

## **Icewater f/ DJ Paul, Raekwon**

### **"Let's Get It"**

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[DJ Paul]

Yeah, it goes 1, and here comes the 2 to the Three  
6 Mafia, with the R-A-E  
From N.Y.C. to the Memphis Tenne-ky  
We ro-tote that ammo, berettas and good green  
On the club dance floor, we make them bottles start to  
popping  
In the club parking lot, we got those glocks, body  
rocking  
With four limos going on, there still ain't no stopping  
Hypnotize and Icewater got the speakers straight  
rocking  
With a thug on the piano, all of them glizz a bananas  
Double O tre', like a letter, as with gray tape on  
bandanas  
I hit the power like if I was Tony Montana  
And make a nigga break his head like M.C. Hammer

[Polite]

Aiyo, it's time to take over, we the new age mobstas  
Love them automatics but I stay with them revolvers  
Post on the block, keep the goons in the hallway  
I don't touch nothing, yo I handle mine the boss way  
So keep fronting, I'mma show you what the four say  
Bulldog bark like them dogs up in raw way  
So act up and keep thinking you hard  
All you did was get one step closer to God  
And I want ya'll niggas to push me, I'mma crack his  
forehead  
And watch him spread open like a pussy  
Whoever got a problem with that, nigga speak out  
Use the back of the fifth, tear a nigga teeth out  
Ice dot, who you know better than that?  
Gunshot put his bladder all over his lap

[Chorus 2X: Polite]

I don't like you, and you don't like me  
So when we bump heads, tell me what it's gon' be  
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, let's get it  
Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, let's get it

[P.C.] (D.C.)

Aiyo Cash let me get 'em (nah, Caskets let me get 'em)  
Fuck it you can have 'em, I smash whose evers wit 'em  
My four four mag, toe tag, whoever's riffin'  
And my logo, Cash (what, Caskets, is you kidding?)  
Chill, don't laugh, cuz Cash, yo, I be tripping  
Cuz I know they bags, and caskets'll that'll fit 'em  
(Caskets, I'mma split 'em, I'm accurate when I spit 'em  
That mack clips, send bastards backwards when I hit  
'em  
Them shots come, back to back when I be spitting)  
It's a fact, you'll be reppin' plastic from the Smith &  
(I make his faggot ass do backflips from a distance  
If he ever cross Cash and Caskets) You'll be missing

[Raekwon]

Bust flames at faggots, jump out the window with the  
ratchets  
Camouflage vest on, big hatchet  
Move through the city like Gotti boys, going to court  
Three G suits, new blue shotty toys  
Can't take nothing from us, you'll die from the get-go  
Might find your head spreaded in the Pinto  
Me go hard from paper, bread, yen, Euro  
Make one call, my criminal bureau  
Is straight now, everything, I said it, I sent it, whatever  
Big daddy get yours, we been in it  
Wu-Tang's foulest, Icewater's wildest  
Three 6 Mafi', big papi with the Cialis

[Chorus 2X]

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