

**D.D.D****"Come And Get It"**

Visit "[Come And Get It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Lady Luck]

Yo!

Yo, yo, yo, come on

Yo, yo, yo, come on

Yo, yo, yo, yo!

[Verse 1: Lady Luck]

Yo, yo, yo

You could get rugged, rough, hard like luck

Bring your best rhymes and you niggas still suck

I'm slumped in a truck, with the pump tucked

Come to bend some dough? Never give em love

Your money like old men, can't get it up

I'm spittin up, sick of stuff, middle fingers up

Luck, never give y'all respect

Like no hot card check pounds with the left (What up,  
my)

If you get offended, I'm talkin to you

Come get it, and there'll be a coffin for you

You done did it, you messin with Luck, you pressin your  
luck

Got locked in jewels and I ain't givin em up

[Chorus: Redman]

(Come get it) Y'all niggas wanna fuck wit Jers'

(Come get it) Tha Bricks don't fuck wit her

(Come get it) I represent Jers' till I die

Smoke on the la la la, la, la, la

[Lady Luck] (Redman)

(Come get it) Y'all niggas don't want it wit Jers'

(Come get it) Luck don't come wit hers

(Come get It) I represent Jers' till I die

smoke on the la la la, la, la, la

[Verse 2: Redman]

Yo, yo yo, Funk Doc

Smack y'all niggas, jack y'all niggas

Have ya thug as thug come get it back for y'all niggas

Laugh at y'all niggas, throw caps at y'all niggas

Stick NBA for the basketball figgas

Gigolow, live with two hoes, John Ritter

Arm litter (bling!), microphone tormenter  
I'm hungry as FUCK and I came to eat  
If you came to shoot Doc, can you aim at least?  
Bricks, sucker MCs that stay hookin up  
You bougie hoes like, That's What I'm Looking For  
Do, your moms think I'm a hell of a guy  
Pussy, you don't get it like American Pie  
I scar deep wounds, bubble teaspoons  
Powder is the ?, yeah, bottle is the mind  
When I spit, y'all become fiends to me  
Crack costs MONEY, but the fee is free

[Chorus]

[Lady Luck](Redman)

(Ayyo, low

Do you really know what pressure is?)

Nigga I apply it

The one scannin TVs in the Rodney King riot

Guns, all solids; whips, no milage

At the bar, three iced teas, Long Island

I stay stylin', boo stay fair with weed

In the V lane, 3 switchin' up with speed

I'ma be obnoxious until I can't, breathe

And until, then, y'all can't, win

Luck's 12 on a scale from 1 to 10

And blew a spiral hydro and lots of gin

Nigga back up! Damn, I need oxygen

Surrounded by lots of men that'll rock ya chin

And pop ya lids, handle like Iverson

The Mulberry, flows extraordinary

How 'bout the go Chevy a hole in the 4 steady

Been wantin' war let me know when y'all's ready

[Chorus]

Visit [D.D.D](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.