

## Nelly Furtado

# "Get It Straight"

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1st Verse:

A lyrical ruckus has erupted  
and fucked wit' yo' manhood  
When I get up and start bustin  
niggas just be like \*ugh\*  
get out my way, from this day on I put a dent in this shit  
I know a lot of bitches thought it, but mama's endin'  
this shit  
been in this shit  
My aim is to disfigure yo' style  
and put it to sleep because the industry don't need no  
freaks  
meanwhile, my clique is settin' up shop on yo' block  
and KLC got every car, bumpin' these ignorant knocks  
Fuck them cops, and the mics, bitch I know my shit's  
tight  
just show us pain from the street, is what them niggas  
like  
No half-steppin', my hooptie is a legend, shall we talk  
numbers?  
Pull my bankbook out, and watch these figures stun ya,  
run ya  
Why you niggas be lyin' on records?  
Hoes barrin' marked hoes from D.O's to I don't know,  
but check it  
why y'all fakin' tha funk?  
I raise my right hand trust, everything you see wit' No  
Limit  
belongs to us, let's get straight

Chorus: Mystikal

Let's get it straight, you gon' know her when you see  
her  
that's mama, the biggest mama, mama Mia  
(2 Times)

2nd Verse:

Now I'm unlady like, my verses hit yo' ears like Boo-

Yah!!

I wear the pants in every freestyle stance with my  
verbal hoo-ride  
do I, ever slack up on that ass? Hell no  
I threw the K well away, so it's so swell it stays so  
what you know about me is just I'm 'bout it, 'bout it  
and that our mob's T-R-U because they rowdy, rowdy,  
no doubt  
Hey those beats, was meant for me like a cellmate  
my brown lips fucked the piss out his 8-0-8  
Drum kicks, and then they creep like TLC  
and hella fast with O-Down, Mo B. Dick and Craig B  
The beats, by the pound, nigga, best beware  
y'all ain't even comin' close to what they puttin' out  
there  
My mama, got the drama, for any hoe, but mainly all  
you Milli Vanilli hens who ain't got no pen better know  
No Limit, I represent it, in a minute, to win it  
with the gold and platinum finish  
Let's get it straight

Chorus

3rd Verse:

Late niggas be writin' all kinds of fucked up shit  
about my family  
P, Silkk, C, and my tank doggs, but we ain't even trippin  
punk critics, nah, you almost cryin', we'll buy up every  
publication and put you out a job, you still shy,  
everyday  
nigga think we can't?  
Contemplate before you come to walk against a tank  
I'm tellin' you one more gin', may have you where I  
want  
but best keep hidin' behind them pen names cuz I know  
you don't, wanna see us, because you wish, for a grant  
you hit. One mo' time hoe, and yo' ass gon' meet the  
fish, of the M-I-Crooked letter-Crooked letter-I  
Humpback, humpback, I ain't lyin  
We on a mission, wit' nothin' but ebonics comin'  
through  
yo' system, flippin' rocks for phonics, but it's crime  
because you listenin  
And you bob yo' head, better than a hooker, but yo'  
jealousy  
got you hatin' sayin' I woulda', they shoulda', they  
coulda what?!  
We got the plat-screen property ebbin' us, but most of  
all  
we still black owned and independent, let's get it

straight!

Chorus: Both

[Mystikal] Let's get it straight, you gon' know her when  
you see her  
that's mama, the biggest mama, Mama Mia  
Get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her  
that's mama, the baddest mama, Mama Mia  
Get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her  
that's mama, the biggest, baddest mama, Mama Mia  
Get it straight, Get it Straight!

[Mia X] Tru...No Limit...Mama Mia...

[Mystikal] So the next time you say "Yo Mama",  
you better slow down, and think about what you doin'!

[Mia X] I'm out this bitch!!!

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