

The Crystal Method

"Get Me Out"

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[First Verse]

Jumpin, pumpin, dumpin, somethin bumpin all my
doggs enjoy
When the crowd surround me
speakin loud like clouds that rain stop pourin
Born and raised with ways to get me paid off in a major
way
Tricks and slickin', tickin', trickin' lemons all up out they
pay
DAMN WHAT A NIGGA SAY
I told 'em 'fore I folded up this industry
Once they turned me loose I told the truth with every
piece of me
Triple Bitch, the songs'll rock
Blackout and me done got you hot
Victim of this shit provided Fly still flyin' to the top
Stretched it out from side to side, from top to bottom
open wide
Just so we can ride and bump all high upon this
Southern side
Mane I'm hangin', sangin', champagne rangin' til' it
ain't no Earth
Bumpin' out the frame is not a thing, just time to put in
work
BALLIN' on the fuckin' slab
BALLIN' in the fuckin' lab
CALLIN' on my doggs with daps and haulin' ass with
pen or pad
I told ya I'll torch y'all
through the North while spinnin' out the Dirty South
HEARD ME I SAID DIRTY SOUTH, now get me some and
get me out
Get me out

Chorus: 4X

Deep down in the dirty heard me,
Get me some and get me out,
Ballin', fallin', callin', haulin',
Ass up through the North and South

[Second Verse]

If you suckas comin' after, attack you for some ???
cheese
Scratchin', bitin', fightin' for some excellence and
expertise
No matter what the Sarah Conner
We gonna get it, brother another of this rubble that'll
hustle sometimes undercover
Paint familiar tainted me
Minnie Mae, Black O-U-T
Achin' combination that's gone take it to the T-O-P
No surrender to contenders
Just dismember all pretenders
If I wanna remember
From December back round to November
As the time start fallin' fast
Suckas start to fallin' fast
Callin' on the law at last
The law ain't bout to haul that ass
Deep down in the dirty cut
Get me out pick up for what?
Livin' right here where I'm stuck and lovin' every
minute, bruh
Dirty, dirty South, yes sir us thugs that you been hearin'
of
Same ol' Parkway niggas, jigga bigger than you
thought we was
All up in and out the North, and always goin' through
the South
The plugga from down under, I'll come get me some
and get me out
Get me out

Chorus

[Third Verse]

Rock and sock and state of shock is what this playa left
you in
On the spot and off your socks I knock one, Flizy
bombed again
This my third and final round, Fly think it's time I shut
you down
Pound you with this sound into the ground
Unless you toss my crown
Fly be downin' dirty South
Dirty South be downin' Fly
Punk, and dank, and drank you under the table is the
way we get high
If I fall, it's with my thugs
Ballin' fast or meaner mug
Always count on God above and haul my boxed-up

World with love
See me flexin' dubs, twistin' blunts up to capacity
Deep down in the dirty, heard me, that's the way it has
to be
I-B-N to smokin', chiefin', chokin' rollin' ghetto green
High as it could be and C and B the light has ever seen
Fly will see you peekin', seekin', creepin' what you don't
deserve
Awake and shake on green and let my champagne kick
me to the curb
Have you heard me? Out that DIRTY, DIRTY I said DIRTY
SOUTH
I-B-N gone get me some and I-B-N gone get me out
Get me out, Get me out

Chorus

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