

G-Dep F/ Black Rob, P-Diddy

"Dep F/ Black Rob, P-Diddy - Let's Get It"

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[Black Rob]

Mumbling

[G-Dep]

Really, Get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggas from the, what you gonna do
When you ready, shit I was born ready,
And I was all ready on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya, attack like a
vulture
If I said I get cha, wear it if it fit ya, y'all thirteen inches
I see the big picture, if it's to get richer, I'd probably get
wit ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (*phone
sounds*)
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her
own titty
Put it in the video
Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go
Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it
Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit
Till my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

(Chorus)

[G-Dep & Black Rob (Puffy)]

Make this money

Take this money (Let's get it)

Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)

Ain't shit funny (uh)

Shake it honey (Let's get it)

Take it money

Now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]

Creep with your people, though my shit is sweet and
low it's no equal
Front butch look, once I throw the hook you proceed to
get cook

With the game and the soldiers sit,
When I came, the game that I owed you one
Wide big Lincoln, why he died on the side for the
stinking
Watch the task force task for look Marlboro
It's a big chance, big pants,
Might guard him with my man's a type barber
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue
You ain't my crew, then who are you
For we take off make sure that your seated
Billboard read it believe it

(Chorus)

[G-Dep]

Soul Controller, rap Itola, kids hate me when they older
I put cracks by the stroller, registered voter,
motherfucker quota
Give some baking soda and a quota
Man I flow straight up out the water,
I'm break this game till it say out of order
Who's the high scorer, then tear the floor up
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe, head
on the tour bus
Do what them niggas them niggas in the drop thinks
cooler
All the five quarters, headline supporters,
Hitting wives and daughters
Brought a neck spray from Esate Lauders
Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]

Ayo, call me Diddy I run this city,
Send the cops, the feds and D.A to come get me
Cats wanna leave me for dead you coming with me
Get head in the Bentley red at one fifty
Straight lose it, love two things my money my music
Might co-write and produce it
Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive, got y'all hulking like Bruce
did
Deuce it, break backs and stacks it's no problem
Make raps and tracks and go Harlem
Get worldwide coverage, got so many spots I don't
even buy luggage
Ya love it
Make moves major, hide out in Asia,
If your girl keep coming around them I'm a blaze her
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators
NOT GUILTY
Plus I'm filthy
C'mon

(Chorus)

[Black Rob (Puffy)]

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano
Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle
Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to
dismantle
Can't slay Rob, how many niggas done tried to play
mob,
Quit they day job
Tired of putting broke niggas under the wing
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing
Act like you gonna pull that thing thing
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling
I represent eight blocks and Sing-Sing
Almost caught a buck fifty for fucking with Latch in
Killer Queens
Moves for paper, moves no chaser
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it
(He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it)

(Chorus) (x3)

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