Igor Stravinski
"Get Fucked Up"

Committee 2000 baby
Iconz, street money, yall ready?
C'mon...

(Chorus)

If you smoke weed now
In this bitch hit you all wit a clown
Got a drink that you cant put down?
When a fight, will the shit go down?
Get fucked up, (get fucked up)
Get fucked up, (get fucked up)
Get fucked up, (get fucked up)
Get fucked up, (get fucked up)

Nigga who? Look at all the shit we do
Comittee bless nigga with tracks I'm finessin the raps
You got a hundred dolla better, best invest in chaps
Some labels spend a fuckin mill, CD's still on the rack
I got a, clique that nigga strapped ready for war
We prefer to ball and get bomb head from whores
You know it's, on nigga when my clique pour liquor
Niggaz shinin too, but our ice look bigga
Out the truck, 'dallion hangin, bangin my nuts
Perfect cuts'll blind your sight, shit I'm just too much
Niggas heads will feel the rush when they turn me up
Bitches pussy will bust a nut when my clique come up
Iconz, playa we supposed to shine
Nigga fuck X and Coke, we gon' blow your mind
We got some shit for that ass if you step out of line
Then when Comittee take control, y'all gon' fall behind

(Chorus)

Yo get fucked up, stay fucked up
Roll to the club in a Navigator truck
Fly out the bar like I don't give a what...
who you know out there stay Fendied up
Plus these classy chicks they sick of shit
you need more than a Benz Coupe to taste this chick
Y'all ballers in the club gon try to hit

But y'all ain't even hear what shit (bitch what you say?)
Yo know my girls is gon' clown, get towed down
Y'all better know we ain't fuckin around
Iconz super star like what...
Everybody better get fucked up

(Chorus)

Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)

How the fuck you wanna be like us? You ain't fly
Like TLC, shoot out your "Left Eye"
We from the streets, got boys you cant buy
You ever gon find, my niggas die high
Sip on this fifth see here like Jimmy Keith
Yall pussy ass niggas cant ride with us
Bust guns with us
Get money with us
Still going around saying you bad as us
Playa we been on tracks, we been had stacks
Y'all half faggots gettin head from the back
How we bring the heat, but y'all think y'all hot
While we live on top, and your crew does not
Meanwhile your bitch sweatin what we got
You heard she gave us head outside in the drop
Then went home and tongue kiss you
Your only reply was: "Baby, I miss you"
See that's the difference between yalls and ours
Yall baby stretch ours from here to Mars (uh)
From here to Mars (yall feel free to love that there)

(Chrous:)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)
Get fucked up (get fucked up)

Iconz, committee baby, get funked up
Get tow up (get fucked up)
Let's go (get fucked up)
Fo sho (get fucked up)
Uhu (get fucked up)
C'mon (get fucked up)
Iconz (get fucked up)
Street money what (get fucked up)
The Committee baby (get fucked up)
That's right c'mon
Get fucked up (get fucked up) That's right

Get fucked up (get fucked up) The committee nigga
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Iconz nigga
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Street money nigga
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Where ya at huh?
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Where ya at huh?
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Where my dawgs huh?
Get fucked up (get fucked up) Where my bitches huh?
Yo, c'mon
Street money
Iconz
The committee
Runnin shit (get fucked up)
2000 (get fucked up, get fucked up)
Uhh, uhh (get fucked up)
Where ya at? (get fucked up)
Nigga's where ya at? (get fucked up)
Bitches where ya at? (get fucked up)
Somebody get fucked up what??
Iconz what? what?
Street money what? what?
Uhh, uhh
The committee what?
Where ya at?
Get fucked up
Just get fucked up
Niggas get fucked up
How many bitches in the club tonight
Gonna get fucked up in this club tonight?
How many bitches....

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