

Lil' Bow Wow Ft Young Jinsu

"Get It In"

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Bow Wow:

Uh huh

It's recess time

You know what that mean

I ain't talkin bout school time

I'm talkin bout play time man

I'm talkin bout big boy playin, ya heard

Aye Jinsu, aye lift up the garage lil homie

It's time to ride out man

We finna show these niggas how to floss, ya heard

And I'm first up

Let's go

These haters are still on me

Hard times, tryna get em off me

Chicks runnin wild since Kelis made bossy

I'm still flossy, wrist and chain say Mr. Frosty

Lambo ridin low, no need to ask what it cost me

I'm big boss, gloss on the cross

Porsche navigation, never lost on the course

Extra horses in the sports edition

Mint, deal, or floor condition

Boys diss cause I can really get her

What his girl was wishin for

Plus four more, for sure, flyin star 4 door

At least a hundred G's per show for tour

(Scream at me) Comcast, I'm direct to your TV

My dimension is 3D

You gotta look in a upward direction to see me

I'm rated R, you PG

PGA on my lawn, I do more than move CD's

You best eat your Wheaties

And if you jealous, you can see these

Both:

Homeboy, this is what I do

And where I be and how I play

But yall can't see

I get it in, get it in, get it in

And then I cash out, cash out

Let's spend

Homeboy, this is what I do
And where I be and how I play
But yall can't see
I get it in, get it in, get it in
And then I cash out, cash out
Let's spend

Young Jinsu:

Yo Bow, let me get some
Blinged out, the wrist dumb
Jin with the slick tongue
I'm bound to make the ckicks come my way
GT on the highway
LB Dub, G4, time to fly away
To the hideaway, land, have a meeting
Bounce back, we ain't gotta stay, ridin in privacy
I'm the hottest they seen since the dude on the first
verse
Go search, travel with my own nurse
Cause I'm the fever boy
And kick game like Fifa
The garage is the last time I seen a toy
The scenery is different
You seein me in somethin with the roof missin
On our way to go fishin
Fishin for them dollars, no tie around the collar
But get exec money, not check to check money
I mean that guacamole, check the check, money
You never seen these kicks neither
Check the check, money

Both:

Homeboy, this is what I do
And where I be and how I play
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BW: Yo Jinsu, what it's lookin like?
YJ: It's lookin like a good look
BW: We on the front cover?
YJ: Then it's lookin like a good book
BW: You in the hood?

YJ: All day on the grind. I know you bout your bread
BW: All day, on my mind
I'm on shine, I ain't even in my pre-prime
YJ: Young phenom
I'm in the booth when it's beat time
BW: It's money to be made
YJ: Yeah, I know I gotta see mine. Bow pass the torch
BW: Jinsu, he gon be fine
YJ: We gettin paper like the money on rewind
BW: Lobsters, we eat like mobsters when we dine
See I'm bout mine
YJ: Yeah me too, LB Dub
Both: That's the gang homie, we through

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