

Tonya Mitchell

"Gettin' It"

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That's right, album number ten, Short Dawg's in the house
It's gettin close to the end y'all
But we gonna kick it like this on the last album
Verse One: Too \$hort
Now let me holler at ya partner, spit this game
in you ear for a minute, quit complaining
Bout how you can't spend it cause you ain't got it
You got what it takes but not enough to get started
I hope you get the message, no it's not a test it's
Just me ridin legit, they can't arrest me or bust me
I'm still hungry, I want some more stuff
Get fat and watch my whole crew blow up
So get yours, and buy my new album
Peep the game and don't be like Calvin
Get everything you want, get real, get you mail
Get your girl to make bail and get your ass out of jail
You should be gettin it, everything you want
Everything you dreamed of, never have to front
you shoulf be gettin it, gettin money
I'm talking bout you black, don't laugh it aint funny
You should get a good lawyer, like Johnny Cochran
Swear to tell the truth, hell no I didn't pop him
Get your kids in school, so they can get an education
Get a degree, and take a vacation
You see I got all my game from the streets of California
Young millionaire with no high school diploma
Livin real good, taking care of my folks
roll up a fat one for the players to smoke
Short Dawg in the house, I know you aint trippin
Cause Life is Too \$hort you gotta Get In Where You Fit
In
Stop looking for what you never seem to find
It ain't what you think you got to read between the lines
Cause life ain't long, for a young black man
Tryin to make money doing all he can
Sellin dope don't ya hope he would go to classB
But the boy makes money and he makes it fast
with

