

Inner City

"Gotta Get Over"

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Shit, it ain't go hold me back, I gotta go all out to get mine
A tech nine might come in handy for the next time
I'm frustrated, chumps are making me mad
Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad
Too gold, too bold, too fly for them to stop
The man to respect 'cause I'm ripping up blocks
I gotta get the dough, gotta run the show
I'm flipping like a kilo, stash a million or so
Go for what you feel and deal wit this
'Cause I'm dangerous, I come real wit this
And packing and strapping, it goes along wit the rapping
By any means necessary, you can't get buried
I may come wit a smile but I've been known to get crazy wild
So when you scheme, yo, I scheme too
And I've been out here and yes, I've seen you
I know your face, I know your name and all your people kid
I've got mad connections, so won't do a bid
I make the moves, I'm never faking
'Cause the loot is for the taking

The loot is for the taking

Mad murderer stalk in the night when you walk
Feelings of stone to the bone, I'm a rock
No regrets for doing shit I had to do
I was hard headed and yea, I still am too
But you know I got things under control
So you should slow your roll that's my advice to you bro
A street veteran, sometimes I'm trife as a juvenile
I'll beep your style, you can't fuck wit the golden child
That's why you're riffing but you know you're just ass kissing
You wanna meet'cha maker, I'm a take ya
Or else let the man command
'Cause I'll be ready to get you open, ain't no joking, I jam
So if you wanna know who's really boss

Then try your game, lamb, and end up taking a big loss
If I don't get my way, you're history
To you, I'm a mystery, you never understand me
I came to grab the tapes and be out
I came to get what's due to me 'cause I got clout
I make the moves, I'm never faking
'Cause the loot is for the taking

The loot is for the taking

I'm sinister, I'm selling no wolf tickets here
Rolling correct to get my point across clear
Sights in the city make me bitter
And I ain't taking no shit from no sucker nigga
I move swift, always looking for the money to make
I need the cash flow, I got a lot at stake
And I could never go out like a crab
So shut the hell up and put the money in a big bag
Hand it over smooth like
I need fat dough, I got things to do tonight
I'm always on my job, ain't no time to be caught short
And those outta line, pay a fine or get knocked off
It's my turn to clock the duckets
Being broke, nah, I can't fuck wit it
I'm making moves, never faking
'Cause the loot is for the taking

The loot is for the taking

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