

**P. Diddy****"Let's Get It(feat. G. Dep, Black Rob)"**

Visit "[Let's Get It\(feat. G. Dep, Black Rob\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Black Rob - almost mumbling]

Attack like a Rottweiler  
But worse den a Rottweiler  
Cause da Rottweiler soft

[G-Dep]

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly  
Fucking with these niggas from the, what you gonna do  
When you ready, shit I was born ready,  
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti  
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya  
Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya  
Said I'd get cha, wear it if it fit ya  
Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture  
If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya  
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace  
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits  
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (\*phone sounds\*)  
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her own titty  
Put it in the video  
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go  
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it  
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit  
Till my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

[Chorus]

[G-Dep & Black Rob (Puffy)]  
Make this money  
Take this money (Let's get it)  
Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)  
Ain't shit funny (uh)  
Shake it honey (Let's get it)  
Take it money  
Now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]

Creep with your people  
Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal, front  
but you lookin

Once I throw the hook you proceed to get cookin  
With the game when the soldiers shit  
you came, thought that I owed you one  
Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the  
stinking?  
Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled  
It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him  
with my man's type cargo  
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue  
You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it  
'Fore we take off make sure you all seated  
Billboard read it believe it

[Chorus]

[G-Dep]

Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah  
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the  
stroller  
I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota  
Give some bakin soda and a quarter  
Bet I flow straight up out the water  
I'ma wreck the game til it say out of order  
Put the high score up, then tear the floor up  
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head  
on the tour bus  
Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler  
All the five quarters, headline supporters,  
Hitting wives and daughters  
Brought a neck spray from Estee Lauders  
Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]

Aiyyo, call me Diddy, I run this city  
Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me  
Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me  
Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty  
Straight lose it, love two things my money my music  
Might co-write and produce it  
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive  
Got y'all Hulkin like Bruce did  
Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem  
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem  
I get worldwide coverage  
I got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it  
Make moves major, hide out in Asia,  
If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her  
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators  
NOT GUILTY, plus I'm filthy, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Black Rob (Puffy)]

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano

Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle

Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel

Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to  
dismantle

Can't slay Rob

How many niggas done tried to play mob, quit they day  
job

Tired of putting broke niggas under the wing

If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing

Act like you gonna pull that thing thing

You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling

I represent "A" block in Sing Sing

Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's  
queen

Moves for paper, booze no chaser

Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser

Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it  
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it) [Chorus  
(x3)]

Visit [P. Diddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.