

Big Joe Turner

"Get Right"

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[Chorus:]

OK, ay this is just an anthem for the players
Top notch boppers and the pimps with the gators
Roller skaters, smoked out elevators
Drank sipping, paint flipping congregators
Let's get right, let's get right
Let's get right, let's get right
All night, all night
All night, party like it's 1999

[Big K.R.I.T.:]

One two, one two, one two, I got plenty
Breaking hoes, four in the morning, ain't many
Player, player play on, roller skate on
I get my chase on for something to take home, now
who
You waiting on?
Uh, freaking with me she got beat
Till she shook and went to sleep, you think she don't
Cheat
She sucking and she fucking cause she love the way I
Spit it
I know she only want me for my dick, but I can dig it
I dig her, there's none iller, kinda killer
Like Jack the Ripper, that's way before I drink the
Liquor
My moves are major, can't do no favors
For chickens with cruel intentions of laying eggs to
Get to my paper
Plenty pimping, nah I ain't tricking, ain't never
Slipping
Hella lifted when we piffing, stuck to the ceiling
You smell the vapors when we roll by
So crack a seal, pour up and get right

[Chorus]

[Big K.R.I.T.:]

Back up, back up cause it's on, break of dawn

Popping tops, taking shots, vibing to the early morn

I ain't tripping if I make it home, tryna bone
Taking pictures of bad bitches and save 'em in my
phone
B.B. in me on the late night, take flight
On my base pipes, searching for jaws like Great Whites
Ain't that some shit? Yeah, that's some shit
You claimed that was your girl, but why she all up on
My tip?
No need to buck cause you get fucked up in this party
Chiggity-check yourself before I finish what you
Started
Get retarded, hella stupid in the mix
Line 'em up, knock 'em down, dominoes in this bitch
Drink ain't free, drink on me, store run
Gotta take my whip cause yo' tank on E
It's all good, I got a little dough to blow
Buy a case of Ol' E' and some blunts to roll

[Chorus]

[Singing: Big K.R.I.T.]

OK, I'm feeling good, drink got me feeling fine
Doing what a player does, smoking just to ease my
mind
Forever getting on, riding chrome
Bopping-ass broads won't leave me alone
I said these bopping-ass broads won't leave me alone
All day, all night, I can't be faded
Too cold on hoes, they ain't for saving
Get right, get gold, feel like we made it
How could you hate? Congratulate

[Chorus]

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