

## Kmd "Get-U-Now"

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[Intro]

{\*BEEP!\*} The fuck was that man?  
That shit blew my head man...

[Zev Love X]

I got a brand new .380 in the box, made like glocks  
A shoebox of bullets, two clips, no safety locks  
Won't get knocked cause I avoid the rage  
Catchin mad bodies like the AIDS  
Used to carry blades, now I'm fully loaded, save the  
bullshit  
Tempt me I'ma empty the whole shit, that's that cold  
shit  
And that's what I'm into, and plus it's winter  
And beef ain't squished until the bullet enter  
Dead center or dead broke, when I got the flame out  
I'm stickin up a drunk at the liquor store, he came out  
cause my rent's due, fuck with my money I'ma dead  
you  
And you can tell the {?} sent you, and he meant it  
Cut your throat, and maim your last breath, wait  
I got a bullet for your ass wit'cha name and your death  
date  
Nigga!

[Interlude]

There it is - that's what got him  
I don't know man...

[Chorus: Zev Love X]

I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)  
I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)  
I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)  
I got my Get-U-Now (he's gonna Get-U-Now)

[Intro]

[Zev Love X]

I had to get a shotty, the barrel's a double one  
Cause my sidewalk got more shells than bubblegum  
Stuck on it, I'm settin it, bring it if you want it

And I still got my .22, I'll never point it though  
I go hip-hop, it pays by the sheets  
So fuck my mother-in-law, I'm fin' to run the streets  
Be the syntax error, delete  
I live to spin wax, compete with off beat

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

[Zev Love X]

I got it, my tool, my utensil  
to draw led in that ass like a pencil with a stencil  
And let me see them kids who had beef in the summer  
And they mugs, all look like Helen Keller but dumber  
Ain't that a bummer? I'll take you out your misery  
I'll be the mad bluff caller like, caller ID motherfucker!  
I'm rakin in the dough by the heap  
(Get the cash) C-Cypher-Punks can't 'pete  
(Buck his ass) The last that you heard of your Jeep  
As you sleep, I buy it off my boys for dirt cheap

[Chorus] w/ variation "we gonna Get-U-Now"

[Outro]

Nigga! Fucka, uhh, watch you drop!  
You know what the fuck we talkin about, word is bond  
And we ghost, C.M.!

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