

Fiend

"Let's Go Get Em"

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Let's go get em, let's go get em
Let's go get em, let's go get em, dawg

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My click is killers
In the line of fire in a pack of stuff affiliated mob
figures
Down with mortal combat camouflage soldier rags, 44
mag
And you wants to die when we ship bags and hold tags

We rolling up and we holding up
Boot up or shoot up and get that jaw swollen up
Killer please give me some gangsta shit, know the
click, cock it back
Kane and Abel 'bout that combat, bitch

Lets go get em' with split em', don't bullshit em'
Hit em' with a round now the tank split em', split em'
Don't let a nigga catch you slipping, we camouflage
Killer connection committed, armed surprise

Duck and die for the buster but I'm straight as a crease
Heat seek don't sleep when my trigger finger tweak
Bloody bodies in the streets somebody call
[Incomprehensible]
'Cause seeing dead gifts make my day card

Now what y'all know about Mac 'cause I'm murder,
murder
Flip em' like Burger King workers be flipping burgers
And I'm finger fucking till them niggas bust back
With the hollows it's been more dead then the others
around follow
Now bite the bullet and swallow

I was tattooed with a broken wine bottle
Never die that's been my motto since 14 lottos
Got to get em' before they get 'em 'cause if they hit me

I'm gone
Skinny niggas don't live long with a bullet in their bones

Nigga, let's go get em, let's go get em
Nigga, let's go get em, let's go get em, dawg

Now when I say, Big Ed, you say, assassin
Big Ed
(Assassin)
What's up
(What's happening)
I keep my trigger finger blasted, tank ready to roll
Picking up soldiers from rich now bringing them to the
N.O.

Nigga, I'm 'bout mine I got nines wiser up
Swolled up, tagged up, tagged up not giving a fuck
Nigga, I'm wit' it to bring the ruckus busting
If you touch this a No Limit soldier still got more dick
than busters

It's a disaster blast em' specialization retaliation
Fuck, who I'm facing boy bring the caroltation
Consultation begins to happen when I'm rapping
We gon' see who really asking when my hammer gets
to smacking

Attacking and lacking my every vocal creates a
checking
I should have been got that high control before lyrical
seconds
I'm the insider probably the baddest, greens cornbread
and cabbage
Mister watch me hit 'em lit 'em about to go get 'em

Here comes the biggest mamma baby what you wanna
do
Tank full of riders military minded soldiers
Hitting you with that hater ain't gon' get up now mo' for
sho'
Combat where they at alright, alright, let's go

Now you gon' start it when your click is weak
When it's on we gon' give that ass a chance to retreat
Verbal heat but we could take it to the streets
Get em' up, pull the thangs shoot em' up, see yo
people root em' up

What, what run on up and as a matter of fact
Watch me put that ass down like a flag
Call the colonel 'cause we some warriors

Dropping and stopping, hollering let's go get em' nigga
fuck we got em

When it's gon' go down, it's gon' go down
What's gon' happen, gon' happen
Y'all know these T.R.U. Niggas 'bout capping and
slapping
We packing and macking, y'all niggas be slacking and
lacking
We smacking and stacking, uh, oh, we blasted and
laughing

Where my fucking money at is what we be asking
Busting on back stabbers is how we be acting
If I catch you ass down is one way to put it
When we get it's gon' be banned from TV footage,
yeah

Nigga, let's go get em, let's go get em
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Nigga, let's go get em

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