

Heather B. "I Get Wreck"

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[VERSE 1]

I ain't one to gossip, but I heard your shit was wack
And I ain't one to brag, but this jam is fat
I won't push you to the extreme to say I'm all that
But if you have to ask, then you must think that
Don't understand what it means to be conceited
Never left a sentence or a verse incompleated
In a battle I won't get defeated
And I don't get mad, I get heated
Had to wreck the ones that wanted to fight me
Don't give a damn if nobody likes me
Never lit the likes of pipes or hype
I'm livin for me, myself and the mic
Love to rock Nikes and a dope sweat hoodie
You can't buy vinyl at no Sam Goody
Hip-hop DJ's, what will you do
Record companies don't know, when you do, buy two
They're killin hip-hop with ease
And I hate those damn cd's
Now let's talk about the birds and Heather B's
Sisters, don't allow yourself to get skeezed
And believe I got the mad self-respect
So recognize and understand my rep
And if you show me any disrespect
You better know that I get wreck

[CHORUS]

And I get wreck
(On and on and on and on)--> Grand Puba
(Ugh! Ugh! Ugh)

[VERSE 2]

I'm not a star, cause I don't shine
I'm a go-getter, cause I will go get mine
I ain't lazy, moody or shady
And I won't lie, but I am crazy
The same way I chill, I will ill
And I wanna beat you cause your ???? need a kill
I got skills and I don't pop pills
And no man can say that I want his diznills

I won't fix anything that's not broken

Rather jump the turnstyle than pay a token
I'm no criminal, I'm not crooked
But I can't say that I'll never do it
The Kenny Parker beats are just stupid
He finds the funky shit and he loops it
Adds the flavor, bass, hi's and snares
Books a studio session and I meet him there
I grab my lyrics and get a microphone check
And open my mouth, then commence to wreck

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

I used to get weeded, but now I hate the smell
So I stopped just to keep my braincells
Don't like the feelin of bein high
Like to stay down-low and write dope rhymes
If I gotta be high, it's high-paid
And it's not my style to high-profile
Not the only child, one of four
Thank God my pops was too broke to make more
So I make dough for me and the fam
I never know when they might need a helpin hand
Don't get me wrong, I never flash loot
And every now and then I sport my Doc Marten boots
Only in the winter do I wear Timbos
Never been called a broad or bimbo
Don't do the limbo cause it's corny
And I wish they'd sell Snapple by the 40
It took a while to get my album set
Now I'm here and I'm gettin wreck

[CHORUS]

[SHOUT OUTS]

Yeah, Heather B gonna give a few shout outs, you know
Peace to BDP
Peace to Biz Markie
Peace to Kid Capri
Peace to Teddy Ted & Special K
And I'm out

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