would though
A dirty south nigga straight up out the hood bro'

I went from trapped thang off in this rap game

Bid your clientelle, make a sell, it's all the same

And once you recognize, no tears from them eyes

You do that damn thang, wait for that big surprise

They say they know the deal, they say it's all real
They feel what I feel, that's what they need to kill

A nigga tryin' to live, I gotta pay the bill

I lay these rap songs, to make you dance a lil'

[hook]

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