

ATL

"Hit 'Em Get 'Em"

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Chorus (Fiend):

Watch me hit 'em! Watch me lit 'em!
Unh, unh,
Watch me hit 'em! Watch me get 'em then my nine split
'em!

(2x)

First Verse (J-Dawg):

I done more dirt than a lil',
But still,
Gotta feel for the 1-8-7,
And once you get done
then I'm on the run with a naked gun like Mr. Drebin,
I'm tellin' you niggas to watch your back,
I peel more caps than a jap take pictures,
A nigga that be down to get wit'cha when I be livin'up
off the liquor,
I figure the bigger the cap,
the bigger the blood stain is on the black top,
I get fat props when the gat pop, as I try to close that
flat top,
I stick around til' you black out, hit the back route,
Duckin' po-po's,
One time can't identify, because I'm dressed in hoe
clothes,
But even Bo knows what a strap does, when I stash
mine in a stash box,
No weapons or witnesses drop the case or get that ass
dropped,
Mr. D-A, you want a replay? How the G play, with some
fucked nerves,
My nine strap be buckin' as I'm stalkin' through the
suburbs,
Can't stop what you don't understand, told you fool I'm
loed out,
Shoulda broke out, your life ain't worth a dime when I
get smoked out,
The ghetto's where I dwell, dumpin' shells up out the

window,
Smokin' indo, get lit and treat my homies like my
kinfolk,
I been loced since day one, I'm true to self and that's
all,
I pass you like a fastball,
When it's last call for alcohol,
Drink hennessey like a fish, piss me off and it's your
final down,
Fully automatic makin' you bitch-made niggas bow
down,
What I found now,
Is that life ain't nothin' but time to try and come up,
Wanna be round to raise my son up,
Ain't about to put my gun up,
Run up nigga you get done up,
Blazin' a blunt, so when I come duck,
Lyin' about you murdered niggas knowin' you ain't
done fuck,
You punk bitch

Chorus

Second Verse (Threat + J-Dawg):

(Threat)

As I bails through the swamp I see faces of death,
All my partners gettin' broke off with no traces left,
Break yourself, see me, unloadin' with the glock nine,
Refuse to stop crime,
So it's sin though, through your nostril,
Pump on that afro and away bitch I dumps off,
Clothes off, there's a two eleven in progress so I just,
Gets gone in the wind with my papers,
Capers,
And pull full time since I pulled my first nine,
Stick up another victim,
Cop, before I kick up,
Dust, bust the two while the seventeen fled the scene,
Blaze the sack, my mind reacts,
To jack mode,
Road to riches, squeeze glocks to need not,
My nine to five is homicide,
It's do or die,
Me and niener be tag teamin' like Bonnie & Clyde

(J-Dawg)

M-I-S-T-A J-Dawg L-O-C nigga you can't see this,
I be this, NIG-ER-RO that's been locin' since the fetus,

I'm comin' up on the quick fast, I'm lovin' this life I'm
livin',
I'm givin' no nigga no time to bust back,
I'm quick to peel your cap, I'll fill your lap,
Would've spilled your naps and left you open like a
liquor store,
Reachin' for niener but comin' up short 'fo you could
get the hoe,
Now hit the floor and bleed as I proceed to open your
chest up,
Let's check guts, who's next up?
To get wet for tryin' to flex nuts,
I'm penetratin' your kidneys, don't get soft you're
coughin' up blood,
I'm tossin' up slugs,
you ain't tough enough so I'm fuckin' up your Kool-Aid
jug,
I watch 'em tote you like a book bag,
Put the clip in the Mac
and the zip in the sack and they haul your bitch ass
off with your foot tagged, fool,
Anybody killa, graveyard filler,
Cap peeler,
Glock clamped tight,
For life is what that Camp like

Chorus

Third Verse (Threat):

Another payday with the AK, as I stay back, with the gun
cocked,
One shot, put his brains up on the canvas,
It's scandoulous,
From the East Bank, to the West Bank, these niggas
peelin' caps,
Givin' dirt naps to you busta muthafuckas pack your
gat,
See the jealous got me strapped, rollin' craps could be
dangerous,
Gotta pay roll for the killas that be quick to let the
stainless bust,
Flesh change to dust, ain't no risin' up in three days,
Cuz a G plays for keeps, when a sweeper sweep the
street,
Niggas best to haul ass, come clean or get your neck
broke,
When the Tec smoke clears I disappear like David
Copperfield,
Got a proper deal with a proper steal,
Grounds off-limits,

Yellow tape and dead bodies, bitch you fuckin' with a
menace,
Bodies comin' up stale

Chorus

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