

Nivea F/ Lil' Wayne

" I Had to Get'm"

Visit "[I Had to Get'm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Juicy J]

Frayser man tell these niggaz how it was in the Bay

[Verse One]

Comin up I was told to take what a nigga need

Niggaz say lets rob a nigga blind, and dammit i'd agree

Learned from the best Green Bry way back in the day

In the Bay saw a nigga get jacked for his jacket

It all started when my cousin put a gun up in my hand

Already had some sticky fingers, time to rob a man

Doin dirt since a young cat, you name it probably done that

You let me in your house a day later a nigga come back

Get the mask, get the Glock, haulin' ass to your block

Stuntin a little to much my nigga got me mobbin to your spot

Wrong place at the wrong time, incidently cost

Got on Jordans size 12,Â nigga I'm like take em' off

Kick a door off the hinge, house call, comin' in

Got a cocksucka' dope and his dividends

Ain't no friends in this fucking game that we call life

Wear your Cartier to the Club better think twice

[Chorus]

So I'm fresh up out the pen once again

With mask and Glock

Give me dividends or my friend

Yo ass get popped

Fresh up out the pen once again

With mask and Glock

Give me dividends or my friend

Yo ass get popped

I gotta touch'em

I gotta touch'em

I say I had to (Get'm)

I gotta touch'm

I gotta touch'm

I say I had to (Get'm)

I gotta touch'm

I gotta touch'm

I say I had to (Get'm)
I gotta touch'm
I gotta touch'm
I say I had to Get'm Get'm Get'm Get'm

[Verse Two]

I see my victims, I gotta get him, I gotta stick him
How could I miss a chili which what made me pick him
Roley on his wrist, shoes on his whip, got me scoopin'
Gotta catch his ass all alone is what I'm hoping
Got that fuckin Glock, got it fuckin cocked, thats fo sho
In about a minute he gon' find me kickin in his door
Trail his ass home, in my hand the chrome, about to
stain
If he give me static, automatic take him out the game
Pull up at his home and he all alone, Jackpot
Saw him grab his pistol out his muthafuckin stash spot
Crept up behind to commit the Crime, drop the gat
Fore' I blow your ass off, put one threw your Gucci hat
Picked up the tone, now its fuckin on, robbed him blind
Didnt know that night, he'd be the victim of a fuckin
crime
Took all his cash, stashed on his ass, Nah nah
Now that a nigga can fit, my description, he can't stay
alive

[Chorus]

So I'm fresh up out the pen once again
With mask and Glock
Give me dividends or my friend
Yo ass get popped
Fresh up out the pen once again
With mask and Glock
Give me dividends or my friend
Yo ass get popped
I gotta touch'em
I gotta touch'em
I say I had to (Get'm)
I gotta touch'm
I gotta touch'm
I say I had to (Get'm)
I gotta touch'm
I gotta touch'm
I say I had to (Get'm)
I gotta touch'm
I gotta touch'm
I say I had to (Get'm)
I gotta touch'm
I gotta touch'm
I say I had to Get'm Get'm Get'm Get'm

