Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul "Duckin' & Dodgin'"

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My scrilla' my paper my scratch, my scrilla' my paper my scratch

My hookas my bitches, my batch, my hookas my bitches, my batch

My peppa, my pistols, my straps, my peppa my pistols my straps

My oozies, my choppas my gats, my oozies my choppas my gats

The wires the taps the traps

Po-po got me twisted how can us hustlas maintain and relax

When these killas out here snitchin' bendin' conas fa cova'

Just remember tell my motha' I love her, I love her On top of that the i the r the s

Police station lookin' fo' me got a warrant out fo' my arrest

Fo' tax evasion, fake identification

Up under alias number skipped bail

Now I'm hidin' from the bounty hunter man I ain't neva' went to jail

An' told some stuff

Vallejo didn't raise no powder puff

When I see 'em I'm blastin' I'm dumpin' make believers Make somebody gon' mind somethin' newspaper readers

Can you do me a favor an' ask yo' neighbor Did he blast first an' ask questions later

I betcha they tell ya I did such a wicked ass earthling Why did you kidnap that little kid, man I wasn't gonna hurt him

[Chorus]

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

The highs the speeds the chases, the relays the laps the races

My stuggle, my hustle, my pain, my purpose, my vision,

my aim

After ditchin' an' dodgin' the rolla

I found myself in South Dakota

All by myself grindin' an' runnin' the block

hustlin' an' slangin' them rocks

Perkin' an' listen to pac switchin' locations an' spots

Greasin' an' cleanin' my glocks

Cookin' an' throwin' away pots

Coppin' an' orderin' chops

Sewin' an' stitchin' up cock

Scheming an' plottin' my knots

Pajamas an' sock home invasion an' kickin' locks

Jackin' an' robbin' gankin' niggas tyin' 'em up

An' makin' 'em watch me fuck they botch

Servin' flour in a drought

I'm in the hot seat anyhow plus I been done struck out

Already it's heavy I'm hurtin'

Two nights ago ran upon the wrong person

Pulled out his lead and aimed it fo' my head

Instead it hit me in my leg burstin'

Who got a band-aid

Can't go see a surgeon cause I ain't on medicaid or

should I say medical

I'm in this pal for quite sometime

Now I been wanted for a little while

Somebody dropped a dime an' I was [phone rings]

[Chorus]

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out

The highs the speeds the chases, the relays the laps

the races

My struggle, my hustle, my pain, my purpose, my

vision, my aim

The grays the hounds the bussies

Surplus camourflage in the middle somewhere in Kentucky

Way out of dodge lost a little weight but I used to be chubby nigga

Stressin' poppin' pills

Takin' more than anti-depressants I got the chills

Tryin' to get away from them fuzz and pheasants

teachin' lessons

Got mo' scrilla' than I done count blessings

Since I was hills the smithins the slugs the wessons

Engine block gettin' cracked with some of them 355

them 7's

Ya get mopped as far as weapons
I ain't neva been no sucka in life
Poked an' m-mate in the stomach wit a number twice
Fuckin' around when they brought me down to be exact
On the streets I'm nothin' but up in here
I'm under dat act

[Chorus]

Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out
Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out
Gotta git it, gotta git gone, git on out
Gotta git it. gotta git gone, git on out
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