

J.R. Writer "Get 'Em"

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[Hook:]

Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get 'em,
get 'em, get 'em
We get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em ,get 'em, get
'em, get 'em, get 'em
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[Verse 1:]

We hit the club, gripping on the ol' heat
Purple in the air, middle finger to the police
Then get a dub, I'm skidding up the whole street
Tires lookin' like ya nigga's sitting on some slow lease
So sleek, skipping wit' ya old freak
Who swear to god I'm the flyest nigga on the whole
east
Get the drift, the party'll be pissed
When I buy the bar and only leave water on the list
Prick, I'm the shit, and known in the city
Prefer Cris' even though the Moe get me dizzy
So it's a rizzy, I'm 'bout it
Standing on the couches like I ain't got no home-
training in me
Huh, you can't stop it, I'm harder to crack
So the DJ bring it back like he borrowed the track
I ain't never had a problem with that
I'm a problem in fact, a nigga really know a squad that
can rap
Tell 'em go

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

We get it poppin', you know where I'm from
Everywhere I go them damn groupies wanna come
Cuz if them lil' chickens ain't drooling on my 1s

It's the G's on the lace with the Gucci on the tongue

Hun, I'm gettin' bread, don't confuse it wit' a crumb
But if I gots to reach up in this Louis then ya done
Them Rugers'll get swung, you'll drop in a ditch
The cops'll have to tape up the block like it's ripped
I'm so smooth but move the drop 'til it skid
Pockets fulla cheese like a mozzarella stick
Rocks on the wrist, yes I drop hella chips
Prepetual, I don't want it if the watch got a tick
Shit, how could I miss if I'm hot like a strip
With the cops on a bitch tryna knock you for bricks
Trick, watch ya lips or get dropped from a cliff
Cuz I can get you off for a box fulla kicks, like

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

We keep the bar pissed, buying out the hard liq'
That make ya broad sit right under the armpit
She say the god sick, brighten on the arm wrist
Ain't harm shit but I iced her like a mob hit
A hard brick, biter every bar of piff
You heartless, you's a writer wit' a start kit
I'm hard prick, stressin' 'em out
It's a mutha fukini drought 'til I step out the house
I was never a slouch, listen B, dog known
As the Royce to call it like a B-ball zone
Watch me breeze on chrome, with the heat all shown
In my Dior own, this ain't D Hore homes, holmes
Devoted to floss, showin' it off
A boss, fresh to death like some clothes on a corpse
They stalk, the O that you brought, yo what this cost
I tell 'em doze you'll get lost with the dough that you
tossed
You couldn't go

[Hook]

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