

T. Rex**"Get Ya S*** Together -"**

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(feat. Lil' Kim)

[Intro - T.I. talking]

As you see the O.G.s from Grand Hustle done laid it
down again
T.I.P. shawty
Hey yo, this for all my homegirls like to see a baller do
his thing
Get ya shit together come on
All the eight, nines, and dimes
I'd like to welcome y'all to the best time of ya life
Ya understand that
All the stones is real
And it's all chrome on the wheels, ya know
Anything less is uncivilized

[Verse 1 - T.I.]

Pull up to the club, lift both doors up
Hopped out clean and yo ho chose us
Walked in the door, make the show hold up
Cause my neck and my bracelet is so froze up
The kind of stones bitches wanna see close up
So we don't approach them, they come and approach
us
Roll the dro up then go post up
Look down with the west fixin' go sho' nuff
In the V.I.P. and all eyes on us
Hoes chill, poppin' pills blowin' dro no dust
What cha say, got a man so what
I don't know him baby and he don't know her
I got a new Phantom and my own chauffeur
Ya think ya fixin' be thinkin' bout him, no sir
Probably prefer to tel ya man good night
Unless you don't wanna know what the good life look
like

[Hook - Lil' Kim, T.I.]

[Lil' Kim]

If you ain't gettin' money good night
I know what a broke nigga look like
When ya ridin' in ya wheels get ya shit together

Boy them diamonds ain't real, get ya shit together
[T.I.]
Now we can ball seven days, six nights
If tht head and that pussy hit right
Hey, match ya panties with ya bras get ya shit together
Go get ya hair and nails done get ya shit together

[Verse 2 - T.I.]

Hey, I'm off the scene with Louis the thirteenth
Chains swings to my jeans, and my T-shirt clean
In case you been researching, I'm the King
With a style as mean as the Earth seem
Chest on ice, and my wrist on gleam
30 karats in the ring, money ain't no thing
You think I'm playin' but I ain't joking
The dro king, if it ain't purple, I ain't smoking
Rubberband bank rolls, fifty thousand dollar cheddar
knots
Try to shine, is you out your mind, boy you better not
I walk around with more money than you ever got
Shrewd attitude like I never had to sell a rock
Shawty I can get you in whatever spot
Backstage, front row, what I got to front for
I'm getting bored, don't even know what I stunt for
Got a lot of rides, what it hurt to cop one more

[Hook - Lil' Kim, T.I.]

[Verse 3 - T.I.]

To all my hot girls, if you wanna come chill
Or roll on chrome wheels, let me tell you what it is
We fixin' throw a little party at the crib
Where the floors tricked out and the rooms like ill
The basement's cool, but the pools unreal
Where that millionaire lives, shit remains concealed
So pop a pill, put on your blindfold
I'm hitting the dance floor, and grab eighty-nine more
Let em' know we on the way where they been trying to
go
I knew I had em' when they asked me "What kind of
diamonds are those"
Headed to the spot pouring double shots of XO
Play the "Love Below" ane watch'em undress slow
Flicks on the flat screen, make em' want to "Get Low"
And spit shine this dick of mine until it gets swole
When they kick it with the king, they don't wanna let go
So whatcha gonna tell a nigga, when he tell ya "Let's
Go"

[Hook x2 - Lil' Kim, T.I.]

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