

Blessid Union Of Souls

"Gotta Get Up"

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[Dres]

Black Sheep, ready to nova, I gotta get up and get over
Yo, Lisle, Lisle put a, put a little
Little bit of, bit of the layer on my voice, please?
Lawnge, what's up, we gonna do these drops or what
Yeah, and it goes a little something like..

[Dres]

The freelance designer, yo, yo come on let's get this
shit going
Dres, the impeccable nigga's on the mic and flowing
For those who made the purchase or came out on the
streets
Black Sheep, bow your heads cause we're about to
break beats
City lights shining with the ill timing
My glare everywhere, don't stare cause my shit's
blinding
I think, I think niggas best not blink
Cause they stink and I'm looking at 'em pretty in pink
With a passion, I want to put a gash in your ego
Your flavour's artificial, a goddamn placebo
Black, you can't believe it, you gotta dry heave it
Fake niggas can't achieve it, fake bitches can't be-
weave it
From the streets of New York to where I be on the
ladder
Fatter, got your bitch saying "Baby, what's the matter?"
As a matter of fact, it's Dres the knuckle-dragger
With a fresh manicure so I got my cloak and dagger
I roam with the grifters, my game's ever true
My style's old skool like the new school review
I gets biz, on and on for days
And amaze with plays for non-gays, queens
Nah, fuck that! Queens, I ain't hushing
I'm crushing mafucks with a bumrush from Flushing
A member me, getting busy with GMC
Back when Rick was fresh and slick the nigga Doug E
Yeah, Tiki doing the freak, B
Backtrack a bit before the baby beat me
Got more peoples than any seen in the video clip

And we was getting life's desires from a strip
Hand-to-handler, and the gambler
Give me the eggs, black, I'm the scrambler
You too, a mafucking lyric in a song
Helping that philly blunt shit catch on
Popote light the bat, pass the shit to AZ
Pass the shit to Lord, yo, Lord give the shit to me
Yo, Wild pass the shit to Skip, Skip roll another
The brother light's about to flip
It's buckwild Bland with the horrifying team:
Homicide, Cess, Doctor Sharjean
My nigga Black Ron, Steve O, Val, Amar, JR, Reese
Popo Â peace!
Born to KE and all my peoples that be
But foremost, the whole fucking Vargas family
We wrote the scripts and the times were fit
Original New York, New Jack City type shit
Now we still we make moves only to different grooves,
black
Sheep, in fact get back, it's simple as that this

[Chorus: Black Sheep]

Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over
I gotta get mine, yo, it's time to prevail
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over
I paid my respect, the cheque's in the mail
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over
I gotta come krill, yo, my skills won't fail
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over
Been holding my breath, yo, it's time to exhale

[Mr Lawnge]

Back in the days of bullshit when I was a small guy
Taking the train home as I roamed but still I
Never had a clue of what I was going to do
To you, to you, and you, and you, and you too
Make the world jump, the girls hump, collect a lump
And make your speakers pump 'back on the scene
Crispy and clean' Yo, the rap title's redeemed
So you can save it for your next dream
Black Sheep is taking rap to the extreme
We got you coming back for more like a crack fiend
But now I stick with nothing but my own clique
I'm getting paid for what? Talking about my dick
It's my prerogative, sucker
Now you can tell your father that I'm the motherfucker
On the TV, no, you can't see me
Cause I'm on the DL, hiding from the industry
Niggas that be getting on my nerves
Trying to find the fucking beats that we preserve
See, I've been digging in the crates for a minute

Even my grandma's, believe I was up in it
Taking it, breaking it, trying it, flying it
I didn't have the money so, shit, I wasn't buying it
I had to take what I could get and be happy with
Not only records but clothes and food and shit
Niggas trying to get over on, niggas trying to get over
on
Niggas trying to get over
That's why I stay refined, and never think about the
other kind
Fake niggas trying to get mine
I had to hold my head despite what was being said
I used to wish that I had some lead
That I could buck off, but then I got my luck off
Away from Carolina, yo, I had to step the fuck off

[Chorus]

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