

Amil "Get Down"

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Oh shh
Yo Jon-John this track is crazy
You know how I do
Brown town, Roc-A-Fella

Where my ballers at? Where my thugs at?
Where my fellows at?
Where my Coins at? Where my bitches at?
Where my ladies at?

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Where my fellows at?
Where my Coins at? Where my bitches at?
Where my ladies at?

Let me know what the deal, keep it real
If you wanna build
Ain't nothing wrong with a roughneck
Rockin' dirty timbs, baggy jeans and a nice chest

What you do on the low? You bling-bling
You's a thug for sure, I want ice cold ice, hit me off
Wanna break me off, you gotta break me off
Break me off

However you wanna get down
I can get down, baby, like you get down
You know I don't play around
If you got diamonds, maybe we can get down

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Can I live? Let me live, you want me
Then you gotta give
I'm a bad girl, such a bad girl
Not a hot girl but a rock girl, drive a drop girl

Hair is done, body's right

You wanna touch 'cause I'm just that tight
We can roll, we can stroll but I gotta let you know
I ain't giving out without doe

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If you want to get with me then diamonds is what I need
You are what I need and if you want to make me happy
Then give me some of your cream
Give it to me baby, give it to me, give it to me

Uh huh, yeah
Amilliyon, Major Coins
Uh

It be the brokest niggas always talking shit
I don't even notice niggas who can't offer shit
What that look like, a broke nigga flossin' this
Major Coin, meaning high costing bitch

Only a baller in fact can keep me in the minks
To the small of my back, I'm just keeping it real
Letting y'all know from the gate, no papers, no scrapes
You ain't hungry for it, no plates

Mother fucker, you'll get clowned first
Treat you like a corner scrub slinging an ounce of dirt
Think about it, what sound worse?
Telling my Coins you broke or you drowned the purse?

See only official bitches wifey of a rich nigga
A smart bitch, fuck with no trick niggas
Them grimy bitches fuck with stick niggas
And a dumb bitch, just fuck you for your dick nigga

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