

## **Box Car Racer**

### **"Niggas Git Dealt Wit"**

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[ Young Prod ]

Yeah  
Puttin it down like this, bitch  
S.C.C. back at yo ass, nigga  
Fuck everybody  
That's real

[ VERSE 1: Young Prod ]

Rides, from my six-fo' to my Lex-o  
Bumpin, what would you do if you knew, loc  
How to put a lick down? Busta, you'se a amateur  
You get scared when I glare, imagine if I stare at ya  
Then you would have to test yo Pro-Keds  
Cause I done drew down and bust a cap at your  
forehead  
So go 'head and jet, but let your big homie know  
If he got static the automatics is ready-go  
And what I bang I claim real to the gee  
The Cartel's cavi, so can we calculate the C  
As we be dumpin, locin as we slide on the d's  
And we slip the clips to the B.G.  
Young P puts it down and ain't nothing changin  
I'm aimin heat at your dome cause it's gangsta  
Bustas better raise up off the blocks when we ride  
Cause glocks leave niggas shell-shocked and they die

[ CHORUS ]

O.G.'s get smoked  
B.B.'s get loced  
with straps  
so perhaps  
niggas get dealt with  
If caps get peeled and niggas get served  
with straps  
so perhaps  
niggas get dealt with

[ VERSE 2: Havikk the Rhime Son ]

I'm up early in the mornin, creasin my Karl Kani's, I'm  
saggin  
I reach for my heat, yeah, that .44 magnum

It's time to regulate your block, you get twisted  
I'm easin through your ass like a dick, now it's on, bitch  
Welcome to the ill shit where niggas collapse in anger  
Provokes the Rhime Son to release one out of the  
chamber  
Crossin out our shit in the studio, foolio, you panic  
And get your ass sunk like the Titanic  
( ? ) up the cavi, proceedin to cause the ruckus  
Meditate with the evil and the devil couldn't touch us  
It's Prode'je and Rhime Son, Rhime Son and Prode'je  
Extendin like a clip, hittin dips, no sense in tryin me  
Ain't no love, focus on the realest  
No future in your frontin cause you muthafuckas feel  
this  
It's S.C.C. and Mouthpiece, so behold another coma  
I'm in your fuckin lung like pneumonia

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Prode'je ]

Fuckin with the realer body-bag-filler-type of niggas  
Killers that have you niggas chockin on your livers  
S.C. could never play the back so the wack I confronted  
Cocked the 12-guage and head-hunted  
Had to be a flea cause you fuckin with that gee  
Hav's got the S, Prod's got the C.C.  
Gettin wreck, fools, you get death with  
Like them niggas Mobb Deep said: you be 'shook' like a  
earthquake  
Studio gees I refuse to see  
When 87 times niggas was accused to g  
Of bein foulish, but I'ma leave you swoll' like a callous  
Cancelled like Dallas, knock yo ass off balance  
I put my foot up in that ass, bro, you didn't know  
That I can bust your shit like a pimple  
And when it's over you be dead, gee  
I got your number  
And sucker-ass niggas goin under

[ CHORUS ]

[ Prode'je ]

That's right, muthafucka  
Nineteen-muthafuckin-ninety-six  
That S with them 2 C's is gettin wreck on that ass  
Finna dig a foot off in yo muthafuckin ass, nigga  
Punk muthafuckas thought we couldn't come back with  
that real shit  
with that shoot-to-kill shit  
Havikk the muthafuckin Rhime Son, Mouthpiece and  
Prode'je

finna break all you muthafuckas down  
That's right  
Finna break all you muthafuckas down  
Cause you punk-ass niggas get dealt with

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