

# **G Dep Feat. Black Rob And P. Diddy "Let's Get It"**

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Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly  
Fuckin' with these niggas from the, what you gonna do  
When you ready, shit I was born ready  
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti

Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya, attack like a  
vulture  
If I said I get cha, wearing it I'll fit ya, y'all thirteen  
inches  
I see the big picture, if it's to get richer, I'd probably get  
wit' ya  
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace  
Shoot the video motherfuck city permits  
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy

Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her  
own titty  
Put it in the video, ya wanna holla got to follow nigga  
here we go  
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it  
Won't reach out and ya bet I won't visit  
Till my whole wardrobe is-it listen

Make this money, take this money  
(Let's get it)  
Ain't no way you can take this from me  
(Let's get it)  
Ain't shit funny  
(Uh)

Shake it honey, take it money  
(Let's get it)  
Now let's get it  
(Let's get it)

Creep with your people, though my shit is sweet and  
low it's no equal  
Front butch look, once I throw the hook you proceed to  
get cook  
With the game and the soldiers sit  
When I came, the game that I owed you one

Wide big Lincoln, why he died on the side for the  
stinking  
Watch the task force task for look Marlboro  
It's a big chance, big pants  
Might guard him with my man's a type barber

Better learn quick, 'cause my clique don't argue  
You ain't my crew, then who are you?  
For we take off make sure that your seated  
Billboard read it believe it

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Soul Controller, rap Itola, kids hate me when they older  
I put cracks by the stroller, registered voter,  
motherfucker quota  
Give some baking soda and a quota  
Man I flow straight up out the water

I'm break this game till it say out of order  
Who's the high scorer, then tear the floor up  
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head  
on the tour bus  
Do what them niggas them niggas in the drop thinks  
cooler

All the five quarters, headline supporters  
Hitting wives and daughters  
Brought a neck spray from Esate Lauders  
Call Puffy to order

Ayo, call me Diddy I run this city  
Send the cops, the feds and D.A to come get me  
Cats wanna leave me for dead, you coming with me  
Get head in the Bentley red at one fifty

Straight lose it, love two things my money my music  
Might co-write and produce it  
Drop mine, hot nine exclusive, got y'all hulking like  
Bruce did  
Deuce it, break backs and stacks it's no problem

Make raps and tracks and go Harlem

Get worldwide coverage, got so many spots  
I don't even buy luggage, ya love it  
Make moves major, hideout in Asia  
If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her

I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators  
Not guilty, plus I'm filthy, c'mon

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Ain't shit funny  
(Uh)

Shake it honey, take it money  
(Let's get it)  
Now let's get it  
(Let's get it)

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano  
Flow in their channel with the opposite handle  
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel  
Snatch the yay of the mantle, the proceed to dismantle

Can't say Rob, how many niggas done tried to play mob  
Quit they day job  
Tired of puttin' broke niggas under the wing  
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing

Act like you gonna pull that thing, thing  
You the only one who gets played for bling, bling  
I represent eight blocks and sing-sing  
Almost caught a buck fifty for fucking with Latch in  
Killer Queens

Moves for paper, moves no chaser  
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser  
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it  
(We ain't do it)  
Now let's get it  
(Let's get it)

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