

**Foxy Brown F/ Kid Capri****"Get it Right"**

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Intro:

The fuck is the deal, nigga  
We gonna bubble hard  
Get this money nigga  
Hustle night to night  
State to state  
Yeah, All my tripple green thugs,  
What, what, what, yeah,  
Yo, yo, yo

[Tah Murdah]

When I'm thinking the doe, uh  
I'm thinking the O's,  
With any and many ways to blow,  
Till I'm sitting on doe.  
Burying poppy seeds, trying to get them to grow  
So if you need, I'm the nigga to know  
And that's for show  
I love money, especially blood money  
That in and out of state,  
Out of state, drug money  
Used to stash halves under the couch  
Till the neighbors start runnin their mouths  
And have the feds running in my house  
The game will never forget, who slipped and losing  
their grow  
Blowing my head and old timers throwing jewels in it  
Seen it all, from heavy weights scared  
To them control the blocks niggas get knocked niggas  
Who couldn't make there  
You coward legal than snake but couldn't take there  
Bubble hard most of my life  
And I'm still wooling the stripes  
To shave the road, blaze the fro  
For them chubby faced, uh  
I aim for more, Sellaphine  
12, 12, bags of capsule,  
I'm goin get this dirty money any and every way I have  
to, have to

Skit:

Games is for everybody  
Everybody in for the game,  
Ya little nigga, uh, stop playing

Chorus: (Black Child)  
Nigga, we get it right,  
Hustle days and night  
Whether it's crack, dope or persia white  
Whatever it takes, all my niggas on the ground for cake  
Bubble the weight, from state to state, ya heard nigga  
{repeat}

[Tah Murdah]  
Yo, Yo,  
One of my elders told me  
I'm living the short life  
Swinging wit yo, I rather  
Die young and then grow old and blue  
Whether it's crack, dope, or coke  
We slinging it, 20 g's a night, we bringing it  
Avoid the law, and from the crack,  
Picture the hole in the half a brick, half a brick  
To a key, now I supply the dee  
And the niggas that I once bought from, buy from me  
All sales, retail, Fish scales, Ivory  
I'm trying to see if I could build a fortress underground  
So when Feds come in lurkin, I'm nowhere to be found  
I'm the type to take a brick, bust it down  
into dimes and nicks, find some strips and flood the  
town  
If I ever hit the ground, I'm just clickin and cockin  
And run up into your spot, and get to poppin instead of  
shoppin  
and not stoppin, until there's profit involved  
So when the profit is lost, fuck splittin it  
I pocket it all, ya heard?

Chorus

[Tah Murdah]  
For all ya'll, niggas just watch me take it  
Murder plots we making, head shots for baking  
And night, hating, but if ya'll niggas ain't running wit  
my team  
And what the fuck I look like, spitting my green  
Drop and top on the high beam, see a lot of niggas  
make moves  
But too hard headed to take the jewels  
I got to, hit you killers, then will come and get you  
nigga  
Black Child murder these bitch-niggas

[Black Child]

Where they at, them niggas want it with us, The  
Murderers

Tah Murdah, you want them touched

I'm gonna touch em, stick em, stuck em, I don't trust  
em

Then Bust em, if they don't duck em then fuck em

[Tah Murdah]

Spit a clip, just to hold the block down,

Then if I, got to put a clock, then clowns

And let off rounds

I do it all for the love of the doe

Until I push em in the 6th knanks to the double o

You heard nigga

Chorus

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