

## Yung Redd & Lil Ron

### "Get Mine"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, I'ma get mine (any form of weath)  
You know, that I'ma get mine (all about my do')  
You know, that I'ma get mine (this what it is)  
You know, that I'ma get mine

[Hook - 2x]

Now get your's partna, I'ma get mine  
It was a long time coming, no mistakes this time  
And I know, you can't name one nigga like me  
Loved by many, no respect for the police

[Yung Redd]

Naw this ain't pretend, I'm back at it again  
Tell your friends to change, I got money to spend  
Ay my granddaddy, granddaddy was a hustler  
So this year, it's grand hustle  
You mo'fuckers understand struggle, move on the  
block with the same shuffle  
Like I ain't noticed, that them hoes had a thang for us  
I got a watch for every country, every time zone  
Even in the dark you see my stones, through a  
blindfold  
Nigga please, ery'body work a d block  
Or weed spot, 7-1-3 you think that we not  
Even when somebody call the laws, or the streets hot  
I'm just saying though, I'm back when they leave out  
Texas raised, I was born for this  
For the bread, hardships get torn for this  
Listen as the plot thickens, get this glock I'm gripping  
Leave red on your blue, like a Detroit Piston nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Yung Redd]

These niggaz ain't real, let me make this clear  
We them niggaz you fear, round here  
These niggaz ain't real, that's the way that I feel  
Check the price of my deal, check the size of my  
wheels

[Lil' Ron]

Any situation, paper making's a must  
I get paid, cause I'm slanging that white stuff  
You niggaz ain't like us, I could show you what I mean  
Between the niggaz in your squad, you couldn't move a  
thing  
My mind on money, ain't shit funny  
You one of them lames, out would like to serve a  
dummy and think nothing of it  
I give in no observation, because my occupation  
Is to run the operation, with no cooperation  
From a snake, or a snitch  
I would advise you, to quit thinking for your bitch  
Can't get no cash, if ya sitting on your ass  
And you wondering why, niggaz always blow right past  
Take a lot, of mind and muscle  
No broke at stacks, that's why I grind and hustle  
I'm focused on my stacks, me and Yung Redd we the  
next in line  
I don't know what you doing, but partna I'm get mine

[Hook - 2x]

[Yung Redd]

Every song, that I sing  
I still got a dollar for every stone in my chain, let me  
explain  
Three hundred dollar shoes, no suits included  
See them 22's sliding, no roof I lose it  
Ay real talk, partna this ain't music  
It ain't no secret, I'm the hardest in Houston  
So far so good, so star so hood  
Yeah them haters gon hate, but if they could they  
would good  
Get mine, no rules apply  
My wrist lit like the sky, on the 4th of July  
I'm a menace to society, a boy in the hood  
Chrome shoes, under every color toy in the hood nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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