

Trife Diesel

"We Get it In"

Visit "[We Get it In](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Trife Diesel] Uh, we get it in, S.I.N.Y., nigga, we get it in Stapleton, Theodore niggas, we get it in Them T.M.F. --- we get it in S.I.N.Y., nigga, we get it in (The Money First) Them T.M.F., we get it in (Too Much Fucking) T.M.F., all day, we get it in (oh!) Yo, yo [Trife Diesel] I'm the jet signer, sip champagne on jet liners Leave ya apron, cooking up coke in the Chef's diner Touch niggas like old pedophiles who sex minors Leave you lost in the back of the woods where they can't find ya Vagina Monologue, you soft, straight pussy For the strip with them watery dips and them beige cookies Fuck a price range, I blew ten stacks on a dice game Place your bets, if it's less than a quarter, it's slight change I'm on a night train to Georgia, got to fill these orders I'm paper stacking, ya'll just looking silly on them corners Keep away from them fed lovers and watch for informers My bitch got a gun license, cuz them glocks stay up on us Riding dirty with kevlar vestes, who wan' test us? Let my goons go to work on the first, nigga who sent you I'm connected with mob bosses, and guineas, Jamaicans and Trini's And rude boys who act a fool up for Henny [Chorus: Trife Diesel] 44's, big burners, that raw, bang up on your man Corridors, to the mess hall, nigga we get it in Razorblades that'll fuck up your fade and give you a trim We experts with them gems, and nigga we get it in S.I.N.Y. (nigga we get it in) Them Stapleton, Theodore nigga (we get it in) Whether on the streets busting our heat or locked in the pen I repeat once again (my nigga, we get it in) [Trife Diesel] I stay high off the wibble, niggas speaking in riddles But I leave 'em all wet like Daytona Beach when it drizzle Catch me on the creep late night like Jimmy Kimmel Black down, hoodied up so you know I'm strapped with the pistol An iron nickle and twist you, turn you into a cripple Get plugged with hot slugs that'll burn your bone to the gristle Meat hanging off of your tissue, and once my nigga Hawk blow the whistle Be weary, coming to get you Them F boys pull up in stretch toys, and we heavily armed With them tools like mechanics who work in Pep Boys Rapid fire, black attire, feds wanna tap the wire

Sammy Gravano get hollow, dead in they condo
Bloody vets spread from beating this nigga head like a
bongo Guerilla warfare we was born and raised in the
congos The Stapleton rock crushers, spot rushers,
block busters Yo, Snips, let these niggas know now they
can not touch us [Chorus] [Trife Diesel] Meet the kid
with the sinister grin who kill innocent men And drew
blood from the minister's pen I get it in, lock and load,
watch how my shot gon' blow Contact the main
headquarters tell them the shop is closed I move with a
flock of hoes, who get skiied, smoke weed and eat
Dominos Wild like some refugees in Guantanamo,
quick to let the llama go And any given night I slay mics
like Geronimo I live for the drama though, Barack
Obama I'm the only man breathing that can stop
Osama Bulletproof humvees, no honor amongst
thieves When I spit, let off a hundred shot clip with one
squeeze One shot, one kill, never will the sun chill Mr.
Hancock, getting money like a young Will Assassinate
a nation, man up your battle stations Battle Satan
walking through hell with the power nation [Chorus]

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