

Chris Rock**"Get Out!!!"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah (Get out)
Such a remarkable sound (Get out)
Yeah (Get out of here)
Such a remarkable sound
Flipmode get down, now
Yeah check it out (Get out of here)
Such a remarkable sound
Busta Rhymes (Get out)
Comin' through, get down (Get out)
What's the deal now (Get out of here)
Yeah, yeah

Are you ready to get on? (Who, me?)
And cause such a reaction that the motha fucka's go
(Ooh wee)
It's like a group of happy children
Yo, it's such a feelin'
To see all of my live nigga's carry on now
Oh see how I be gettin' so passionate
I get a thrill even when I bust my gun off by accident
The God bless glory, success story
Whiteboy Billy put a stash up in my armrest for me
The way I fucks it up, it's like a fuck-fest for me
I get on last and demolish everything before me
We run shit and that's a fact now, you're whack now
And ain't no fuckin' turnin' back now, so relentless
I won't even let you niggas finish a fuckin' sentence
Call for my people like a school attendance
And then I strike with a fuckin' vengeance
Finger on my trigger
Figure I'll blast every last one of you bitch niggas

So (Get out)
Bitch nigga just (Get out)
You need to just (Get out of here)
Police'll try to close the club (Get out)
You really should (Get out)
You need to just (Get out of here)
Bitch, if you ain't got your own dough (Get out)
You need to just (Get out)
You really should (Get out of here)

If you frontin' like you really live (Get out)
And you know you not (Get out)
You need to just (Get out of here)

The one world alliance
Flipmode the most reliant for the thorough guidance
On how to get most of this money like a secret science
Only the live nigga's allowed, there's nothin' you can
do
Frontin' with your crew while you talkin' to corny bitches
too
Nevertheless, address the cheddar for the treasure
chest
And bless the spot before the thugs protest, one time
I hope y'all know just what the motherfuck you dealin'
with
With so much platinum for the street, you thought I was
a silversmith
We phat now, so look at how we brought it back now
And made it possible for street niggas to hold a stack
now
And become the wealthiest, healthiest
And bring the fire that will reach about 1000 degrees
celsius
Hold on, banker's money better roll on, or sing a broke
folk song
My nigga's so long he paid with a big brim hat, just like
a lampshade
And bounce, wildin' in the truck, the joints my nigga
Ramp made
We be them new millennium prime time niggas
Walk a fine line, niggas sippin fine wine niggas
Now, if you cross the line and fuck around them blind
niggas
With so much pressure it's like we did the illest crime,
nigga
What? You know I'm like a loco man, noble man
Turned global man, rippin' bi-coastal like a postal man
And when we come, you know we came to get it
And what you need to do is bounce if you ain't fuckin'
with it

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You really should (Get out)
Please just (Get out of here)
Bitch, if you ain't got your own dough (Get out)
You need to just (Get out)
You really should (Get out of here)

And if you frontin' like you really live (Get out)
And you know you not (Get out)
You really should (Get out of here)

Get out, get out, get out of here
(Repeat x 4)

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