

G. Warren**"Gitcha, Gitcha, Gitcha"**

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[Monch] YeeeeaaaaaaaaahhhhAAAHHHhhhhhh!!
[Mr. C] Got'cha, got'cha, got'cha, got'cha
Uh, yeah
[Monch] Y'all, yes yes y'all
[Mr. C] Yo I said, ya ready?
[Monch] Check it out now, we gon' set it on the world
like this one time (one time)
Check it out yo
In- -dable, -mark-, -mark-
Plex where you at!? Where you at yo?
[Mr. C] Yo run it back
[Monch] Ok one more time.. ready, check it out yo
[PM(MC)] In-(cred)-able, (re)-mark-(able)
(Marksman)-ship, able to (hit) tar-(gets, gets, gets)
Without aimin!
Divide (Multiply) Subtract the wack (fact remainin)
Like off the (actions) ashes (We brandish one)
(Flash at the bat that burnt off ya eyelashes)
Yo, we gitcha movin!

[Chorus - Mr. Complex]
We gitcha violent - we gitcha creepin
We gitcha whylin - we gitcha movin
We gitcha amped up - now gitcha ass up
We gitcha clothes wet - now gitcha hands up
We gitcha violent - we gitcha groovin
We gitcha whylin - we gitcha movin
We gitcha amped up - now gitcha ass up
We gitcha clothes wet - now gitcha hands up

[Pharoahe Monch]
Ohhhh...Them Bells say "Isn't he nice"
The Black Star like Talib Kweli plus Sicily Tice
Pharoahe Monch threepeat, repeat the rhyme
Defeat competitors then delete the grime
My spine allows me to suck my own cock
Fuckin with these Queens niggas ya get stuck
The strategy off the beat -- is the removal of ya brains
so when I slice ya toes ya never felt the agony of
defeat/the feet
Casually I depleat, blood cells coagulated,

from maggot emcees who congregated
Slash macks that hafta blast, crush fast and crash
competition
Math plus what plus what's the oppositions ass (C'mon
think fast now)
Who want it? Pharoahe Monch, Mr. Complex you'll think
you fronted

[Chorus]

[Mr. Complex]

When I'm in a hot seat, I meet or greet or treat or eat
the beat
I bring heat to the beat, I talk sweet to the beat
You sweet bitch you belong on the beach
I reach each and every motherfucker that I pucker to
kiss a mic
No matter who it be, want nothin to do with me
Even if ya court me or ya dislike, I don't battle a
fistfight
Check my knuckles, see this one here?
This is the one that'll fuck you up real good
Feel it, feels like wood
If I wanna plant it, I stand slanted to get good leverage
And you'll be goin down like a cool beverage
Like a Bahama Mama when the drama's microscopic
Like in a tall glass with little umbrellas from the tropics
Now what's tropical is typical, the reciprocal of flippin
you
Is ah, you've been, flipped, now just watch you lip
but your nose is in the way
Throw ya foes away, there's, no shows today
Is been closed for renovations, your flows have no
innovation
I could flip it in front of a crowd of cripples,
and still get a standing ovation

[Chorus]

Gitcha hands up.. gitcha hands up
Gitcha hands up.. gitcha hands up

{music to fade}

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