

Foesum**"Just Get On Down G Shit"**

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Bitch where you at

Baby baby just get on down

just get on down just get on down

just get on down just get on down

[T Dubb]

Come take a trip with me to the Eastside

with the homeys from the Foe love to whoo ride

dippin clownin trippin and sparkin

sittin in the back with a cup of Remy Martin

bouncin in a 64 straight flexin

gold wide rims candy paint will reflect shit

time to hit the cut so now you know

I'm packin much heat from the west to the east coast

so now I'm ready to ride, lets roll

floatin, coastin, 3 wheel motion

hittin every corner nigga when I dip

I gotta hit a switch so I can make the ass lift

16 switches front and back

crawlin sideways with my Chronic sack

rollin through the LBC wit a grip

so listen to the Dubb as I flow with some G Shit

(Chorus) x2

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

How do you shake baby

[DJ Glaze]

Comin through the cut muthafuckaz get these

drop top Benz with the AMGs

hookin shit up, movin over the competition

listen, fools dont know I'm on a mission, dippin

3 qualos deep with the beat

as I floss up and down the street, so peep

I got the chip in the Motorola flip

G lock 19 if these fools wanna trip

(do you see em) see em

(spot em) T-Dubb should I get em

(get em) got em

hang his ass up, break him down to a minimum

givin him no chance, I got the 9 to make his ass dance

we bring him problems in 95

so break wide while my click's hittin side to side

its unbelievable the way we dip

so just ride, as we demonstrate some G Shit

(Chorus) x2

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

How do you shake baby

[M&M]

Now I crawls in, slidin in a drop blue Regal

sittin on these 13 inch wheels

dippin cuz my homeboys got the hook up

hit the back streets, the police get shook up

stopped at the light, rolled a J of the indo

got the shit lit, rolled up the tinted window

smoke's in the air so I'm buzzin

and I got a grip in my pocket cuz I came up hustlin

rolled to the homey's pad, shits on dank

grabbed the 40 ounce, took it straight to the neck

gettin fucked up fool, like an OG

standin 6 feet with the bald head and gold teeth

mob to the ride so me and the homey shake

got the nickel plated 45 tucked by my waist

so if anything pops act like you didn't see shit

or get that ass twisted cuz I'm kickin that G Shit

(Chorus) x2

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

Just get on down (just get on down)

How do you shake baby

