

## **Fam-Lay**

### **"Git Busy"**

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[Pharrell] OWW!! Getting!!

[Chorus - Fam-Lay]

When the car roll up and windows roll down

And you see the sawed off, nigga better hit the ground

We getting busy!! You better haul ass dawg!

You better haul ass! You better haul ass dawg!

You better haul ass! (OWW!! getting!!.. OWW!!)

[Verse - Fam-Lay]

I'm blasting, nigga laying in the street cause

Talked shit, so I hit 'em wit the heat

Runts moving, keys like oz's

Like a cliental, errbody know me

Running! running from the 5-0

Drug life, and it's all about survival

Hustla, known worldwide dawg

I'm in the game and I'm bout to drive by y'all

Gambler, 4 - 5 - 6ing it

10 grand in the bank and I'm sticking it

Bitches, got 'em by the dozens

From their mammy, to their sisters to their couzins

Star Trak, is the crew that I run with

Nigga don't get murdered over dumb shit

Fuck you! it's how I'm caring if

Nigga try to start beef and we burn it

[Chorus]

[Verse - Fam-Lay]

Hey look I'm sick of niggaz saying what they gon do when they see me

Soon as they see they don't do shit

The nigga Fam-Lay too slick

I got a handful of guns and a few clips stupid

You keep sending death threats, uh! and I ain't seen death yet

Nigga I can't help that I ain't been murdered in my life, look

Look I been stopped giving a fuck about living

Ever since I got beat up by them faggot ass cops

But now I just stand on my block and drink liquor

Wit my niggaz and my bitches and we keep them gats cocked

Uh! won't hesitate to blast you niggaz

Spray your corner, bodies falls in the Ac my nigga

Uh! I'm pulling out the dagger nigga

Cause when I finish wit these shells I'm a stab a nigga

[Chorus]

[Bridge - Pharrell Williams] (Fam-Lay)

Let me tell ya boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Fam-Lay!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Norfolk!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Huntersville!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin but let me tell ya

Boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (with the Clipse!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Coldchain!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Star Trak!)

I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin

[Verse - Fam-Lay]

Nigga fuck all that punchline shit, that young rhyme shit

That shit that might blow only one time shit

Cause when I rhyme bitch, my rhymes fit

The mind of a gangsta is all time, bitch!

Kill who you riding wit

I got some niggaz from Virginia riding wit me

And them niggaz trying to buy this shit

So fuck who you party wit!

Cause we get high as the Karate Kid, now let's go!

Pop junk, I pop trunks; Got a 10 shot glock pump

That'll stop trucks, ya cocksucker!

Shoot a lead trying to get a rep

I shoot the lead at his head now his man tryin to get 'em help

Fam don't play wit chirin [children]

Act stupid, act dumb, act foolish, act deaf like you ain't hear em

Bring it to the forefront, I got a lotta niggaz that tote guns

Now let's do it!

[Chorus] (w/ bridge in background)

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