

Literates

"Get It Right"

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[Verse 1]

You feel that fire as soon as we lit it up
It's that aerosol flow that got you dizzy as f*ck
I'm that literate real rude inconsiderate
Figure if you talk sh*t I'm severing your ligaments
Very few hate the crew and won't accept it
Jealousy is not how you remain well respected
There's no limits when we drop nothing but illness
Go ahead pump your fist, this is what the real is
Now you you realize this sh*t is not a game
Some people will lose lives over five minutes of fame
It's all the same you gotta embrace the name
You think we give a f*ck about your peeps and what
they sayin'
You gotta be kiddin' me, it'll be little me
To respond means that I believe you meet my abilities
What you think this is like we don't know the biz
'Til you give us that respect I guess it is what it is

[Hook (x2)]

It's that crew with that golden sound we put it down
Get it right muthaf*cka
Get it right muthaf*cka
It's that click with that sh*t that you can't f*ck with
Get it right muthaf*cka
Get it right muthaf*cka

[Verse 2]

You can't decipher the chemical compound
We those writers killin' idols and we vitalize sounds
Nobody similar, we pass the parameter
Of what you thought was sick and created something
sicker
The rhyme ripper poisonous liquid sipper
I drink till she looks good and turns into a stripper
I'm on the verge of goin' ballistic
You stupid b*tches don't get it, my hands stays double
fisted
The kings of this mischief you know the name
It's those west coast players with that LA game
Who's to blame when we emerge from the scene

With a closet full of groupies and a pocket full of
greens
The master of this mystery simply rip it vividly
You gotta be joking I'm dope like amphetamines
Enemies with the trigger better pull it
When it's on then it's on, we ain't usin' no fake bullets

[Hook (x2)]

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[Verse 3]

The kings of this rap strapped with a gift
It's normal to clash with those that spit to whack sh*t
The fact is, we consider all this practice
Imagine if we really took it serious like actors
You couldn't comprehend the massive attack
We flip it like silver back guerillas hooked on crack
Always on the exact and never lacked
Our skills stay real 'til the sun turns black
The proper elements knockin' down ya residence
Cock back and spit like a snake that is venomous
We never generous, sick of all this rhetoric
You can't cure the pain being a medic with no medicine
That's not kosher, you must be a jokester
Watch him throw stones cause his rap gig is over
You in the wrong zone homie, you should go home
Latino assassins, California home grown

[Hook (x2)]

It's that crew with that golden sound we put it down
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