

Carly Simon F/ Lucy Simon, Joanna Simon

"Get Up In It"

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Yeah Yeah
Sole'
Bitch Brigade comin
Throw 'em up throw 'em up now

1 - Wanna ly yi yi tonight
See me make a nigga mine mine mine tonight
See ya check ya nigga, why why why tonight
Make a nigga dump a hoe for this
Roll with this
Get up in it

Repeat 1

The shower when the phone rings lookin for me
Now that figures
Then the door bell, who could it be?
It's my niggas
Wanna get up in my closet and floss it
Make a move never used but i'm grabbin and tossin
Comin too, still new, but I'm lookin fo shoes
To rock wit it
Get the tightest jeans, Gucci the theme
Lock wit it
Little panties but I'm ditchin the bra
No back in it
Got the tightest strings know what I mean
No slack in it
Yell for KC, see if she ready
Let's ride
Hear my other girls pull in the drive
Outside
Last brace, see the angel will last
All night
Check the locks, blow this nigga a kiss
>From last night
Get my keys and I'm droppin the top
S K
Blowin in the wind, wavin or not
Parlay
With the range and the six in the rear

It's all woman, we stunnin
Niggas runnin, my Bitch Brigade comin

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

Roll with nothin but the finest of bitches
In my crew
Havin niggas throw the finest of riches
At my crew
Hit the club, ain't no standin in line
Stroll through
Have to shut it down so the Brigade
Can roll through
Sayin nothin and these niggas is sweatin
Come wit it
Know they want the ass, Watchin 'em bettin
On who get it
It's a no go, if you no dough
Fo-get it
Don't like, you can roll the fuck out
Or roll wit it
'Bout 5 of the finest you seen
In yo life
Make you question why the ho that you wit
Is yo wife
At the bar, niggas spillin they drinks
On they slacks
Comin through, we just stoppin they women
In they tracks
Entourage, lookin like we a page
In Playboy
Hear me flow sick, knowin that
I'mma stay, boy
It's Sole', what I'm sayin for us
Ya pay, boy
Pocahontas and my Indian bitches
Don't play, boy

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

Pack it up, now we leavin the club
Let's ride
Screamin niggas follow closely behind
Outside
Time to go, leave 'em wonderin why
Dreams die
Thought you come wit me, heard it from who?
Damn lie
Got to take it home, workin tomorrow

Laced track
Puttin it down, me and Santa forever
Blazed that
Hit the door, and my nigga is waitin
I'm wit that
Put it on him like a champ
And ya never forget that

Repeat 1 to fade

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