

## J.R. Writer "Go Get It"

Visit "[Go Get It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh.. 1 2.. (Sup Mamii?)  
Writer..(huhh?) Harlem.. Thunder.. (Fuck with me)  
Yeahh

JR WRITER:

Baby your aura crazy (crazy), I'm Talking Tasty (Hey)  
New Beamer all it need now is a gorgeous lady  
(urrrrrkk)  
Lil diva, once I meet her, its for sure we're swazy ( what  
it do)  
ON our way to La Marina like I joined the navy  
Where the bottles at? ..the snotty little models at?  
I'm tryna' to get you outta' here, so I can get inside'a  
that! (like..hey)  
I'm a mac, on top of that, my pockets fat  
I ain't got no time to nap, baby we insomniacs  
I'm Vampin' till I make a billy (for what?)  
But I'll take a milly (cha-ching)  
Buncha' Cannons with me like I'm from the state of  
Philly (Plahw)  
Really, (Plahw) really, I be really in the streets  
Mommy know I been a beast, I don't tend to skip a Beat  
Two clubs, one night, nothing but trouble  
Just so I could stunt twice, I'ma stunt double  
Yeah, I step up in and shout them welcome back  
While we're stepping on the couch, is like a fucking  
welcome mat

Chorus:

You're about your paper, go get it  
Match your cars to go with it  
Right here Harlem We get it  
custom kicks and bicthes that's with it  
Rolex on your wrist, watch the flex on your bitch  
Couple shots she throw it back  
Now I'm on, she gone she hit it

See a rich nigga go get it!  
Match your cars to go with it  
Right here Harlem we get it

custom kicks and bitches that's with it  
Rolex on your wrist, watch the flex on your bitch  
Couple shots she throw it back  
Now I'm on, she gone she hit it

JIM JONES:

Had fall in love with cane, His name would be JIM  
His team above the rim, my Jeans and my Timbs  
I'm about to hit the jeweler, told him freeze up the limbs  
And then i loose the roof, feel that breeze from the wind  
She sure likin' this, put that 40 on her wrist  
That bitch tell time, but it sure don't tick  
Fuck that bitch one time, now she all on my dick  
Fuck them bitches one time, got that 40 on the hip  
So pardon me if I'm vain! Part of me is insane!  
Part of me is still a part of Bs like arteries and veins  
Part of me thats started V's and got audemars off cane  
There's a part of me that got Ferarri V's and got  
cartiers off fame  
Put My life on the camera, for you fuck boys to see  
My wife bought a ghost, three hundred bucks for the V  
So where you wanna go now? How you wanna go with it?  
Till you starin' down the 4pound I could tell your wife  
you gon' go get it, bitch!

Chorus:

You're about your paper, go get it  
Match your cars to go with it  
Right here Harlem We get it  
custom kicks and bitches that's with it  
Rolex on your wrist, watch the flex on your bitch  
Couple shots she throw it back  
Now I'm on, she gone she hit it

See a rich nigga go get it!  
Match your cars to go with it  
Right here Harlem we get it  
custom kicks and bitches that's with it  
Rolex on your wrist, watch the flex on your bitch  
Couple shots she throw it back  
Now I'm on, she gone she hit it

Visit [J.R. Writer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.