

Young Ones Band

"Get Down"

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[Chorus: Master P]

Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows,
(Bitch get off me)
Niggas get the fuck back (Move), Hoes get the fuck
back, (Move)
Whoadie you ain't bout that (Move), Better get the fuck
back, (Move)
Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows,
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[Verse 1: Currency]

Roll up with both the doors up on the black Lambo
Red rag round my head like the black Rambo
A banana clip with 50 hollow tips of ammo
Smoke a nigga how a prisoner smoke Camel's
Got blacked out tints, Niggas like who is that?
I give a hatin' nigga 2 shots where his ribs at
Ya better not snitch cause I know where ya live at
I have niggas pissed, Don't know where they kids at
Cause once the beefs on you can't call a war off
I'll let the raw buck, Knock ya fuckin' car doors off
Switch phone numbers just to piss the whores off
Cop a 6 while you bitch about how much the 4's cost
The hot spitter is real, What the deal?
One hand on the wheel, The other holdin' the steel
Play with it if ya will, But this some real shit
My niggas done put out more hits than Will Smith
Yea

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Call me tiger cause I live in the woods
I'm like Tarzan when he run through the hood
A couple of wild coyotes chased me but couldn't catch
me
?? and Lacey pulled me over but couldn't arrest me
Once the radar on I'm like the Preadator
We pop pills like Anvil and Excedra
Call me a blender, I put ya in a mix
Let go my eggo and pass me the purple twist
Throw them bows, We got the club jumpin'
XL like Jordan, He got the beat pumpin'
I'm famous in the ghetto like Amos Cookies
In other words I'm a vet and ya'll rookies

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If he ain't talkin' like I'm talkin', Tell him get the steppin'
I'll +Nicolas Cage+ him, Whodie I'm +Gone In Sixty
Seconds+
We ball 'til we fall, I mean we shop 'til its gone
Why drive a car if it don't match what I got on
If I do something I usually get the block involved
You don't wanna get outta line whodie, That means the
glocks involved
Ya'll cowards, Always run and gets the cops involved
You ain't gotta wonder if its me, You know is me nigga
the top will be off
Look, You ain't did shit 'til you flipped bricks in a
drought
You ain't had a girl 'til you had like a chick from the
south
And nigga respect it even when the clips is out
Let ya borrow the 5 only 'til the 6 come out
They tryin' to get they weight up, I'm tryin' to get my

G's up
Make athlete money without messin' my knee's up
Slim he don't know me like that, Whoadie ya best to
ease up
Knuckle game is off the chain, Soon as I roll my sleeves
up
Holla back

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