

Jermaine Dupri "Get Your Shit Right"

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To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly
And all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high
And all my playas world wide it's just you and I
Getcha paper, getcha doe, getcha shit right here

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First off, you all niggaz know I don't slouch
An' as a kid I done did the shit you talkin' about
I'm from the south, ya heard?
Where niggas fly birds outta Impalas
Live lavish
From ATL to Dallas an' the little palace
Goin' once, goin twice, everyday, livin' nice
In the grey wit the ice, makin' money rollin' dice
Livin' the life, that you all dream of
Puttin' niggaz outta business like Sony did to Sega

You seen us, the green stuff
An nuttin' else that's all I collect
I got the hots like the lox, money, power and respect
And I can damn the check that any of you all niggaz
spit
I stay hittin', I ain't bullshittin'
Nigga, wit more glitta, than MJ
It's all pimp play, when it comes to me
And you all motherfuckers know how JD gets down
And those who don't it's a new sheriff in town
Feel me now

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Yo, let me tell you were I'm at you all shits kinda sad
you all
If you ride the buses or trains
Watch ya back you all, who think he stallin'?
I still ain't ballin' and I got wild bills
An' a crowd that keeps callin'
My dogs wanna hang, my bitches wanna bang
But it don't mean a thing when all you got is change
That's why my women ain't dimes
Not even close to nines sorta like fives and sixes
Wit scars and stiches

Type of bitches that spit in your face like Alomar
Broke hoes without a car snatchin' fruit from salad bars
Which one of you all come on, test me now
Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now
So next time you see me up in them clubs
I'm probably scemin' while you at the bar
Brick hard and fiendin'
I wait for 4 o'clock when your drunk ass is leavin'
'Cause I paid to get in and now I gotta pray teethin'

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Niggas goin' to parties thousand dollar shoes and
jewels
You begets what I be wantin' so I be bringin' the tool
Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in
And nigga D be flippin', yeah, money, it's the same shit
What you thought 'cause you bought a joint
You might be able to creep a nigga
When he ain't on point
And I can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than
tryin'
And every step you take brings your ass closer to dyin'

And I don't flow wit the doe 'cause money comes and
goes
Gimme the love of my thugs, hoodrats and hoes
And I'm good 'cause motherfucker I'm stayin' in the
hood
And I'm gon' rip till I'm stiff like wood

You wishin' that you could keep it as real as me
And you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me
When I get ill it be some next shit
Darkman, motherfuckin' X shit
Wreck shit for respect bitch

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