

Gilder Nick

"Get it Right"

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[Impossible]

Get it right tonight we all host the show
Just broke the door, we bust and blow fo'
Hold the dough, we own some mo', let's stack green
And smash fiends, attack teams, fuck up the rap scene
Let's get the max salary now, those who wished to hold
me down
Them cats all backing me now
Jealousy smiles, I know about that
When I'm on top, I got it lock then on my cock, you
wanna bounce back
I never found that very pleasant
So if you step in my face, y'all don't know with who you
messaging
I take yo flesh and blood kiss the Lugz on my feet
Watch yo back 'cause I got love in the streets
Busting slugs on the beat, dropping the rap dialogue
For all the wild dogs, fuck it, you know my style y'all
Struggling we did it enough, now we hitting the cut
My CD you picking and what!
Off the shelves, we gotta start to sell some shit that's
harder than hell
'Cause the real rap market fell
It ain't hard to tell, them rappers think they stars 'cause
they park a L.E.X.U.S.
Cash they stash while they talk on cells
So I drop shit for all my dogs to bark and yell
While D.R. once again he sparks the El
Scars you well, 24 bars, you get marked, oh well!

[Chorus 2x]

Shit's gonna be jumping until we gone
Put the beat on so we can tell you what we on
Beyond, niggaz who ain't got shit to say
It was hard yesterday
But now we getting paid

[J. Brass]

I get so pissed, my style'll explode bladders
flows shatters matter, killing enemies off, making my
foes scatter faster

moving like runaway slave without a master, spit hot
shit, driving a rocket
Putting fiber to optics, guys in my clique get fly like
pilots in cockpits
battle the fakes, gather the papes, go say your prayers
like Latter Day Saints
rappers'll faint when having to...
Damaging tapes and your ADAT
I hate raps from fake cats that only stay fat in the waist,
what!
I show what a true artist is J-Brass!
You know who started this I stay ill like Groove Garden
is
pardon this... from my esophagus I drop a ... with no
hostages
Shit's sick like Parkinson

[Dramatik]

Who shot ya, no kidding, the dough got the globe
spinning
Obstacle spilling, I watch the saga for a living
Knocking off civilians, since I had a flock and started
chilling n
Now we all appealing masses like sex and beamers
Or like sensemilia. I just score and fit in
Not just for dissmisin' knockin'pause i've had spots
before your buildin'
Play safe yo, i'm shakin' labels knockin ya head like
Cain and Abel
But this ain't no fabel rockin ya bed
This game's fatal
I want paps on my table, cakes and the cable i'm raisin
the cradle
From the crave who got beef
Got roasted for approachin' me in Oka they smoke for
peace
But i'm not an open chief
Cause now a daze I got visions like a real estate broker
Can't stay sober till my sad daze are over
Rap pays ya know the motto of this millenium
We be spillin' beer, killin ya peers willin' to interfere

[Manchilde]

Memories of the ice storm, of five heads
Puffing on a blunt still keeping our mics warm
In Ziplocks bassment was the only place with lights
... Dramatik he freestyle half the night on the mic
Impossible hum the baseline melody
Jennifer and me, chilling discussing industry strategy
How to build it right, keep the crew tight
Maneuver with foresight and insight

In other words just how to get it right
Can't place the name? What a pity!
Then check a biblical dictionary under "ancient holy city"
Look for iron, lion, Zion, then add an M.U.
If you still can't find the line then go buy the debut
Hey you! This Manchilde style is brand new
Muzion and B-square must be the Fam-Crew
And it's true, yo we stuck like crazy glue
So go tell yo mama and yo papa and yo grand too

[Chorus 2x]

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