

J.R. Writer**"I Got 'Em"**

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(Knoxville)

Okay, back at it, Writer

These niggaz gotta be crazy sayin' we ain't the best in
the mu'fuckin' streets

True story

Okay, I get 'em, got 'em, dot 'em when I aim it

Flame it, sit 'em, drop 'em, how can I explain this

Maintenance has changed, I gwop my cash

That make 'em plot the path

But my shotties blast to stretch 'em like a pilate class

Leave his snotty ass coughin' up blaze

Off wit' his braids, now he gotta sport him some waves

Shit, I might toss a grenade

Check the back of the caddy

Lil' Scrappy ain't see more K-K-K's

They'll mourn you for days every morning in shades

I warned you I'm paid, it'll cost you a grave

So doggy behave, or talk to the pave

That's the pavement, when it sprayin' for more
different ways

Hey, the paper meche, I'm tearin' 'em up

Lookin' damn good, camp hood, pair of constructs

You dare me to what

Get stomped to the floor, launchin' the .4

I let 'em have it like I ain't want it no more

The it's off to the tour, off to explore

Crossin' the shore, I'm Don Juan, come talk to me whore

I'm raw, fuck the corner store, we cornered the store

Had 'em crwalin' for more, you ain't ballin' at all, dog

Come and cop, you'll float up to the top

This pure dope off boat, it's over for the rock

You dojas need to stop 'fore we roll up on your drop

Wit' a toaster out the box like show me what you got

Give it up, a cap shott you, show me that you're not

Gimme that, that too, don't show me just the watch

Who told you you was hot

Or sick with the pad, we rich and he's mad

That camel needs a cigarette ad

Look, I'm drippin' in swag, piff out the bag

Shift in a Jag, I'll stab any bitch you done had, fag

You's a drag, you gon' pop up who
You just mad that your team is the washed-up crew
Couple months you'll be washed-up too, about 40 years
old
They'll nickname ya ass 40 Year HOV, ho
This flow here is cold, I talk and you froze
My talent, sent out this planet and orbit the globe, whoa
Now you know I'm raw, it's raw in your nose
Some'n fresh out the jar, off of the stove
So, stop aimin' them threats or lay where you step
One measly little soldier couldn't take down the set
Holla

Nope, not us, not the movement
There's no stoppin' us, no swayzar
Especially not you
It's over for you brother, it's over man, put it up
You're washed-up dog
You're not Jordan man, stop thinkin' you're fuckin'
Jordan
You're Magic, you used to be sick
You're not it man
You're not what the fuckin' people want man
You're swag need viagra, stop injecting yourself with
that shit man
For real man, give it up, put it up brother
They rollin' wit' us man, they fuckin' wit' us man
The streets is ours
Shout-out to Jim Jones, I mean, let us ball man
Goddamn, shout-out to my man Killa
Juelz Santana, Hell Rell, 40. Cal
The whole mu'fuckin' set, the whole Harlem, holla
And that's that man, let's keep gettin' it man
You already know the independent money is never
funny
Ow, Writer's Block Part 4, top of '07
Let's go in man
My next album, Write Away
It's goin' down man
DukeDaGod, More Than Music, December 26th
Merry Christmas motherfucker

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