

L-Burna

"Gotta Get That Doe"

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Yo whattup Pakman
(Aiiyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)
AIGHT!!

[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]
We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady
liiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

[Canibus]
Aiiyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard
You wack rappers can't rip it
In other words your lyrics are to primitive
You need to be more descriptive
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story
I manipulated this miserable music business
Then I caked off two, by going independent
How much you make an album? About ten cents
I make about ten cents, every sentence
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest
I'm not being pompus, I went through a process
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon'
end up jobless
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents
They talked about your drug addiction and what was
behind it
The bottom line is, how much you sold
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that
dough
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without
it
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?

Should I talk about material objects, and get on some
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

[Chorus] 2x

[Pakman]

When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta
Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

[Chorus] 2x

[Canibus]

If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it
True Hollywood Stories opens in October
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen
Where I come from, opportunity is golden
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

[Chorus] 2x

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