

Tre-8

"Get 'em Rowdy"

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[Strange Voice]

LIVE! From Evergreen Supermarket in the heart of the ghetto,

It's the ghetto GAME SHOW!

Where the audience helps prove wrong answers,

AND, they just pick shit out of contestants,

And they get real funky! Okay, okay, okay,

Today we have three pit bull ass rappers competing

For a pound of weed, raid tickets, and a box of

Optimo's

Here they are! Let's get this shit on the road!

Here's your forever loaded weed smokin' ass host,

BUBBA BIG SACKS!

[Kangol Slim]

Hello, hello, hello,

And we're back live on Ghetto...

I'm your host, Bubba Big Sacks and we have today's guests,

Tre-8, Kangol Slim, Mr. Cheefa,

Today's question fellas,

What do you do in the club when they're just not getting rowdy enough?

Hold on, hold on, Lil' E? Lil' E?

[Chorus: Lil' E & Tre-8]

[Lil' E]

I get 'em rowdy, get rowdy,

I get 'em rowdy, get rowdy,

I get 'em rowdy, what?

[Tre-8]

I get 'em wild, they wild,

I get 'em wild, they wild,

I get 'em wild, they wild,

They gettin' wild, wild, wild

[Lil' E]

I get 'em rowdy, get rowdy,

I get 'em rowdy, get rowdy,

I get 'em rowdy, what?

[Tre-8]

I get 'em wild, they wild,
I get 'em wild, they wild,
I get 'em wild, they wild,
They gettin' wild, wild, wild

[First Verse: Tre-8]

Me and my rounds we be bustin',
Bustas be runnin' and duckin',
Hoes they be cussin' and fussin',
Suckers ain't messin' with my posse,
Ophthalmals we be bluntin',
You fools done started a lil' somethin',
Wootay that's nothin' to my rounds we came to tear the
club down,
T.L., sixteenth, fifteenth Terry town,
Everybody that's my rounds, don't nobody mess
around,
We gone tear the club up like three-6 and them,
We gone shut this bitch down for three weeks and
shhh... ,
Cuz we, came here, to represent,
That whole fifteenth, to the Cris,
Get blitzed, get blowed,
Pimp hoes, they drove,
Cuz I'm cold, now you know,
Now they know, I'm on them trees,
So you see it's me, the T-R-E,
Sixteenth to the Fisher, that's all my killas,
Sixteenth to the Fisher, that's all my killas,
They all killas, get 'em rowdy

[Chorus]

[Second Verse: Tre-8]

Where all my partners out there bustin' heads? Hanh?
Where all my ballers out there duckin' feds? What?
Where all them killas bout that drama faw? Hanh?
Where all my partners big timin' dog? Uh-wha-what?
Then that's my killas I be runnin' with,
Gunnin' with, hustle somethin' with,
Get on these hoes, now that's some pimpin'
undercoverness,
That other shh, bread and butter shh, playa undercover
shh,
I'ma bad, a bad, a bad mutha (records scratching),
The only rapper you know that can flow like this,

The only rapper you know that get it cold in this,
The only rapper you know that get it hot in this,
The only rapper you know that make 'em drop in this,
The only rapper you know that get it crowded in this,
The only rapper you know that's really bout it in this,
The only rapper you know that get 'em rowdy in this,
The only rapper you know that get 'em rowdy in this,
Get 'em rowdy

[Chorus]

[Third Verse: Kangol Slim]

When me and Tre hit the club,
They just show beaucoup love,
Because they know that we bout it and we straight get
the club rowdy,
We ain't bout slappin' we cappin',
You gotta girl we gone mash it,
(Scratching records) on the stage we gonna throw in a
rage,
Cuttin' people like fades because they know that we
paid,
We be keepin' they heads hurtin' for those seven days,
Or we don't try to creep cuz the clique too deep,
We got somethin' up in that trunk to put that ass to
sleep,
So if you really don't wanna get put deep in a coma,
Best believe you gone be a goner,
Bombed like Oklahoma,
City me and my committee, you know we get busy,
My people standin' behind me and you might just get
dizzy,
People askin' "Who is he?" Cuz you layin' up on the
ground,
(Record scratching) with the West Bank clowns,
Them Gert-Town hounds,
Now you found up on the ground with your ass face
down,
Me and my niggas back in the club, bout to get it buck

[Chorus]

[Fourth Verse: Mr. Cheefa]

You see me comin' and you know I got that fire,
You take a puff and you know you be feelin' higher,
It's Mr. Cheefa with the fire cess,
On me you take a test and Smith & Wesson they will kill
ya,

My crew be live or you don't really want no problems,
My people bout it, we don't think that you would want
none,
We all for ruckus, we buckin' on other suckers,
You can get close, but just don't touch us
Unless you wanna get your ass done,
Chillin' on the cut sippin' Cris all day,
Smokin' ophthalmals, sippin' Tanqueray,
Yes indeed, inhale, exhale come and get blowed, with
me,
Well if you wanna come and smoke, then you must be a
fiend,
Bring a dime over here, you have to see me,
Yes indeed, inhale, exhale, come and get blowed, with
me,
T-R-E, won't you come and smoke with me?
Kangol Slim won't you come and smoke with me?
Lil' E, inhale, exhale, come and get blowed, with me,
Down South, we rock the most,
Smoke One, we rock the most,
Yes indeed, inhale, exhale, come and get blowed, with
me,
Third Ward, Fourth Ward come and smoke with me,
Uptown, Downtown come and smoke with me,
East Coast, West Coast come and smoke with me,
Uptown, Midwest come and smoke with me,
Yes indeed, inhale, exhale, come and get blowed, with
me

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