

## Hayley Evetts

### "Get the Hell On With That"

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[Fat Joe]

Whoa, whoa, whoa

All you frontin-ass niggaz

Callin all frontin-ass bitches, hahahaha!

Yo, get the hell on with that (say what, say what what?)

Get the hell on with that (say what, say what what?)

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Why you over there lookin at me, while my girl standin there?

These bitches actin like they never seen a millionaire

Feel my pockets, wanna really get your hands in there

Now what it be like?

You confused man, that shit don't even seem right

How you cats on your album only three mics?

Like 'Pac shit is funny to me

All you niggaz livin bummy wasn't fuckin with me

Now nigga get it on, soon you be dead and gone

Shorty got a bubble all she need the silicone

Love my A-T-L bitches, pay my bail bitches

Type to let you fuck but never tell bitches

Down-ass hoes that'll grind that dough

Catch me with another chick and beat 'em down to a pulp

It's the F-A-T, to the, J-O-E

Drink Cris' with the Feds when they come for me

No cuffs, no guns, they respect a G

Number one with a slug, what you expect from me, huh?

Are you serious?

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

If you see a nigga frontin fake shit on his wrist

Walk around all night, same bottle of Cris'

Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

If you see a bitch frontin in her best friend's clothes

New sass weave and fucked up toes

Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Armageddon]

Now all my ladies put your hands up  
Nah mami, if you fuck for dough then you's a hoe  
And no I'm not the one that don't drop the notes  
I only ice the beef and rock the coat  
Think you gettin somethin from me your thoughts are  
broke  
Might get a little wheeze and a salty throat  
So get the hell on with that, don't you even feel it  
Get the hell on with that, I'm aight I'm chillin  
Chicken neck-ass bitch tryna palm the dough  
Should've charged me at the door, I woulda let you  
know  
Coulda saved you a mouth full of head y mo'  
Coulda made you a thug from the guy with the mo'  
But yo, I ain't never met a chick that was innocent  
They all fuck some, eat some, never kiss  
I know a lot that got skeed on and that was it  
See me in the video like, "Bitch is suckin dick!"

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

You let him in at one time cause you thought he was fly  
Now you see him at the clubs, he don't pay you no mind  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Yo, every time you smoke, dude puff your 'dro  
But when it's time to go cop, he ain't got no dough  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Ludacris]

Ludacris be the number one street - clown wishin 'em  
luck  
Cause I'm bout to make 'em break a leg thinkin I'm  
givin a FUCK  
And you catch a beat - down, bottles is breakin,  
craniums crack  
Chairs thrown when the heat is attacked  
and you hear the street - sound, hitters and runners  
Killers and gunners, winter to summer the niggaz that  
want us  
are headed East - bound, trouble in West other than  
South  
Cover your chest, they cover your mouth  
I'm goin deep - down Dirty indeed, birdies in need  
Thirty degrees and you heard it from me  
but I'm bout to reach - 'round grabbin my gun  
They scatter and run but I'm handlin and havin some  
fun  
They gotta keep - rounds up under the bed, up under  
the spread

If it ain't then it ain't, no wonder you dead  
So go to sleep - now, throats is splitted  
and folks that get it they gotta get the hell on widdit,  
BIATCH

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Yo, yo, all these niggaz that claim thug like they're the  
type  
But when it's time to go to war they runnin for dear life  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Got this clown runnin around like he's my fam  
We did time in what joint? I don't know you man!  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, haha, T.S., Terror  
Get the hell on with that, get the hell on with that  
Yeah, Charlie Rock L.D., uhh  
Ton' Montana rest in peace, 2001  
Get the hell on with that, get the hell on with that  
Yeah..

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