

## Inspectah Deck

### "Get Down Wit Me"

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[Intro: DJ Premier sample {Lounge Mode} (Inspectah Deck)]  
Aiyo, what the fuck is this shit  
That ya'll are listening to nowadays on the radio, man?  
{Yo, we gotta get up out of here, son..}  
(Yeah... do not attempt to adjust your radio  
Your system is now under the control of House Gang  
FM  
Featuring your host for the night  
The leader of the The Rebellion, the Rebel INS  
Yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Inspectah Deck]  
Ain't no doubt big homey is sick, heads know me to flip  
Before it goes down, show me the chip  
It's going down, La, throw me the fifth  
Hold it so quick, get ya word out to Donnie and Fisk  
It's the sicker guy, he be hogging the rock  
And don't split the pie, big bomb in his sock  
Now watch him dip the five, plus he spit sick jive  
Rest in peace to that million dollar kid with the Why  
On a city high, wide tires and rims  
Rocking custom made suade suits and mobster brims  
On fedoras, start with three quarters, before rap  
You saw us handcuffed, jumping out the Ford Taurus  
Spitting like a calico, soprano or alto  
No doubt, though, I gets down to my outro  
That's how it go, in the club or the hood  
We the wolves in this rap, like off to no, good, man

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]  
Ya'll don't wanna fuck with me  
The Rebel INS, W-T-C  
The crew H-D from the U-D-Z  
You wanna get down, get down with me

[Interlude: Inspectah Deck]  
Aiyo, Streetlife, what up, nigga? (yeah)  
Size/7 (hit me up), Johnny Blaze (Wu-Tang)  
The RZA (Golden Arms), The GZA, all my fam roll deep  
(ODB rest in peace, baby!)

[Inspectah Deck]

They wanna get with the kid, I give 'em the biz  
That's what this is, splitting ya wig, living it big  
Ain't try'nna see prison or bids, I'm got to get this  
I'm in your crib, son, I did it to live  
Been sick since the crib, now I'm this big, flip wigs  
The main reason money lost his wiz  
Put some money on the wood, I need atleast six figs  
For some money in the hood, watch the hoods get biz  
It's the good shit, kid, not the twenty or gram  
Them fishscale, tip the scale, kill a gram  
I'm choppin' on the plate, bag it up, like weight  
Had you fiending like Dave Chappelle in Half Baked  
The last of the great, I crash and cause quakes  
Got the cash it takes, I might flash my face  
Slash breaks with the fader, watch 'em fascinate  
Straight, pull off a caper, snatch cake and break, nigga

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