

Real Live "Get Down For Mine"

Visit "[Get Down For Mine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Yeah son

There's mad kids up here gettin CREAM for the 9-6
(True) Yeah and I been doin this shit for a long time
Y'know? Shootin game bombs the mind
(Aight) And this is a year when mad caps get peeled
So I'ma spark this line, kick the real
(Bang em out!)

With all this chaos in the realms of the street
Ya local street thug gots ta make ends meet (True)
The average Joe is far too slow for this ghetto pro
You better know when I hit the streets I like to glow
I like to glisten and at the same time stay low
Listen, motherfuck the fame, I'm persuin the dope
My steelo is abolic to a kilo
Cash is poppin, coke is cokin, fiends is coppin
Ain't that some shit, a player that's use to livin rich
Is now a stick-up kid caught up in the ditch
In '94, Giuliani kicked down the door
In '95, niggas flipped to stay alive
Peelin caps while I laugh in the stash, four and a half
Remy and a glass, sparked the boom then I blast
They wanna confine me, sneak up from behind me
Bust a cap in my back and put me where they can't find
me
They hate to see a young player pay (Naw, they don't
wanna see that Sean)
They'd rather see him spray
But I'm like Vinny, a terminator, squeeze and let off
Usin verbs and nouns like rounds to blow ya head off
Hit nuff spots, heat nuff Glocks
If that's what it stops like Columbian blow crops
I'm out get the CREAM and ain't no doubt in my mind
Fuck this roach shit, I'm hit, I get down for mine

Chorus:

I get down for mine who be gettin down for theirs
If we gettin money put ya hands in the air
I get down for mine who be gettin down for theirs

On the regular, shakin victims with no fear
repeat

I hear you wanna be a player, alright son place your
bets
Let's play a game of real nigga roulette
Witness a DOA as I spray the melee
Content and punctuation is compared to AK
You want a daily overdose from pure funk
I'm buckin off like Tommy 'gain but calm as a Buddhist
monk
Decapitatin rappers in my trunk (what?)
I'm sick, puffin skunk, bouncin wit my click, poppin
mega junk
I'm gettin dank white clouds be zig-zaggin
What's this talk about flippin ki's, c'mon you're nickel-
baggin!
I'm blastin off wigs, ??? doubters believe it you see
I was packin heaters when jokers was bangin
cheerleaders
Ain't nothin changed, it's still the same in the rap game
I'm known for bangin rookies out the frame
Y'all done forgot who was the pimp from the start
Sippin vintage wine eatin a'la carte
I'm phenomenal from the abdominal
Far from comical, lyrics is stickin the brains like
barnicle
Never sleep, I'm bringin the drama to the streets with
techniques
And rollin in fleet
Ain't nothin sweet about the streets so I'm poetically ill
I'm pure like coka and lyrics shine like Fiscelle
I got to bring it at'cha throat and you ain't showin no
signs
K-Def let em know I get down for mine

Chorus

I get down for mine(x4)
I get down for mine who be gettin down for theirs
On the regular, shakin victims with no fears

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