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Styles "Get It"

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Ryu and Tak, Demigodz Green Lantern, Scoop DeVille This kid is only seventeen, man He's about to be a problem

So let's get right to it and groove Ain't nothin' but a thing to getcha people to move Gotta lovin' the way we swing when we step on the scene

You know we kill it, goin' all out, we about to get it

Yo, it's in my blood, I was born to spit it
The coroner has kept me warm through the storms of
winter

Ignored the pain and struggle when it's time for dinner We huddle together and grind, rain or shine Survive the weather, forget about changing spinners Throw me a bone, I'm just tryin' to raise my litter It made me bitter, eventually made me sicker So when the heat's on we don't get pre-game jitters, uh-uh

We go to work man, diggin' in dirt, we took 'em to church

We're checkin' in some teenage strippers Livin' life by the seat of my pants and threepeated, we champs

Undefeated we can't lose ever whoever wanted with us Better roll with a camp you trust to cover your ass when your asses can't

Huh, so bottom's up, here's one for the crew Put some liquor in your gut and tell me what you wanna do, sing it

- S, for every sucker left behind
- O, what they were yellin' when I bust a rhyme
- B, best believe when it's time to get it

We grind and jet cause we ain't got time to kick it

- S, for the drunk sexy women
- O, sippin' Jack with some Pepsi in it
- B, best believe when it's time to get it

We grind and jet cause we ain't got time to kick it

So let's get right to it and groove
Ain't nothin' but a thing to getcha people to move

Gotta lovin' the way we swing when we step on the scene

You know we kill it, goin' all out, we about to get it

Wow, look at 'em now, their mouths are closed We done came a long way since 2004 Spilled "Bleach", got the whole entire crowd exposed The fumes leakin' in the street, throwin' down them bones

Whoa, we on the job, the one with the mob
The fake facades to get it just to make new large
I roll a seven to nine just to break the yards
And step in your mind and unfold the great bizarre
Hit the kill switch, yeah, found my hitch
I'm on the pitcher's mound for now, it's me and Will
Smith

Finally overseas, I sneak in the mattress
Ain't nothin' like a sweet club freak with an accent
We out gettin' bent makin' dollar amounts
So if you with me let me see you raise your bottom with
shots, say it

- S, for every sucker left behind
- O, what they were yellin' when I bust a rhyme
- B, best believe when it's time to get it We grind and jet cause we ain't got time to kick it No
- S, for the drunk sexy women
- O, sippin' Jack with some Pepsi in it
- B, best believe when it's time to get it

We grind and jet cause we ain't got time to kick it

So let's get right to it and groove
Ain't nothin' but a thing to getcha people to move
Gotta lovin' the way we swing when we step on the

You know we kill it, goin' all out, we about to get it

Hey Yo Wat This Is Ryu From S.O.B Fort Minor In The Mother Fukin House This Is Get It Off The Fort Minor Mixtape, Demigodz In The House Proffesional

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