

## **Mistah Fab**

# **"Get This Together"**

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Chorus:

So i guess, we all in this shit together  
Ima mess, i gotta get my shit together  
Im from the west, so ima put this shit together,  
from the bay to L.A. lets get this cheddar

Where all my g's? Lemme see you blast  
My bloods and my c's tell me where you at  
My pimps and my thugs that be gettin cash  
them hyphy lil niggas that be on the ave

Verse 1:

I came in the game I aint ask for no favors  
I hustled for my status went hard to get my paper  
This year im in the benz, last year it was a scraper  
Im laughing cuz its funny how times quick to change up  
Damn boy i came up like findin some money  
Thank got for this rap, i aint grindin fr money  
Never will forget, gotta keep my mind on my money  
All chicks break bread, i aint dinein ya honey  
The streets know my name even better man they know  
my face  
Gettin money like im mitch but really man im like ace  
ALways on my toes, doe ima chase  
I gotta lot of hoes, so the hoes ima lace (Move Shawty)  
Aint no time to be standin still  
The game dont wait you think time standin still  
If i cant beat u up i know these cannons will  
knock u out ya shoes really leave ya standin still

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Verse 2:

No im not a gangsta but no I'm not a hoe  
my momma aint a ho  
my daddy wasnt a ho  
my brother aint a ho, dont try to play me like a ho  
The folks in the streets show me love everywhere i go  
The blocks and the turfs and the motorcycle thugs  
The kids in the streets wanna ride the yellow bus  
A few niggas hatin but i don even trip  
but when i leave the house, i dont leave the clip  
My boys in the east go dumb for fabby  
and all the og's say go lil daddy  
My westside niggas will bust a head for me  
and all my north pole homies gettin bread with me  
and if u ever need me homie youll get bread for me  
Until my homies in the sates and the feds is free  
Ima keep rappin hard till im dead deceased  
Man my daddy was a pimp and my momma dad's a g

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Verse 3:

Time after time i done said ima blow  
Sometimes i want to grind on the block with the snow  
But in my mind i knew i was like 'pac with the flow  
and god gave me signs i aint stop with my flow  
so stuck to my raps like stamps to a letter  
i started of cool, over the years got better  
was just a battle rapper til ya boy got fed up  
started writin songs now ya boy got chedda  
Thizzin for ever and thizz gettin better  
million pills in dre casket he'll be thizzin for ever  
Cuttyness for u see what we steppin out of  
European autos, Middle eastern autos  
every song on the radio played got us  
and every mag in the usa we got writeups  
Billboard status trill too on fire  
and thizz what it is until the moment i retire

Chorus: (2x)

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