

# J.R. Writer

## "Get Use To This"

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Feat. Juelz Santana

"Get Use To This"

[Intro]

Let's do it man  
(I'm so bad!!!)  
I'm in the building

[J.R. Writer]

Yo, I started the starters, and fathered the fathers who fathered

I slaughtered the slaughters, and slaughtered the slaughters who slaughtered

I target then spark and Pa you'll be part of this target  
From artist to artist, J.R. is the hardest regardless  
Put your faith in his hands, they'll be changing of plans  
Admit, I did it from standing in rain with a gram  
Now I sliver and glitter, Jacob throw glaze on my hand  
Shit! D12, don't even know the name of my band  
Man I'm just superfly, two for five, bake the bake  
Eight for eight, eight to eight, wait I'm great, haters hate

Cars come to paperchase, I've dealt with major cake  
Ever since Jake the Snake, all I rock was Babe and Ape's

Ouhh yea hun, does them old Air 1's  
Sneaks crispy, \$350, you aint never wear none  
I'm a pimp girl, get it through your eardrums  
No I'm not telling you where you can get a pair from  
I'm sicker the sicker, you sicker the sicker then aint you  
A picture in picture, just picture this picture I paint you  
I'm swift the 5th when I grip it, it spit at an angle  
You'll be stiffer than stiff, prick up sitting with angels  
I'm just doing me, jewelry, blue in beads  
Pinch it Pa, it's J.R., hitting hard, soon you'll see  
Act a fool, we'll take you back to school like truancy  
So give me my respect, I'm the best, true indeed

Excuse the Dip (Please)  
We moving bitch (Move)

We the truth, we the proof, get use to this (Yup)  
Our movement sick (Yea), your movement shit (Yea)  
That's the fact, have a nap and get use to this (Yea)

[J.R. Writer]

Yo, I'm ice chained, bright rims, nice range, slice cain  
Cop the pound, chop it down, rock in towns, pipe game  
I can do a price change (why?), but our pack is crunk  
I don't mean pass the Bronx, when I sell you Whiteplain  
Look J is built, to let the .80 tilt  
Gun brawl, One call, that'll get you haters killed  
Snap, pop, sprayed and pilt, so friends just chill  
Look here, I'm end for mills, and I aint talking baby milk  
When I spray with the mag, you will play in the glad  
That mean lay in the bag, like some haze that I had  
Ho's I strip up in rags, serious shit  
I aint talking periods when I say pussy stay in my pad  
I amaze 'em like "Dag", you aint a killer please  
That aint no killer weed, them nick's are filled with  
seeds  
I hit the philippines, then cross river seas  
Whole sea for a week, where I don't feel a breeze  
So I got Hefner's whores, with some excellent jaw  
Like the vet for sure, who want me to sex 'em raw  
But I asked them more, give some head in the bed  
Then whoop the chickenhead right towards the exit  
door  
Just face it my nig, you can't stay with the kid  
I got paper, gators, many flavors you dig  
They just hate how I live, 'cause the only time  
They see me under the wing is when I'm in the  
basement of my crib

[Chorus 2x]

(I'm so bad!!!)

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