

Game "Get'em"

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Chorus (Flocka)

Word to my haters, I don't forget shit, better stay on
point homie don't fuckin slip

Get em (x16)

I hear you niggas talkiin, boy stop talkin shit,
undercover man you know you on a nigga dick

Get em (x16)

Verse 1 (The Game)

What I'm gone do when I see that boy, grab a bottle
and BUST EM'

Turn the fuckin music down then yell FUCK EM'

Nigga actin like he don't wanna fall RUSH EM'

Club is playin Lollipop but we don't fuck wit SUCKAS

Take the Patron and mix it wit Juice

I'm all in my zone and feelin real loose

The bigga the belt be the bigger the goose

I snatch up a broad and hop in the coupe

In Compton where I'm found at

That's where I stunt and clown at

That's where I where I wear my crown at

Tie my red rag around that

I'm ridin in Ferraris

I'm draped up in Bvlgari

I used to run around the A with Puff and that nigga

used to stunt to scar me

Now you can just black card me

Down Crenshaw Boulevard me

Think a nigga went soft cuz I stopped movin raw

Somebody better get a fuckin

Chorus (Flocka)

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Verse 2 (Game)

That's my Patron that's my bitch

T.I. be on some fly shit

Now I can feel my projects inside my fuckin closet
Daffy Duck and uncle Screw
That's what we stuffin in them boots

Put them bitches on the track, sell them hoes to
Interscope
Sell them hoes to Def Jam, I'm known for movin work
Ask around I've been sellin birds since Gucci said BARR
I'm a cold motha FLOCKA
Red Diamonds in my WATCHA
That nigga got a hot one
Take a trip to the A and cop one
That Lambo came with shotguns
You prolly never shot one
That Bent came in Alisha
You prolly never chopped none
Them bullets I done caught some
Them bottles I done popped some
So order that CIROCA
Can't wait till twelve OCLOCKA

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Verse 3 (Flocka)

If you aint tryna leave the club leakin on crutches
Than when you see a real nigga don't say nothin
Bust Em (x9)
This for all the niggas in the trap playin round the oven
If you can't get em off let a real nigga touch em
Bust Em (x25)

Chorus (Flocka)

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