Naughty By Nature F/ Krayzie Bone Mag "Let's Get It"

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* originally appeared on P. Diddy's "The Saga Continues..."

[Black Rob - almost mumbling]
They said that I'm a Rottweiler
And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New
York

[G-Dep]

Really, get smacked silly, you get smacked silly
Fucking with these niggaz from the, what you gon' do
When you ready? Shit I was born ready
And I was already on fish and spaghetti
Creep with the culture, rap I can coach ya
Attack like a vulture, see what I told ya?
Said I'd get'cha, wear it if it fit ya
Y'all thirteen inches, I see the big picture
If it's to get richer, I'd probably get wit ya
If not burn it, get hot like a furnace
Shoot the video, motherfuck city permits
We own the city, on the phone with Diddy (*phone sounds*)
Red bone pretty, when she get aroused

Red bone pretty, when she get aroused like to suck her own titty; put it in the video Ya wanna holla got to follow nigga here we go Get you ticket, the train, don't miss it Won't reach out, and ya bet I won't visit 'til my whole wardrobe is-it, now listen

(Chorus)

Make this money, take this money (Let's get it)
Ain't no way you can take this from me (Let's get it)
Ain't shit funny (uh) shake it honey (Let's get it)
Take it money.. now let's get it (Let's get it)

[G-Dep]

Creep with your people
Though my shit is Sweet and Low it's no Equal
Front but you lookin
Once I throw the hook in proceed to get cookin
with the game when I sewed it

Since you came thought I owed you one Wide big Lincoln, why's this guy on the side for the stinking?

Watch task force dash forward lookin marveled It's a big chance, big pants, might guard him with my man's type proper
Better learn quick, cause my clique don't argue You ain't my crew, who are you? Beat it 'fore we take off make sure you all seated In Billboard read it, believe it

(Chorus)

[G-Dep]

Soul Controller, rap Ayatollah Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the stroller I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota Give some bakin soda and a quarter Bet I flow straight up out the water I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "out of order" Put the high score up Then tear the floor up On the world tour with your whore out in Europe Head on the tour bus Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler Called up five reporters to thank my supporters Hittin wives and daughters Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Lauders Call Puffy to order

[P-Diddy]

Aiyyo, call me Diddy - I run this city Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty Straight lose it, love two things my family my music Might co-write and produce it Drop mine, hot 9 exclusive Got y'all Hawkin like Yusef Cause I can, break backs and stacks it's no problem Make raps and tracks and go Harlem I get worldwide coverage Got so many spots I don't even buy luggage, ya love it Make moves major, hide out in Asia If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators NOT GUILTY, and I'm filthy, c'mon

(Chorus)

[Black Rob (Puffy)] I be the Eastside Soprano, Rob Marciano Flow in e'ry channel with the Iverson handle Forty-five sparks turn your day gray flannel Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to dismantle Can't slay Rob How many niggaz done tried to play Rob, quit they day Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing If I go to jail again I'm goin under the bing Act like you gon' pull that thing thing You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling I represent "A" block in Sing Sing Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's queen Moves for paper, booze no chaser Bullets out the blazer four-fifth with the laser Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers said I did it (He ain't do it) Now let's get it (Let's get it) (Chorus) (x3)

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