

Young Jeezy f/ R. Kelly

"Go Getta"

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[Intro: R. Kelly] + (Young Jeezy)
Young Jeezy...(CT) And ya boy Kells
(Yeah...87, 32, what it do, nigga?)
Haha. That's right keep clapping ya'll. DJ you playing
with us, turn it up
(Kiki, I got you homie, Let's get it)
Let's go get 'em Jeezy...oh, oh, oh

[Chorus: R Kelly]
You know we trap all day (oh) we play all night (oh)
This is the life of a, the life of a (ay)
Go Getta (ay) Go Getta (ay) Go Getta (yeeeeah)
And in the club, you see a bad bitch, point her out (oh)
Yeah ya damn right I'ma (ay) ya damn right I'ma (ay)
Go Getta (ay) Go Getta (ay) Go Getta (yeeeeah)

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]
Enemy of the state, they calling him Will Smith (whoa)
Thing on my side, you can call that Jada (damn)
Them boys talking down, yeah we call them haters
I'm balling right now so we'll get to that later (oh oh oh
oh)
I be the first to admit I'm such an alcoholic (oh oh oh
oh)
Only blow the good shit, yeah that wuchumacallit
(haha)
Catch me posted on the block, in something excited
(whoa)
0-7 year, the same color Hypnotik (yeeeeeeah)
On the outside lookin, and I want in (ay)
My homie did the same thing and he got ten (damn)
Just took a loss, still tryin to win (yeah)
Ain't tryin to give back, so what you tryin to spend?
(Let's get it)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]
We live life on the edge like there's no tommorrow
(damn)
And grind hard like there's no today

And do the same shit like it's yesterday
The game never stop, so who's next to play? (oh oh oh oh)
Against all odds, you can place ya bets (oh oh oh oh)
Yeah I'm just getting started so I ain't done yet (nah)
Risk it all, you can lose ya life
What else can I say? That's a helluva price (damn)
I don't under cause I overstand
No time for mistakes so I overplan (ay)
I'm in the club like what? 4-5 with me (yeah)
And I'ma stay thuggin till the feds come get me
(yeeeeeeeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: R. Kelly]

Hey, hey, this is how we play
When we roll up to the club high sittin on twenty-tre's
Hop out like we fly dealers
Top models grabbin us
They love them Go Getta's only in the mag
Put the D on, chicks like Wallace
Turn 'em forward now, they can have all of this
Can't deny it when you see the wheels spinnin
Boy Kells out the coupe in Miami white linen
Chips big spending, walk up out the club with a shitload
of women
Soon as I see what I like I'ma get it
I'ma get it, oh I'ma get it, cause I'ma Go Getta

[Chorus with variations]

(talk to fade)

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