

Famlay

"Git Busy"

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[Pharrell] OWW!! Getting!!

[Chorus: Fam-Lay]

When the car roll up and windows roll down
And you see the sawed off, nigga better hit the ground
We getting busy!! You better haul ass dawg!
You better haul ass! You better haul ass dawg!
You better haul ass! (OWW!! getting!!.. OWW!!)

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

I'm blasting, nigga laying in the street cause
Talked shit, so I hit 'em wit the heat
Runts moving, keys like oz's
Like a cliental, errbody know me
Running! running from the 5-0
Drug life, and it's all about survival
Hustla, known worldwide dawg
I'm in the game and I'm bout to drive by y'all
Gambler, 4 - 5 - 6ing it
10 grand in the bank and I'm sticking it
Bitches, got 'em by the dozens
From their mammy, to their sisters to their couzins
Star Trak, is the crew that I run with
Nigga don't get murdered over dumb shit
Fuck you! it's how I'm caring if
Nigga try to start beef and we burn it

[Chorus]

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Hey look I'm sick of niggaz saying what they gon do
when they see me
Soon as they see they don't do shit
The nigga Fam-Lay too slick
I got a handful of guns and a few clips stupid
You keep sending death threats, uh! and I ain't seen
death yet
Nigga I can't help that I ain't been murdered in my life,
look
Look I been stopped giving a fuck about living
Ever since I got beat up by them faggot ass cops

But now I just stand on my block and drink liquor
Wit my niggaz and my bitches and we keep them gats
cocked
Uh! won't hesitate to blast you niggaz
Spray your corner, bodies falls in the Ac my nigga
Uh! I'm pulling out the dagger nigga
Cause when I finish wit these shells I'm a stab a nigga

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Pharrell Williams (Fam-Lay)]
Let me tell ya boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Fam-Lay!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Norfolk!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Huntersville!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin but let me tell ya
Boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (with the Clipse!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Coldchain!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin (Star Trak!)
I'm boss ballin, I'm boss ballin

[Verse: Fam-Lay]
Nigga fuck all that punchline shit, that young rhyme
shit
That shit that might blow only one time shit
Cause when I rhyme bitch, my rhymes fit
The mind of a gangsta is all time, bitch!
Kill who you riding wit
I got some niggaz from Virginia riding wit me
And them niggaz trying to buy this shit
So fuck who you party wit!
Cause we get high as the Karate Kid, now let's go!
Pop junk, I pop trunks; Got a 10 shot glock pump
That'll stop trucks, ya cocksucker!
Shoot a lead trying to get a rep
I shoot the lead at his head now his man tryin to get
'em help
Fam don't play wit chirin [children]
Act stupid, act dumb, act foolish, act deaf like you ain't
hear em
Bring it to the forefront, I got a lotta niggaz that tote
guns
Now let's do it!

[Chorus: w/ bridge in background]

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