

Game, The "Get'em"

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Chorus (Flocka) Word to my haters, I don't forget shit, better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip Get em (x16) I hear you niggas talkiin, boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a nigga dick Get em (x16)

Verse 1 (The Game) What I'm gone do when I see that boy, grab a bottle and BUST EM' Turn the fuckin music down then yell FUCK EM'

Nigga actin like he don't wanna fall RUSH EM' Club is playin Lollipop but we don't fuck wit SUCKAS Take the Patron and mix it wit Juice

I'm all in my zone and feelin real loose

The bigga the belt be the bigger the goose

I snatch up a broad and hop in the coupe

In Compton where I'm found at

That's where I stunt and clown at

That's where I where I wear my crown at

Tie my red rag around that

I'm ridin in Ferraris

I'm draped up in Bylgari

I used to run around the A with Puff and that nigga

used to stunt to scar me

Now you can just black card me

Down Crenshaw Boulevard me

Think a nigga went soft cuz I stopped movin raw

Somebody better get a fuckin

Chorus (Flocka)

Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,

better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip

Get em (x16)

I hear you niggas talkiin,

boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a

nigga dick

Get em (x16)

Verse 2 (Game)

That's my Patron that's my bitch

T.I. be on some fly shit

Now I can feel my projects inside my fuckin closet

Daffy Duck and uncle Screw

That's what we stuffin in them boots

Put them bitches on the track, sell them hoes to

Interscope

Sell them hoes to Def Jam, I'm known for movin work

Ask around I've been sellin birds since Gucci said BURR

I'm a cold motha FLOCKA

Red Diamonds in my WATCHA

That nigga got a hot one

Take a trip to the A and cop one

That Lambo came with shotguns

You prolly never shot one

That Bent came in Alisha

You prolly never chopped none

Them bullets I done caught some

Them bottles I done popped some

So order that CIROCA

Can't wait till twelve OCLOCKA

Chorus (Flocka)

Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,

better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip

Get em (x16)

I hear you niggas talkiin,

boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a

nigga dick

Get em (x16)

Verse 3 (Flocka)

If you aint tryna leave the club leakin on crutches

Than when you see a real nigga don't say nothin

Bust Em (x9)

This for all the niggas in the trap playin round the oven

If you can't get em off let a real nigga touch em

Bust Em (x25)

Chorus (Flocka)

Word to my haters, I don't forget shit,

better stay on point homie don't fuckin slip

Get em (x16)

I hear you niggas talkiin,

boy stop talkin shit, undercover man you know you on a

nigga dick

Get em (x16)

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