

The Four Freshmen

"Get in Line"

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* Please send all corrections to typist

("One! Two! Three! Kick it!")

[Juvenile]

Nigga know I hate his guts, so he don't cross my path
'Cause he know I've been survivin' all of the wars I had
Bitch-nigga called hisself killin' my dog
But he didn't, though, so I'm tyin' up him and his broad
Betta say somethin', and it betta be what I wanna hear
I'm listenin' - scary bitches started shittin' and pissin'
You might see him on a milk carton, dog - he still
missin'
Somebody might catch him up on a hook when they
fishin'
Look, I've been itchin' to get bitches, money, and
jewels
I know some nigga's got a package - I'ma run with the
fool
Through the years older playaz told me to keep my
head strong
'Cause niggas is followers, and some of 'em led wrong
But if I bust a cap in 'em, I will be dead wrong
They don't know what's happenin', and I ain't gonna
say it to 'em
'Cause bitches be catchin' conversation inspectin'
And fuck up and give them people some bad
information

(Hook [Juvenile])

Now point the nigga out if he wan' do it with me
Step to the front of the line, let me see who you be
Air and opportunity - that ain't nothin' to me
Look, I got somethin' I'm totin' that'll cut you in three
("One! Two! Three! Kick it!")

[Juvenile]

You're a certified clown in my eyes
That's the reason why half of your hood got shit bags
on your side
You talk a good game, but you a ho when they ride

Nigga don't have to look for you - they know you inside
You probly got your tail in your ass, your thumb in your
mouth
Protected custody so you don't come in your house
Motherfucker, where all the shit you said you was
'bout?
Let you tell it - you been 'bout bustin' heads in the south

[B.G.]

Can't be fuckin' with no lame, fake,
ain't even gon' watch your back, nigga
Get popped - can't handle the pressure and rat, nigga
Take the whole clique down runnin' his lips
Can't come back in the bricks now, he'll get flipped
It's a cold game, but I don't give a fuck, my nigga
I feel threatened by anybody, I'ma bust that nigga up
my nigga
Then go get a mill, fuck my bitch -
I take this game to heart, unless niggas disagree

(Hook [Juvenile])

[B.G.]

I'm a lil' man - stand my ground no matter what
Glock glued to my hand - there's no one you can trust
Niggas turned on they own nigga behind Geez
If I think they won't turn on me, I'm outta luck
So I roll first - cock and shoot first
Gotta stay over the head to duck a T-shirt
You want beef? You want war? You want me?
Nothin' between us but air and opportunity
Don't talk 'bout what you gon' do - do it, nigga
'Cause you're wastin' your breath - go 'head, prove it,
nigga
Shit's real - I ain't got time to fake
Time's money - I ain't got time to waste
But on the straight with me bein' real
To let others' niggas know I don't fake - ya gotta get
killed
Oh, bitch-nigga playin' with a rich nigga like me
Ya wind up six feet, clown

(Hook [Juvenile])

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("One! Two! Three! Kick it!")

Now point the nigga out if he wan' do it with me
Step to the front of the line, let me see who you be

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Look, I got somethin' I'm totin' that'll cut you in three
("K-k-kick it!")

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Look, I got somethin' I'm totin' that'll cut you in three

[Juvenile {talking}]

Step up!

Wherever the fuck you is, nigga
Don't throw a motherfuckin' brick
and hide your hand like a ol' pussy-ass, nigga
("One! Two! Three! Kick it!")

Come out to the light, nigga - let me see who you is
You wan' do me somethin' or harm my kids, nigga,
show your face

Make it known you're beefin' with me

Know wh'I'm sayin'

Ol' scary-ass nigga gon' hide

Come out here, playa - catch me all over New Orleans,
nigga

On the block, in the hood, wherever

B.G., nigga, always on V.L.

We gon' keep it real - know wh'I'm sayin'

("One! Two! Three! Kick it!")

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