

Wyclef Jean F/ Earth, Wind & Fire, The Product G & B

"Get it Right"

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Intro:

The fuck is the deal, nigga
We gonna bubble hard
Get this money nigga
Hustle night to night
State to state
Yeah, All my tripple green thugs,
What, what, what, yeah,
Yo, yo, yo

[Tah Murdah]

When I'm thinking the doe, uh
I'm thinking the O's,
With any and many ways to blow,
Till I'm sitting on doe.
Burying poppy seeds, trying to get them to grow
So if you need, I'm the nigga to know
And that's for show
I love money, especially blood money
That in and out of state,
Out of state, drug money
Used to stash halves under the couch
Till the neighbors start runnin their mouths
And have the feds running in my house
The game will never forget, who slipped and losing
their grow
Blowing my head and old timers throwing jewels in it
Seen it all, from heavy weights scared
To them control the blocks niggas get knocked niggas
Who couldn't make there
You coward legal than snake but couldn't take there
Bubble hard most of my life
And I'm still wooling the stripes
To shave the road, blaze the fro
For them chubby faced, uh
I aim for more, Sellaphine
12, 12, bags of capsule,
I'm goin get this dirty money any and every way I have
to, have to

Skit:

Games is for everybody
Everybody in for the game,
Ya little nigga, uh, stop playing

Chorus: (Black Child)
Nigga, we get it right,
Hustle days and night
Whether it's crack, dope or persia white
Whatever it takes, all my niggas on the ground for cake
Bubble the weight, from state to state, ya heard nigga
{repeat}

[Tah Murdah]
Yo, Yo,
One of my elders told me
I'm living the short life
Swinging wit yo, I rather
Die young and then grow old and blue
Whether it's crack, dope, or coke
We slinging it, 20 g's a night, we bringing it
Avoid the law, and from the crack,
Picture the hole in the half a brick, half a brick
To a key, now I supply the dee
And the niggas that I once bought from, buy from me
All sales, retail, Fish scales, Ivory
I'm trying to see if I could build a fortress underground
So when Feds come in lurkin, I'm nowhere to be found
I'm the type to take a brick, bust it down
into dimes and nicks, find some strips and flood the
town
If I ever hit the ground, I'm just clickin and cockin
And run up into your spot, and get to poppin instead of
shoppin
and not stoppin, until there's profit involved
So when the profit is lost, fuck splittin it
I pocket it all, ya heard?

Chorus

[Tah Murdah]
For all ya'll, niggas just watch me take it
Murder plots we making, head shots for baking
And night, hating, but if ya'll niggas ain't running wit
my team
And what the fuck I look like, spitting my green
Drop and top on the high beam, see a lot of niggas
make moves
But too hard headed to take the jewels
I got to, hit you killers, then will come and get you
nigga
Black Child murder these bitch-niggas

[Black Child]

Where they at, them niggas want it with us, The
Murderers

Tah Murdah, you want them touched

I'm gonna touch em, stick em, stuck em, I don't trust
em

Then Bust em, if they don't duck em then fuck em

[Tah Murdah]

Spit a clip, just to hold the block down,

Then if I, got to put a clock, then clowns

And let off rounds

I do it all for the love of the doe

Until I push em in the 6th knanks to the double o

You heard nigga

Chorus

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