

Styles Of Beyond

"Get It"

Visit "[Get It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 threepated, 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
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 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 scene
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

