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Tone Trump "Get Got"

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(Hook) All that frontin' in the sun boy You be get got All that hating and faking boy You be get got You don't show the hood love You be get got 'Round here you get it real You be get got

(Verse)

Welcome to Phillie nigga you can get got All the frontin' on the net nigga you can get shot Home invasions nigga running in your crib Four niggers messed up they bring it where you live Gun to your wife while they tieing up your kids Nigga selling they soul tryin' to make it in this bizz Not me that's why I'm running with the realest Top notch, it's the world getting money with the killers They pride why him I know my niggers gonna spill this This ain't for the radio,nigga this for the dealer shit This for the shooters, the shakers and the movers I'm Mr. les wens so it's sure ain't for the loosers

(Hook x2) All that frontin' in the sun boy You be get got All that hating and faking boy You be get got You don't show the hood love You be get got 'Round here you get it real You be get got

(Verse)

Nigga don't get got, get pop get shotin' Get half of the sinners blocking get drop My heart pure and silent like my wrist watch As you throw in that bag and literally sit back Like one for the coke ,runners and gunners Single that I listen summer doing flip on numbers Hanky fitting on my head wouldn't find travel You ain't gotta ask for when I'm coming at you Harlem up town rapper minute man hustler I burn rubber the 2'20 on the dusha dusher You niggers is suckers And I'm such a different type motherfucker Fuck fucking I just say fuck yeah Real niggers rep mills so I wrapped up Trump said I gotta join force I told him let's split How you all playa' you know how I do Don't make me send my slimes And we'll show you that you're toppin'

(Hook x2) All that frontin' in the sun boy You be get got All that hating and faking boy You be get got You don't show the hood love You be get got 'Round here you get it real You be get got

(Verse)

These real people give me high five Shawty's kiss, sitting in their dorms They all know me on their ipod Gangstas claiming doing drive-bys in Come on give me chewie with no hands call it wifi Why would you ever run a tri,I for O Dollar bro a holla tell you bye bye If I put the silencer, on a .40 calibur Hope you hear what's good, then you die One who can't bury better carry on me and Tone 'Cause we running city nigga brush street marathon Brand new flow,fresh new era on Bin Laden beard, Donald Trump bow

(Hook x2) All that frontin' in the sun boy You be get got All that hating and faking boy You be get got You don't show the hood love You be get got 'Round here you get it real You be get got

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