

## Tatu

# "Get Ya Shit Together"

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(Talking)

As you can see the O.G.'s from Grand Hustle  
Done laid it down again (T.I.P. shawty)  
A man, this for all my homegirls that like to see a baller  
do his thing(ya dig)  
(Get Ya shit Together..come on)  
All the 8's, 9's, and dimes..I like to welcome ya'll to the  
best time of ya life..ya understand that  
All the stones are real and it's chrome on all the  
wheels..ya know  
Anything less is uncivilized

[T.I.]

Aye, I pull up to the club, lift both doors up  
Hopped out clean and ya hoes choose us  
Walked in the door make the show hold up  
Cause my neck and my bracelet was so froze up  
The kind of stones bitches wanna see close up  
So we don't approach them, they comin' and approach  
us (yeah)  
Roll the dro up then go post up  
Look down cause that's where it's gonna go, sho nuff  
In the V.I.P. and all eyes on us  
Hoes chill, poppin' pills, blowing dro no dust  
Whatcha say you got a man, so what  
I don'y know him, and baby he don't know her  
I got a new phatom and my own chaffeur  
Ya think ya finna be thinking bout him, no sir (haha)  
Probably prefer to tell ya man goodnight  
Inless she don't wanna know what the good life look  
like

(chorus: Lil Kim)

If you aint getting money goodnight  
I know what a broke nigga look like  
When you ridin in your wheels, get ya shit together  
Boy, then diamonds aint real, get ya shit together

(T.I.)

Now we can ball seven days, six nights  
If that head and that pussy get right

And match ya panties with ya bras, get ya shit together  
Come get your hair and nails done, get ya shit together

[T.I.]

Hey, I'm off the scene with Louis the 13th  
Chains swing to my jeans, and my T-shirt clean  
In case you been reasearching, I'm the King  
With a style as mean as the earth seems  
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, 50 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 lotta rides, what it hurts to cope one more

(chorus)

[T.I.]

To all my hot girls, if you wanna come chill  
Lets roll on chrome wheels, let me tell you what it is  
We finna throw a little party at the crib  
Where the floors tricked out and the rooms like iiiiiiii  
The basements 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 eight or 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"  
Her 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 tells ya "Let's  
Go?"

(chorus)

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