D-12 F/ 50 Cent

"Let's Get It"

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* originally appeared on P. Diddy's "The Saga Continues..."

[Black Rob - almost mumbling]
They said that I'm a Rottweiler
And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New York

[G-Dep]
Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggaz from the, what you gon' do
When you ready? Shit I was born ready
And I was already on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya
Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya?
Said I'd get'cha, wear it if it fit ya
Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture
If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (*phone sounds*)
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused
like to suck her own titty; put it in the video
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit
'til my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

(Chorus)
Make this money, take this money (Let's get it)
Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)
Ain't shit funny (uh) shake it honey (Let's get it)
Take it money.. now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]
Creep with your people
Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal
Front but you lookin
Once I throw the hook in proceed to get cookin
with the game when I sewed it

Since you came thought I owed you one
Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the stinking?
Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled
It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him
with my man's type proper
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue
You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it
'fore we take off make sure you all seated
In Billboard read it, believe it

(Chorus)

[G-Dep]
Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the stroller
I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota
Give some bakin soda and a quarter
Bet I flow straight up out the water
I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "out of order"
Put the high score up
Then tear the floor up
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe
Head on the tour bus
Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler
Called up five reporters to thank my supporters
Hittin wives and daughters
Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Lauders
Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]
Aiyyo, call me Diddy - I run this city
Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me
Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me
Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty
Straight lose it, love two things my family my music
Might co-write and produce it
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive
Got y'all Hawkin like Yusef
Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
I get worldwide coverage
Got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it
Make moves major, hide out in Asia
If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators
NOT GUILTY, and I'm filthy, c'mon

(Chorus)

[Black Rob (Puffy)]
I be the Eastside Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in e'ry channel with the Iverson handle
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to
dismantle
Can't slay Rob
How many niggaz done tried to play Rob, quit they day
job
Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm goin under the bing
Act like you gon' pull that thing thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's
queen
Moves for paper, booze no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifth with the laser
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers said I did
it
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it)

(Chorus) (x3)