

Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins "Get Atcha"

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I couldn't wait to get atcha
It's been a while since you had a real nigga and a
rapper
With some game to spit atcha
Snatch ya, get your mind ready for a new chapter
Ride because we has ta, death before we captured
Caught your ass up like the rapture
Did I get em? I split em
Made a new tape, let the rhythm hit em
I just invent em, inject you with the raw venom
Every turf and block, I'm knockin out your car system

If you were them, you'd best prepare for combat
Gon' be a long one, best to bring the bomb sack
These so-called players ain't real no mo'
Snitch-hatin hustle and still we kill for dough
Real for sho', I'm knowin that they phoney and faulty
Just lice on my balls, I cut em up off me
Now these jealous muthafuckas want me, ain't that a
bitch
Like I'm a punk and you could play me out, you fuckin
trick
Must be suckin on a glass dick
I'm smokin weed, drinkin O.E. like '86, raise the dick
Can you see me bout some major shit or is you minus?
Small timers with a bitch-made click of co-signers
Not a rider withcha, think you're safe, but I can getcha
And do things to ya Lynch Hung can't even picture
You'se a bitch nigga, and I be livin in new knowledge
Cross me up again, I take your baby girl for hostage

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And I be down for mine, wrote out my gameplan line
for line

On how to get the money, same time blow your mind

Incorporated real soldiers from the O this time

Sellin all q.p.'s, whole o's and dimes

CDs, LPs, now it's g's for us

Flip the table, bubble up, cash and weed to puff

Bet I couldn't serve ya, so I laughed, called your bluff

Give me 12 months, bet you can't ball with us

Ghettonomics is a major plus, enforced with muscle

Mind on the mega-money, heart on the hustle

Dirty women mixed with jealous friends, nothin but

trouble

Got focus, keep your self-respect, and know who love
you

You don't have to be a star, baby, no need to front

Just gotta know where you're tryina go, and what you
want

We dissect and reconstruct the package like a surgeon

Bouncin twice, raise the price, ready to serve ya

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For certain, I knew when I made it that it'd be curtains

For muthafuckas fakin the loyalty and desertin

Put it down, flashin on foes, when I'm pervin

Not silent, I'm hard to swallow like lead and Bourbon

Nigga feel me like a crack serum, no pretendin

Link soldiers, uncompromisin, unbendin

Do or die till the very endin

Why do they fake it

Claim to be any muthafucka just to make it

It's my dream, I'ma take it, seize it, no hesitation

No reservation, finally ready to face the nation

Attackin like a pit was raised, now can you fade me?

Writin bomb-ass shit off of hash the sight gave me

Is it greed got me chasin g's or just in me?

To feed me and my only seed, so we proceed

All my enemies bleed as I puff up the weed

Forever hustle till we all succeed

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