

LL Cool J f/ It's Ya Girl Nicolette, Jiz, Lyrikal & Ticky Diamondz

"Get Over Here"

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(Intro: LL Cool J) Ain't nobody as hot as us East side,
west side, north side, south side Let's ride, uh, the
GOAT is now taking over the building It's time for some
of that ol', that good ol' Yankee up north Dirty south,
Yankee music Uh, it ain't where you from, homey It's
how hot you are, Nicolette, let's -- come on [It's Ya Girl
Nicolette] I be that, girl who straight pop from the N.Y.
Doing my thing, all day, yeah it's her Nicolette on the
track, matter fact, bring it back Tell me what you think
about her Who you know wit a flow so loco On a dirty
south track from the N.Y. though I be on it, I be on it,
ya'll cats don't really want it Ya'll don't want it, ya'll just
fronting, homeboy, then back up off me I'm a young fly
soldier, thought I told ya, wack cats is gon' be over I'm
a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up I'm
a supernova, controller, anything that I get I hold up
Take it back up to the N.Y., show 'em how we do, what
we do and why Keep ballin' in our ride, driving show, I
pass 'em by You see our paper, haters hating but it's
still all good And if you looking for me, you can catch
me in my hood Just doing my thing, got the ring bling,
don't get it misunderstood Nicolette, LL, on the same
track, bring it back, tell me what you think about that
Boys tryinna holla, but I ain't having that You better
have game, you better come correct Ya Girl Nicolette,
don't like lame cats Tell me what you think about that,
let's go (Chorus) Love that you made money, really
don't matter If I see her from a far, this what I yell at
her Hey, over there, over there Ho, get over here, get
over here In your club with your girls, I'm in here with
my mans Won't your girls meet my boys, we can all be
friends Hey, over there, over there Ho, get over here,
get over here [LL Cool J] Got to get it popping, the track
is knocking, the Bentley's rocking Overdose I'm
suppose to roast 'em, with every bar I'm dropping
Every time I drop they copping, every single line I lay is
locking You a hater, boy, stop your plotting, it'll be your
blood we mopping Talk about that major flavor, keyed
up, cut like a razor Lyrically I stake and bake ya, you
can see I get that paper Wear jet black like Darth
Vader, hopping out on playa haters It's in my n-n-

nature, never been a smoother operator Switch it up,
hit it up, get it up, let it up Your girl from the back, like
giddy up How come I run, you like my son, I blow the
whole god damn city up Inside that long white milky
Bentley like I just picked Diddy up Think about that
while you doubt that, you a fake mac, you can't count
that Hop all off then I bounce back, got 'em looking a
wolf pack outback I'm from where them GOAT GOAT,
shout that Ask Master P, I'm bout that Everybody know
I'm holding, in the party, pocket swollen Rock and
rolling, competition catching coals in they colon
(Chorus) [Lyrikal] What up ya'll, ya'll know us Know the
party ain't ill til we show up Once we hit the scene, the
chicks go nuts Sorry if I intervene, ma, but so what Pour
more cups of the drink, cups of the guz stop Til I'm all
drunk in the place, burn the kush to the face Making the
dudes wanna hate, cuz we them new dudes in the state
[Jiz] Yeah, we in the club just chilling, B, yeah, baby
feeling me Feel like a barbecue, shorty keep grilling
me up In the club doing stacks where a ceiling be Do it
well, ask LL dog feeling me Dudes not feeling me,
because we walked in the door Looking flyer than
airplanes, it's not touching the floor [Lyrikal] It do what
it do, get the flow get you, and it move The body move
to the tune, yessir DJ let it boom in the room Shit's just
there, like and now your boy here [Jiz] We hot like June,
gon' drop real soon let 'em know that Queens in the
house We jam ride from to the north to the side, I'm a
young back, just shut your mouth Shut your mouth, turn
it around, shake a little bit, drop down to the ground
Most of the time, don't stop or pound, before we wasn't
it but be popping now Popping now, people love us
when we dropping the sound Come to your hood, we be
rocking your town Go to the show we rocking the
crowd, get gwop by the thou', wow [Ticky Diamondz]
Come on and roll wit the kid, back to the crib Car real
fast, bed real big Just like that, I'mma get them stacks
Got 'em screaming out, my neck, my back Work it all
night, this ain't no tease You gonna be scarred, I'mma
sweat that weave Now you can't drive, it's too much
speed Just sit back and enjoy that breeze In the whip
today, but not tomorrow That's the life of a superstar
Wanna be involved, better be aware Ticky Diamondz
got women everywhere Do it on the floor, stairs to the
chair Do it on the beat, please, hands to stare Got you
on the beach, you out somewhere Got your girl
screaming that it ain't that fair Baby come true, got
enough bread Switch to the truck, nothing more said
Kid don't play, just do clean That's what it is, when I
come from Queens Do my lean, big black truck Coming
through like I'm moving that stuff I just get checks, just

get neck Girls I'm afraid, running round butt naked
Gotta go, back to the grind Back to the tracks, back to
the rhymes Burn a little haze, I let my rhyme ---
(Chorus)

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