

Philmore

"That's What You Get"

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[Verse 1]

It's an hot summer day in the LBC
It's me the H-E-L-D-A-N to the Z
Straight flipping the script on the strip
So come equip with your nine and your extra clip
So every single day in my hood it's on
Now how would you feel with neenter to your dome,
you gone
For fucking with them bg's, fucking with the small guys
Now you got black eyes and your punk ass realize
That you can't fuck with us little niggas no more
We going looney, crazy, loco, and year nine fezzo
And yo, how would you feel if your cap got peeled
By an looney b.g and hard is steel, so chill
For an second while I wrecked on this track
And um, you don't want to see me when I flip
So don't be fucking with little niggas, we aint to be
fucked with

[Lil 1/2 Dead Chorus 4x]

That's what you get
That's what you get

[Verse 2]

Now just the other day a fool tried to trip
He ran up in my face, so banked him in his lip
I had to show him that I was small, but I was an hog
He ran up in my face again, I broke his fucking jaw yall
He hit the mother fucking ground
And the whole pound gather all around and put the
mother fucking stomp down
How do you feel punk nigga
Im standing over you with my finger on the trigga
Figure that you crazy you jump up and get smoke like
an joint
And half dead will straight prove his point
To an nigga, a bitch, or an snitch, leave an mother
fucking stitch
In the bottom of an ditch, if he switch
Up on an nigga from the L-O-N-G B-E-A-C-H
I make you in the gate, while my skills elevate

And when you hit it, you better hit quick
And don't be fucking with us little niggas, we aint to be
fucked with

[Lil 1/2 Chorus 4x]

[Lil 1/2 Dead]

This song goes out the to all you big niggas
And trying to punk us little niggas
We aint going out like that no more
This is nine fezzo you know big baby

[Verse 3]

Well the eastside of LBC takes no slake
If you fuck with an nigga you will get put on your back
So I advise you to ride eyes wide
When you creeping, crawling, to the motha fucking
Eastside
If an nigga catch you slipping, he will have your hand
So listen up close to this nigga half dead
And i'm telling you this from experience
Now in 1994' all these big niggas is fearing us
Looney ass nigga from the LBC
Now these days none of you niggas can't fuck with me,
see
And if you really wanted to trip
I would leave seven-teen stitches in your upper lip
To let you know that I got it going on
Cause I can kick this funky shit like all night long
And when I do it, I do it quick
And don't fuck with us little niggas, we aint to be
fucked with

[Lil 1/2 Dead Chorus 4x]

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