

XXX: State Of The Union "Get XXX'd"

Visit "[Get XXX'd](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Track boys
You heard the name
J-Kwon
Yeah, you'll see me in a minute
Petey Pablo
We gettin' XXX'd, man
Ebony Eyes, y'all ready?

I'mma run while gettin' front just 'cause you're gettin'
none
Hit the cop, then hit a nun, it's all with a gun
What is done is what is done, it's all for the fun
Somebody said, cut off they head, it's already done
Now I'm back with many straps, I'm put in many masks
With a bat, my clipped on, I'm bangin' with that
Wur it's at is wur it's at, don't worry 'bout that
You're a soldier, where a soldier relate to that

Now I'm marching down the ally, eatin' rallys
How many motherfuckers that try, we need a tally
Now we bluntin' their mind and then we outty
Rowdy, they step on the bomb, the pump outty
Doubt me, I start to shootin' up your Denali
Try Kwon, here, give a bomb to your family
Met your family then they start to get calm see
But yo, I'm doin' anyway what

We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that, man

West Coast
(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South
(Get XXX'd)

West Coast

(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South
(Get XXX'd)

Come, take a ride as we roll to the ghetto
But keep your feet on the pedal
'Cause it could get pretty extreme in the ghetto
Triple X level, no hold bar
We got hood cap and lieutenants and project
sergeants
Capable of pullin' your carden, bombin' your car
Grenades through your window, this is all our war
Take the main road, anywhere we go, every time we
roll
Have me transportin', guns stashed in a truck flow

Real talk dog, I hit real hard
One swing knock a motherfucker block, slam off
Hit him in the part where he talk from
Now he got a momma 'cause the wires in his jaw
Make it hard for him to tell you somethin'
It's sunny now but the storm comin'
Best thing for you to do is try to get prepared for it
Like find him bread, water, milk, couple cans of soup
And a place to go just in case you had to move

We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that, man

West Coast
(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South
(Get XXX'd)

West Coast
(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South

(Get XXX'd)

Runnin' when it comes to the twos, I'm not forgiving the blues
I'll knock another man clean out his shoes
We get to breakin' the rules, let's get to takin' his jewels
He still, trippin', turn his ass into dog food
Who got the static, better bring the plastic
Better automatic and let him have it, chump
I'm a savage, let me show you magic
One shot of this, I'll turn your ass into sawdust

I know we lawless, I'm talkin' all us
When it come to handlin' business dirty, we flawless
See these revolvers, that's why they call us
The same reason the police ain't never caught us
I'm on another level, words from a true rebel
I rock your ass and I ain't talking heavy metal
Your just a crump and me, I'm a dirt devil
Let's see what's left as soon the the smoke settle

We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that
We can take it thurr, we can handle that, man

West Coast
(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South
(Get XXX'd)

West Coast
(Get XXX'd)
East Coast
(Get XXX'd)
Midwest
(Get XXX'd)
Down South
(Get XXX'd)

Visit [XXX: State Of The Union](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.