

Dupri Jermaine

"Get Your Shit Right"

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featuring DMX The Mad Rapper

[DMX]

Grrrrrrr grrrrr grrr (Yeah)

Chorus: repeat 2X

To all my bitches in the spot lookin' real fly

An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high

An' all my playas world wide it's just you and I

Getcha paper getcha dough getcha shit right

[Jermaine Dupri]

First off y'all niggaz know I don't slouch

An' as a kid I done did the shit you talkin about

I'm from the South, ya heard?

Where niggas fly birds outta Impalas

Live lavish

From ATL to Dallas an' the little palace

Goin once, goin twice, everyday, livin nice

In the grey wit the ice, makin money rollin dice

Livin the life, that y'all dream of

Puttin niggaz outta business like Sony did to Sega

You seen us, the green stuff

An nuttin' else that's all I collect

I got the hots like the Lox - Money, Power and Respect

An' I can damn the check that any of y'all niggaz spit

I stay hittin, I ain't bullshittin (he ain't bullshittin)

Nigga, wit more glitta, than M.J.

It's all pimp play, when it comes to me

An' y'all motherfuckers know how J.D. gets down

An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town

Feel me now

Chorus x2

[Mad Rapper]

Yo, let me tell you were I'm at y'all

Shits kinda sad y'all

If you ride the buses or trains

Watch ya back ya'll

Who think he stallin?

I still ain't ballin

An' I got wild bills

An' a crowd that keeps callin

My dogs wanna hang (bark)

My bitches wanna bang

But it don't mean a thang

When all you got is change

That's why my women ain't dimes

Not even close to nines

Sorta like fives and sixes

Wit scars and stiches

Type of bitches that spit in yo' face like Alomar

Broke hoes without a car

snatchin' fruit from salad bars

Which one of ya'll come on, test me now

Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now

So next time you see me up in them clubs

I'm probably scemin'

While you at the bar

Brick hard and fiendin'

I wait for 4 o'clock when yo' drunk ass is leavin'

Cause I paid to get in

An' now I gotta pray teethin'

Chorus x2

[DMX]

Niggas goin' to parties

Thousand dollar shoes and jewels

You Begets what I be wantin' so I be bringin' the tool

Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in

An' nigga D be flippin', yeah, money, it's the same shit

What you thought

Cause you bought

A joint

You might be able to creep a nigga

When he ain't on point

An' I can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than

tryin'

An' every step you take brings yo' ass closer to dyin'

An' I don't flow wit the dough

cause money comes and goes

Gimme the love of my thugs

Hoodrats and hoes, an' I'm good

Cause motherfucker I'm stayin in the hood

An' I'm gon' rip till I'm stiff like wood

You wishin' that you could

Keep it as real as me

An' you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me

When I get ill it be

Some next shit

Darkman, Motherfuckin X shit

Wreck shit

For respect bitch

Chorus x4

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