

Cam'ron "Get It In Ohio"

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"Get It In Ohio"

[Intro]

Waddup, Midwest?
They forgot about the fourth coast
Uh, it ain't nuttin though
Waddup Arkansas, Minnesota, Kansas
Kentucky, Missouri, everybody in the Lou'!

[Verse 1]

Geah! (HOLLA!)
Thinkin 'bout Guy Fisher
Never met him, but goddamn that's my nigga! (why?)
I figure real estate, invested pie flipper
Never snitch, me I'm in a bathrobe, fly slippers (high
80s')
Left Chicago wit good money for five drops
Westside, did the Southside like the White Sox
(Waddup Stony Island?)
Bamboo and Pulaski, K-town is contra (Westside)
They'll dearly depart ya, in front of MacArthur's
(Waddup Madison?)
I'm the author for gangsters, tough guys
Did the whole Ohio, but I start it off of Buckeye (dey
know me!)
Columbus to 'Natti, them towns I raped 'em (sure did)
Few clowns was hatin (what?!), moved my pounds to
Dayton (Let's go)
And in Akron, my niggaz they would throw things
Not King James, these were coke kings (Buck, waddup
baby?)
Ain't he actin grown, doggy you ain't back at home
Then smack the {?}, wrapped in chrome, you better
get a chaperone

[Chorus w/ ad-libs in background]

If you know like I know, you should lie low
Killa, I used to get it in Ohio
Don't forget the Chi though, guns are like a pyro
You keep playin, you will look like a gyro

[Verse 2]

Yo, ga'head and hate me hater
'cause I'm flyer than a aviator? (Yes I am)
Well, you'll get SMACKED with the radiator
And I get catered player - wanna talk? Maybe later
Told her, her time was up, '88 her, Flavor Flaved her
(Boyeeeee!)
Need ya neck choked, rather your neck broke
Ya dead broke, yet folks the jewels are like AIYYO!!
And you'll get yolked up, switchblade poked up
Bitch-made since sixth grade, he need his rope cut
(yes)
Cowboy roped up, y'all boys sold what?
Know what? The dope, crack, and coke is in the coat
tucked (right here)
Roll up, hold up, family, this a hold up!
Get close up, soaked up, I'm KG, postup
Hoe, slut, no love, turn beef to cold cuts
Family gettin bread, well he about to get his loaf cut (in
half)
Y'all doped up, this game is sewed up
Malcolm X tell the white bitch yo, I want my toes sucked

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, I'd rather be judged by twelve, than carried by six
My twelve and twelve - well, they carry my bricks
and them twelve-twelve fiends, they're married to sniff
And the V12, that's on various trips *[laughing]*
Y'all make a brotha laugh, me I took another path
Come into my habitat, hover crafts, bubble baths
Duffle bags stuffed with cash, fell in love with math
I got the green Benz, red Range, mustard Jag
White coke, tan dope, black gun, trey deuce
Silver bullets, purple piff, blue pills, Grey Goose
Pull out the rat-tat-tat (what you say?)
Duck duck, say goose
Beige coupe, suede roofs, send him off to Jesus (Jesus)
H-deuce, yea yea, piss off the state troops
See me, then they don't, I disappear, say POOF!
Play Zeus, homeboy get a replaced tooth
Not pot, mean dust when a nigga say juice
Killa! Killa..

[Chorus]

[Outro]

You know what it is, nigga - Harlem
140th & Lennox, you faggot niggaz can suck a dick,
fuck niggaz
Everybody in the whole Midwest, Indiana

Nebraska - Omaha, what's happenin?
Err'body in Denver, Iowa, Illinois
Chi-Town, Ohio, you know what it is
I'll be home soon, Killa!
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Waddup, Leche?
Yo Happy, I'ma drop another package off
Duke on that Westside of Chicago *[laughs]*
Waddup everybody in Columbus? *[fades]*

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