

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

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

[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)

Visit [G-Dep F/ Black Rob, P-Diddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.