

## Jr. Walker & The All Stars

### "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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