

Mr. 3-2 f/ Mike D, Beezo

"Get Mine"

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(*talking*)

Yeah uh-huh, yeah pay up

[Hook]

Can I get me, can I get mine

You predictive motherfucker, and you running out of time

Got me in a bind, time to pay what you owe

I'ma have to come get ya, and kick in your do'

[Mr. 3-2]

Niggaz know what it is, we don't need no tally

Pay your debts do your math, homeboy come holla at me

Trying to shake me duck me, we grown ass men

When you was on your ass, you had your hand out for ends

First a hundred and a thee, and multiplied to mo'

Now you deep in the hole, and owing me cash flow

Resco' twerk some'ing, but sitting on your ass

Quit giving me excuses, about my cash

I laugh, even though the shit ain't funny

How the hell you think you gon, with pay my money

Take from me, without even having a pistol

I'm sorry, this time somebody gon miss you

[Hook - 2x]

[Beezo]

Hey it's Mr. Payback lil' homie, I need my pay back

I know you made a mistake, you starting to apologize

Ain't got time for the whine and cries, I need mine's

Your first mistake, when you started using your mind

You losing your mind, what the fuck you playing with mine

I need me off the G-O-P, before your teeth

'Fore your kids, and that bitch in the sheets

That slick leak shit you playing, get you off'd in the streets

I know you'd rather go back in time, and change your mind and give me what's mine

But you can't press the rewind, and save the tape
playing that thang spraying
Hope you made peace with the man, or you just
praying
I hope you could of, ducking them thangs
Like you duck the fo' Range, when my name came up
Now you yelling my name, full of pain cause you all
banged up
Don't blame me blame the game, cause you couldn't
man up
I stick to the rules that's scripted, you chose to flip it

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

Boys got the game wrong, swagger got your stang
twisted
I ain't trying to hear that bullshit, bout my issue
In 2005, I ain't fronting no do'
Boys got too many habits, out here living off hope
All in your boy ear, pleading them all sob stories
Bitch you don't pay me mine, I'ma be your worst worry
Got too many mouths to feed, plus too many close to
please
And your problems ain't my problems, so nigga please
Wish I would let a bitch, walk around here in debt
If it gotta come up out your ass, I swear I'ma collect
I might play it off, and let you think you got away with it
But when I catch you, I'ma bury your ass with it
My gorilla suits they on, ready to act a fucking nut
Finger on the trigger nigga, I don't give a fuck
This street code I live by, and die by folk
I'm gon grip my hands, round your mo'fucking throat
and say

[Hook - 2x]

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