

Notorious B.i.g. "Let Me Get Down"

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(feat. Craig Mack, G-Dep, Missy Elliott)

[Notorious B.I.G.]

To my motherfuckin man 50 Grand, the alcoholic man
Inject a tall can in his bloodstream if he can
Biggie Smalls, the pussy stroker
MC provoker, chocolate thai smoker HEAR??
I like to max in Maximas and Acuras
Your girl buttcheeks I'm smackin HER
The raw rapper, spine snapper
with the little hookers on my lap-ah
You know the flavor Mack-ah
A shy nigga but I ain't your fuckin comforter
And if I ever fall in love I bet I'm fuckin her
Ask the hooker, if I didn't jook her
If she tried to front, then I drop the Chucky Booker on
her

[singing] Why you wanna.. play your games on me

[rapping] Bitch, you crazy?

Commitments, I'm Swayze, no time for the ill shit
Rest with the niggaz on that real bloodspill shit
My rap-pin tac-tics are drastic
Stretchin motherfuckers like Mr. Fantastic
So if you wanna see my pedigreeeee
You better be, filled with energy, niggaz never gettin
me
So let me get down, let me get down, let me get down,
let me get down

[Chorus: Craig Mack]

Hahhhh, AHHHHHHHH HAH

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let
me get down

(Hahhhh boyyyyyyy, let me get down and funk em)

Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down,
let me get down

(Yeah.. uh-huh.. yeah)

Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down,
let me get down

(Yo I just wanna get em)

[G-Dep]

Yeah, yo

Odds even, said shoot (blaow)

Asked me the reason, and I said loot

Man that's all I'm here for, therefore

when death declares war, you know what to prepare for

Shit, one for shelter, book flights on Delta

Live on your station, the radiation'll melt ya

Cool - I guess your momma raised a fool

You didn't wanna blaze your tool shoulda stayed in school

Rap terror, shots through your new era

Get it together, y'all niggaz shoulda knew better

I'm on point like acupuncture

I might, track and hunt ya, smack and punch ya

Left side, right side, witcha hoe I might slide

Runnin wit this big guy, y'all niggaz is pranksters

Don't make a nigga have to show you the pound

and show you the sound, that'll put you low in the ground

Just let me get down

[Chorus: Craig Mack]

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

(What? What?)

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

(I just wanna funk a little bit)

Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

(Hahh.. I just wanna funk, what? Ahhhh)

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

[Missy]

I be like WHAAAAT? Let me clear my throat

Break the smoke, Missy gotta hit some high notes

HEYYYYYYY! Yo from coast to coast I burn like toast

So dope that I floats through snow nig-guh

Oh, you don't wanna bow to me

The agony be like, "Somebody help me please!"

Feel my pressure, never could a bitch flow better

in any weather, I'm Biggie bangin ya nigga

Ah-huh, I used to be the chick to lick the lollipop

Now I pop through your body parts

BLAOW, BLAOW, you like the way I interact

Proceed to smack, any MC that's wack

Ah-huh, microphone check one two

I do ya tool, like them freaks run through your crew
Give it to me, OHHHH, send it to me, OHHHH
But before I get down, where's my money?
Let me get down

[Chorus: Craig Mack]

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let
me get down
(Hahhh.. boyeee)
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let
me get down
(I just wanna funk a little bit)
Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down,
let me get down
(Hahh.. I just wanna funk)
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let
me get down
(The Mackalicious funk wanna get down.. boyeeeeeee,
HAHHH, AHHHH-HAH
Mack, feelin the funk)

[Notorious B.I.G.]

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