

Big Pokey f/ Chris Ward, Mafia Mike

"Get Out Our Way"

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(*talking*)

Uh, for the 2-theezie bout the cheezy
Know me, naw I mean, hey
Sensei, Mafia Mike, Whodi bout our paper
Mobstyle for life, uh

[Big Pokey]

For my cream, I'll take it to the extreme
A glock and a three beam, plus a million dolla team
Franchise like Ikeim, in these streets
In studios split beats, with this verbal heat
Dress code neat, from head to feet
Jumping out the Benzo Jeep, with a petite freak
Hit my point, sweep the flo'
Call my Cuban connect, cop the snow
I'm out the do' quick, with a block or mo'
With a glock on my hip, that'll stop the show
Bout my do', rolling I'm about my hoe
She disrespect my ways, then she got to go
When I'm paid it's on, if I'm broke they gone
Or I trick with a bitch, I choke my own
And I put that, on the Stone
When it come to my paper, nigga leave me alone

[Hook - 2x]

Please, get out of our way
We don't have time, to play
We're all about, our paper mayn

[Chris Ward]

I'm on a paper chase, gotta put it in these fakers face
And if I get locked up, I'ma escape the place
Cause there's no way, I'm doing time in jail
I'd rather be burning up, frying in hell
As I cry and yell, I keep my ear to the streets
Listen and learn to earn, I got peers to defeat
While these scandalous hoes bitching, and foes
snitching
Friends turn into those wishing, my pockets on riches
And I ain't got time for chatting, cause niggas be
ratting

Acting fly like Aladdin, they softer than satin
I'ma leave they ass flatting like a mat, with they blood
splatting
For playing games with me, as if I'm Madden
From H-Town to Manhattan, my flows swarm like bees
I spit lyrical cheese, on cd's and lp's
And when it comes to stacking G's, I'm about my pay
But do like the song say, and get out the way

[Hook - 2x]

[Mafia Mike]

Went from broke to cash, then first from last
Or leave or now baby, no questions asked
Gas up the cat, cause the Gator's gon mash
Get out of my way, before I hit that ass
Don't cause a scene, that's gon make me slash
Then hit the beat so hard, it'll leave a gash
And haters fall off, when they touch my stash
My whole dress attire, is made with class
Those, and ain't trying to get us left in the past
I ain't trying to hot cap, or even flash
I keep a pound of cash, stashed in my dash
Full tank of gas, mean mug on my mask
And those are like potatoes, they all get mashed
Jackers irritate me, like a rash
I gash that ass, ooh you little bitch ass nigga
Come here hoe, I knock they chest in the grass

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Uh man, too serious mean that
Mobstyle for life, Mobstyle for life
Ha what, 2000 Dope Game two-thee
In your face, 3D baby done one mo'
And another and another and another
We're dropping like bird shit
Ain't stopping, uh

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