

## Alkaline Trio

### "Let's Get Em"

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Yo locs nigga shit, I know you done whipped up this  
muthaphukkin dope, but  
we gonna break these niggas off. But, uh I need to go  
out and handle my  
buisness with some of these niggas, cause uh niggas  
out here are rappin, or  
should I say yappin. They dont realize that, nigga this is  
real life. This  
reality. You know what Im sayin? Nigga when you say  
somethin about a  
nigga, you got to be ready to die for that shit. You know  
what Im sayin? I  
mean its like uh, niggas out here wanna be me. Heh.  
Niggas know the real  
from the fake man. I smell a muthafuckin jealousy  
everywhere I go. Niggas  
is wearin it. But uh, we bout to handle this muthafuckin  
shit. We gonna  
set the muthafuckin record straight. UGGGH.

There they go  
There they go  
There they go  
UGGGHHH!  
Pass me them thangs  
Lets Get Em!  
3 x

I get swoll like a boulder  
Bitch Im a soldier  
Yall runnin from the rollers  
I slang tapes like crack  
My rhymes so pure you hit it with 2,7  
8 come back  
And the game wont change cause Im the dopeman  
But why yall niggas still runnin all off at the mouth man  
TRU niggas dont talk shit  
We in the game stackin Gs  
Yall niggas still tryna get me  
With playas and hustlas  
But chall cant make no money

Cause yall niggas BUSTAS!  
Hahm Bra  
The game wont change  
Yall niggas mad cause Master P got some change  
Seen a nigga in the ghetto slangin dope  
Now yall buyin my shit out the record store  
And yo baby momma lovin me  
And everytime you turn on the TV  
I feel ya muggin me  
But I cant be stopped  
Cause real TRU niggas make their money from slangin  
rocks  
Heh yall niggas slangin bunk rhymes  
Thats why Im in the game, and I got mine  
And yall Jewish brothas hollerin that black shit  
Quick to sell a muthafucka to the white bitch  
For 15%  
That aint enough money to pay my muthafuckin rent  
I made a movie nigga think Im slangin coke a lees  
Nobody questions Bill when hes smokin weed  
And Pac and Biggie taught me a lesson  
What?  
Never leave without your Smith N Wesson.

Bitch you went from the man that go AHHH  
And the man that go UGGH  
I ought to be proof up your ass that there just aint no  
limit to the shit  
we been doin  
Only way to keep you from sayin my name is to put my  
dick in your mouth  
I piss on your porch, shit in your house  
Somebody said that you were talkin about me  
I heard that  
I could fuck you up with words but you dont deserve  
that  
Go ahead rhymes rest your fuckin barber, but hurry  
back  
I took a brain outta my own head  
Whip yo ass with one of my platts  
You mad cause Im bringin home big ol shows my nigga  
with no tax  
Jumpin cause we got a bigger fan bases and gold plats  
Unfortunately a couple of things that in this industry  
that niggas dont  
understand  
90 percent of this shit is your buisiness  
10 percent of this shit is your timing  
Slangin tapes across the whole planet  
Mystikal, Master P, Silkk tha Shocker  
We gonna keep this bitch jammin

Above the standard  
No Limit on the charts slammin  
Fuckin wit what we planned  
Well gonna leave you dead where you standin  
Aint that fool yall

Whenever we have to fuckin talk  
We be silent  
Or should I say real silent  
Real niggas they speak with fuckin violence  
Thats why I play a muthafucka like hockey  
They mad cause they ho jock me  
They cant stop me  
So their result is to fuckin copy  
I say P where they at?  
There they go  
I spot em I got em  
Got EM!  
Probably man thinks they on the muthafuckin top they  
on the bottom  
See uh, you run your mouth  
Nigga, Ill be like nigga what!  
What  
Tryna talk some shit about em, they wanna be just like  
us!  
They talk about one  
They talk about all of fuckin us  
Fuckin white roll real killas dealas who dont give a fuck!  
See Im on some evil murderous devil shit  
Got some niggas over they head they couldnt get off  
I was the devilest  
So what you sayin nigga  
I roll with niggas with big triggers  
Million dolla shit niggas with big figures  
Tru niggas  
Yall can tell, we soldiers off the back  
We dont fuck around we stay strapped  
Fucked up talkin bout you know where we at  
Wherever, whenever, however it goes  
I wash your mouth out with soap  
Rush to you outside know what Im sayin  
No fuckin mo!  
Here we go

All yall fake ass niggas. Nigga gon get chall. Cause you  
know what? A  
real TRU nigga, when he go to jail, he never rat on his  
potna. He get  
caught by the police TRU niggas dont talk. Whenever  
TRU nigga falled off  
in the street, he hustles. Cause TRU niggas know how

to pop back up. They  
dont need to use other niggas names. Another niggas  
muthafuckin game. A  
TRU nigga is a muthafuckin man. Gotta stand on his  
own nigga. All yall  
fake niggas, yall eventually gonna fade with the  
muthafuckin wind. Until  
then nigga we bout it bout it n rowdy rowdy nigga. No  
Limit for life.  
T-R-U nigga And when I say T-R-U, I mean the whole No  
Limit family. The  
muthafuckin group TRU, Master P, Cmurder, and Silkk  
nigga. Family.  
Remember that.

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