

Fat Joe "Get It Poppin"

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Crack, yeah, Scott Storch y'all
Dirty, Crack, c'mon

It's two up in the mornin' girl
And the DJ playin' that song
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin')

I said, it's two up in the mornin' girl
And the DJ playin' that song
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin')

I got that black no limit American Express card
Mami you can get whatever you like
Plus I got that all-black Phantom, it's tinted on four
sides
Go 'head kiss it, they can't see us inside

Mami tell me do you like it, I know you like it
It's written all over your face don't fight it
You like it, more than I like it
So put it all over your face don't bite it

From rags to riches, club packed with bitches
Had to bag them digits, her head game was vicious
And we can get it poppin' in the bathroom
Don't be selfish ma, go ahead and pass it to him

Then we can all fuck
It's like a million on my neck, got all of these bitches all
awestruck
We pissy drunk off of Seraphim
I'm up in V.I.P. and these bitches are screamin', let me
in

It's two up in the mornin' girl
And the DJ playin' that song

Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin')

It's two up in the mornin' now
And I'm tryin' to go home wit'chu
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin')

Get it poppin', go 'head and drop it
It's written all over your face, don't stop it
Just drop it, more like it's hot miss
Kick in the do' with the fo-fo messin' with Joe

Now this chick got an ass so fat in fact I
Put a drink on it and I came right back
She would never talk to a lame like that
In my ear screamin', how you got a name like Crack

Crack, similar to Mike Jones
Say my name enough, then I'm takin' you home
You know I walk with I talk with
I sleep with the chrome, one squeeze and you're gone

What I look like, not takin' at least
Three to six women out the club with me
Now we back to the fuck pad, call it the fuck pad
'Cause all these bitches fuckin' with me, talk to 'em
dirty

It's two up in the mornin' girl
And the DJ playin' that song
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)
Now what'chu gon' do?
(Gonna get get get it poppin')

Well it's two up in the mornin' and
Them niggaz try'n hate on your crew
Nigga, what'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin' boy)
Yeah, what'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin')

Now when them doors swing open with that awkward
motion
What'chu call it, suicide, it's a suicide
And if them niggaz talk shit 'cause they drunk off that

potion
They commitin', suicide, it's a suicide

Let's get it poppin' my niggaz, cook, yo
I got a shotty my niggaz, oh, Lord
I feel sorry for your mudda fucker, give a fuck what you
say
Spin your head back, promote you on a videotape

It's two up in the mornin' girl
And the DJ playin' that song
Now what'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin')
Now what'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin')

It's four up in the mornin' now
And I'm tryin' to go home wit'chu
Girl, what'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin')
What'chu gon' do?
(I'ma get get get it poppin')

C'mon, yeah, it's Crack, what'chu gon' do?
Cafe [Incomprehensible], all my people in there
partyin'
All the party people across the world
Ladies, "Things of that Nature"

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