

## Tracy Byrd F/ Mark Chesnutt

### "Get Yours"

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[Big L]

Yeah, Big L, Corleone, a.k.a. Tommy Gibbs  
Flamboyent Entertainment, D.I.T.C. forever  
Word up, it's time to let these punk niggas know  
We gonna hit 'em like this, check it out

Yo, while y'all standing on the corner bummy and high  
I'm out buying the finest things money can buy  
Cats fronting like they holding but them crabs is broke  
Chipping in for 10 dollar bags of smoke  
All on my back because of the fame and the wealth  
You male groupie, you ought to be ashamed of  
yourself  
Plus I'm running with thugs that bust slugs at the heat  
I be the MC who mad chicks be loving to meet  
And I'm not just a rapper, I got drugs on the street  
I swear you never catch Corleone with Lugz on his feet  
If you think I'm not as nice as whoever, then put your  
money up  
Put your jewels up, whatever, put your honey up  
Put your raggedy house up, punk, or shut your mouth  
up  
Before I buck lead, make a lot of blood shed  
Turn your trunks red, far from broke, got enough bread  
Mad hoes, ask Beavis, I get nothing Butt-head

[O.C.]

To the tic tic and you don't quit  
Let no man stand in between you and your dough and  
shit  
Being broke is a bitch, y'all  
There's no such thing as quit, y'all  
As long as you breathe life you gotta get yours (Repeat  
2x)

True indeed, L, I hear these niggas talking out their  
mouth slick  
Mad cause they bitches is all on our dick  
Peeping us out at the bar checking out what kind of  
champagne  
We sip, jealous of the ice on my wrist

We pop Don and Crys, no less  
Hard pressed motherfuckers chipping in for White Star  
Moet  
Chickenheads flock around us, thug niggas protect us  
At the end of the night, all the hoes want to sex us  
While y'all stand stagnated with blue balls  
You face the song, "You'll Never Find" Lou Rawls, shit  
I don't fuck a nigga with two good hands and feet  
Be bumming and not surviving the streets  
Get your weight up, right now, we ain't promised later  
Do what you gotta do to get those big-headed papers  
Even if it means you need a team pulling a caper  
Instead of going out like Pushead & Black, straight up

To the tic tic and you don't quit  
Let no man stand in between you and your dough and  
shit  
Being broke is a bitch, y'all  
There's no such thing as quit, y'all  
As long as you breathe life you gotta get yours (Repeat  
2x)

[Big L]  
Check it, my shit is so hot, I give the mic a heat rash  
I keep cash, you couldn't pay me to rhyme if the beat's  
trash  
I stay bulletproofed up, Benz coupé up  
When it's cold I rock the mink or the Triple Goose stuff

[O.C.]  
No doubt we're souped up, African as fuck  
Niggas can't touch what we're holding when it comes to  
the buck  
I push the double R, ride through the city like a star  
Dough bulging out my pockets like my dick be hard

[Big L]  
I gotta go see Poppy and snatch his brick up  
But first I'm a smack this bitch up cause she's flash my  
six up  
I ain't the one to tax or stick up, cats get hit up  
Fronting on me, y'all niggas got nothing on me

[O.C.]  
Yo let's double the cream and stay pop, and hold it for  
ransom  
Keep the bricks, sell 'em all, triple the pie, handsome  
Kill two birds with one stone, get full blown  
Tango and Cash, live niggas, Mush and Corleone

To the tic tic and you don't quit

Let no man stand in between you and your dough and  
shit  
Being broke is a bitch, y'all  
There's no such thing as quit, y'all  
As long as you breathe life you gotta get yours (Repeat  
2x)

[Diamond]

I be up in the cut, up in some guts  
While you home busy stuck in a rut  
And wonder why you keep fucking it up  
I got your whole crew sucking it up  
And pussy cats ain't nothing but butt  
Better go back to cutting it up, putting it up  
Plus I heard your girl was up in the butt  
Measuring off brown niggas while I'm trucking it up  
And if you ever get ahead it ain't nothing but luck  
I'm the beat digger, hip-hop complete nigga  
You never fall off, cause I move sweet nigga  
Street nigga, but I can talk to the whitey  
Push seven buttons and organized an all-nighty  
Sons call me "almighty" cause I'm nice with mine  
Surrounded by ice and dimes while you bite your  
rhymes  
Full equipped with rhetoric that enlightens the mind  
Love it when the sun lights my shine due to knowledge,  
uh

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