

Naz & Dev**"Get Down With Da Get Down"**

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[VERSE 1]

I hate it when the bitches try to juice me
But the pussy make me do the watusi
Sex related, x rated on the nightly
I got enough helmet to buff, but don't you bite me
What you see is what you gettin, cause I'm hittin wombs
And fumes linger throughout the room like the tombs
I lock down the putang I do thangs with true thangs
Jeweler 'ain't nothin to fuck' with like the Wu-Tang
So recognize right now that it's a Bronx style
Play this and every juvenile is runnin wild
Pandemonium spreads up and down your block
Fuck crime watch, cause I climbed another notch
Hop scotch on the rocks instead of gin and juice
If it's black berry brandy, I'm finna get loose
Out in the west they don't love them hoes
But on the East Coast we knock a bed post and make
the pussy go

Tra-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
Tryin to get (3x)

Tryin to get down with the get down

[VERSE 2]

This is brought to you directly from the ill school
Slum-ass rappes be frontin real jewels
10 carat, like a parrot talkin shit back
Fuck Polly, who cares if she want a cracker
Is it becasue I'm tappin jaws and puttin on the rigs
And shit hits you in your face like zigs or hot grits
Saggy like old tits, you're out of it
I'm teachin rappers how to quit, cause they conterfeit
I like to pull your card, cause you're fakin jacks
I'm makin stacks and in one smack I'm breakin backs
That's why I'm slammin like a cell door
Shammin, what the hell for?
If I couldn't rhyme, then I would sell raw
Like a dread, but without the locks
When I'm about to rock Jack know I'm knockin clowns
out the box

I don't replace, I remove from the premises
You could forget it, although wifey sure remember this

Tra-na-na-na-na-na-na-na (3x)

Tryin to get down with the get down

You can't get down with the get down

[VERSE 3]

Now I love it when the bitches try to juice me
I got the pussy, and it still cannot seduce me
That's what happens when I'm slappin up between your
legs
On the sunny side up, baby, I fry them eggs
Go tell your man he's cut off, you got a new pole
And if you're married, my lawyers can find a loophole
No doubt, the Boogie Down is on the map again
See, this is hip hop, don't ever call it rap again
Cause I'm a cold killer cold killin
Great taste and less fillin like Bud Light, I'm Cold
Chillin'
On the 8th I be jewel in with my man Blacky
I'm not the same King Sun who used to go with Jackie
Now I'm dolo, sexually solo
Bonin is the record, the foreplay's a promo
I take a fat track and bring back a hit sound
Come Uptown, I put you down with the get down

Tra-na-na-na-na-na-na-na (3x)

Tryin to get down with the get down

You wanna get down with the gets down

(1-2-3-ah)

Strictly ghetto, always down with the get down

D.I.T.C.

My man Sha, no doubt
>From the 8th to Gun Hill, no doubt
>From BNS to 84, no doubt
No question

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