

Dj Clue

"Getting It"

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f/ Busta Rhymes, Rah Digga

[DJ Clue]
DJ Clue
Desert Strom

[Busta Rhymes]
Yea
Flipmode
Busta Rhymes
Rah Digga
The Inauguration
(New Busta Rhymes!!!)
Yea, yea ha ha ha yea
(Feat Rah Digga)
What
Give it to me
All my niggaz
Where you at now?

[Busta Rhymes]
Check me
When we arrive in the spot
Who the fuck you think fazin'
We amazing and we blazin' nigga
And while we blow shit every time
Fully equipped for the occasion
While we dazin', and we grazin' niggaz
Make you leak and drip
Till your body shelves up faggots
Just like a razor say your grace and get the praisin'
niggaz
Flipmode be the ultimate unit, play your position
While he lace it, know your place, while we decreasin'
niggaz
I have a hard time with wack niggaz talkin'
Die slow with all that weak shit, you speak shit, eat shit!
Cause when we march and high-step in the spot
Niggaz love it when we leak shit, the heat shit, street
shit!
And while we drop the most miraculous bombs

Ya'll niggaz aint really dropin nothin'
rockin nothin', toppin' nothin' (whhaatttt!)
Now to ya'll funny niggaz talkin' your talk
Ya'll niggaz aint even really coppin' nothin'
poppin' nothin', stoppin' nothin'

[Chorus 1-Busta Rhymes]

All my niggaz that be ride in the trucks
Getting' money say it! (ho)
Niggaz, say it (ho, hoooo!)

All my niggaz thata' rep for the street
Hold it down say it! (ho)
Niggaz, what! I'm sayin' (ho, hoooo!)

All my bitches thata' beef with they nigga
And hold it down with em' (whaa)
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

And to my bitches that be doin' it and get their own
money
Just say it (whaa)
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

[Rah Digga]

Say 1 for the dirty
2 for hard core
3 for the trees stashed in my top drawer
I be comin' to ya' live!
Fuck up your whole circuit
Make rappers ask them self if this shit is even worth it
Don't really need to brag
Cause these streets a tell
Stay tight, be polite, and she specks so well
Say fuck the world
Who ever aint feelin' me
Campaignin' through the hood like my name was
Hillary
The illest with form
I'm the illest on the norm
The illest on my barn (?)
The illest on the song
Any type wanna yap or think they can rap
I'm a scream on motherfuckas like my name was Big
Cap
Timbaland, sweat pants, sacks of high dro
The dirtiest flow in magazines like Whoa!
Make it hot, flow it down
Like some hoers, you can lift this
And be careful what you write cause I might of already
flipped it

[Chorus 2-Busta Rhymes]

All my niggaz that be ridin' on 20's
And gettinn' money say it! (ho)
Niggaz, say it (ho, hoooo!)

All my niggaz thata' rep for the street
Hold it down say it! (ho)
Niggaz, what! I'm sayin' (ho, hoooo!)

All my bitches thata' beef with they nigga
And hold it down with em' (whaa)
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

And to my bitches that be doin' it and get their own
money
Just say it (whaa)
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

[Busta Rhymes]

Now we don't give a fuck
We serious nigga
We smokin' trees, stackin' G's, nigga please, nigga
what now?
Music just for niggaz backin' they jaws
Makin' you freeze, beta' eaze, get on your knees, nigga
what now?

[Rah Digga]

Digga, digga, digga
Type of swing only Rah could bring
I could passion (?) crazy rhymin', and I do my thing
Trantin' niggaz to threads, like white boys in kegs
Cuss words and verbs
Going over niggaz heads

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo no mercy and we taken no prisoners
Pull the trigger, now we bigger, me and digga, in the
spot now!
Ya'll mothafuckas really think you can manage
What we deliver, cause we thicker, and we sick of-what
the fuck now!

[Rah Digga]

Digga, digga, digga
Ripped shit since the 80's
You taken me like if, and, mazin'
Lil' crazy, lil' lazy, sop it up like gravy
Couldn't write a wack rhyme if a mothafucka paid me

[Chores 1]

[DJ Clue]

DJ Clue

Desert Storm

You know how we do things

Word up!

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