

Death Crimson

"Get Some"

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(Verse 1 - Gotti)

Ay ma, could we talk about you hoping the flight
No moonwalkin', good to see Gotti, they droppin' the
price
Now look at miss hotty, rockin' the ice
Used to be rockin' the Nike's, now it's Prada for life
I'm in the ATL club and wit crazy hoes
Most of 'em hot, but most of 'em J.D. hoes
Ay ma, I wanna know what's poppin'
I'm tryna give you this cock from Rockland's hot man

(Boo)

Shorty is tryna talk too much
I might say slick shit just to toss you up
By the end of the night, I'm tryna toss you up
So fuck what you tell me
We could get it crackin' wit this bottle of Belve
Cranberry and mix, show me how you movin' them lips
I'ma show you how I move in the six
I gotta sweet top, floor to twist
We could fuck all night, 'til this young nigga bruise
them hips

(Chorus - Usher)

I gotta get some
Shorty I ain't trippin' we could do whatever ya like
I gotta get some
We could see a movie, go to dinner, by the end of the
night
I gotta get some
If I came on too forward sorry that's just how it is
I gotta get some
I don't know about you it's after 12, gotta get it, get it
I gotta get some

(Verse 2 - Jermaine Dupri)

Listen, uh, It ain't me if I don't hit the spot and drop
paper
It's in my nature, the one to fuckin' not date ya
See some niggas got the game in a twist
Lettin' hoes come over eat, drink, and split shit

Not me, first date, first night
I'm knockin' bitches out like if my name was Rocky
Got me, fucked up, if y'all think I'm grown
Drink all day and I take you home

(R.O.C.)

You see I only like the women who be dressed right
In my S tight, I think I just might
Pimp her, before I dig her
Never meant no pretender Jersey representer
Give her, gray geoses, buttons unloosen
Touch, and seducin', ecstasy and ducin'
The Coupe and she'll never see the crib (Uh, uh)
Now ain't it good that my Benz seats foldin', uh

(Chorus - Usher)

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