

Kid Frost

"Get on My Feet"

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[B.G.]

Damn, it's hard, a baby gangsta is strugglin
The 9-5 done hit, it's time for me to start hustlin
I gotta get my serve on, them hoes look at me bad
My day 'bout to come, so I'ma bust out on they dog ass
I started wit a fifth and dime rock
Mook had gave me 20 for 10, I had two nines 'cause I
pop
I made 20 dollars, best believe I went back
I turned my life of doin bad to a life a slangin crack
Now I got a job of pushin rocks up on the block
Plus that drama on my side is a fully loaded Glock
Half on sellin slabs, I went and scored a fuckin 8-ball
Nigga gotta stand tall, sort of like a brick wall
Meet me at V.L., it was a real madd clique
I whipped out a knot, them dog hoes got on my dick
Tryin to fuckin break me, them hoes used to hate me
I cleaned myself up, now them hoes cannot take me
87, Troy sat me down and they skooled me
They said don't tell my bid-ness 'cause a nigga would
try to do me
This fuckin Baby Gangsta comin up in the streets
I'm on a come-up bitch, tryin to get on my feet

[Chorus]2x

I'm tryin to get on my feet, I'm a real baby gangsta
Bitch, you stop my come-up, then I'm gonna have to
gank ya

[B.G.]

The bid-ness flowin smooth like water
I got some fuckin clientele and it's worth three quarters
My mom fount one, but I was still on the road
I slipped in the game, they always said the game was
cold
I was slangin them fuckin rocks, I made three G's at the
most
Then I got caught slippin, he did it easy, one of my
jokes
Now Slim and L.T. still keep the shit tight
But when my nigga come ??? everythings gon' be

alright
Man, it's like this, the set is kinda pain
I'm like the fuckin Geto Boys livin in the fast lane
Mail, steady stackin
Them hoes a nigga mackin
And you know I'm straight up packin for niggas tryin to
jack me
Now the fuckin law is gettin hot on the set
I'm playin it on the cool, gotta put away my tech
I'm chillin at house, bitch got my number when they
fiendin
They call me all night, them motherfuckers be tweekin
Yes I'm on the block bitch, I sold a quarter-bird
Now have you fuckin heard, I'ma get it on my fuckin
serve
A fuckin Baby Gangsta comin up in the streets
I'm on a come-up bitch, tryin to get on my feet

[Chorus]2x

[B.G.]
Like Pac, I'm in so much pain
I'm broke, I'm slangin in the rain
14, strugglin, pocket full of crack-cocaine
Tryin to come up off a bill
You know I got them hustlin skills
The nigga from that V.L., Baby Gangsta, yes, you know
I'm real
Down for the jack move, nigga like me is savage
Don't let me catch you slippin, I'll kill you wiz, I gots to
have it
When I bust my 17, you know I'm gonna get ya
Split ya when ya holler, I know I hit ya
Yes, I know I'm fast, so I hit a nigga stash
When I hit this nigga stash, turn his stash into cash
I wanna stand real tall, have a bird for my own
When I have a bird for my own, gots to get my hustle
on
So I'm on the block wit crack, you know I strap my
fuckin gat
False move will get you kilt, rat-tat-tat-tat
So get back wit the gat, nigga don't move
I'ma take wit ya to the head
Make sure yo bitch ass dead
Then from the scene a nigga fled
I'ma real nigga, trill nigga, always pack a steel trigga
If you ever play me I'ma plug 'cause I'm a thug nigga
Youngster from the ghetto man, I aint got nothin
I got a gat and a set of nuts, tryin to come up on
somethin
So if you slippin on my hood black, I gots to creep

'Cause I'm a nigga tryin to get on my feet

[Chorus]4x

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