

Get It In

2 Chainz

Yo yo... yo yo yo yoooooooo... 2 Chaaaaaaaaaiiiiiinnzzzz

We gon' get it in, we gon' get it in
Started wit' a model, then I fucked her friend
Then I bought a condo, then I bought a Benz
Ballin' outta control we gon' get it in

Nigga [?] bedroom try to play us on the cellphone
Ask me what's my alibi this big thick yellow redbone
Strawberry banana, we dance in our pajamas
And pose for the camera, making music no piano
Got keys on the counter, please don't get me started
Every beat I get on it end up dearly departed
Mack 11 shawty, Kawasaki balling
Tried to pop a wheelie and the Kawasaki falling
Money in my backpack, I'm too past that to go ask that
Fuck how much it cost, I got to go have that
Duck ass nigga, yeah... Aflac
And we getting paper baby can I get a hand-clap
Clap-clap-clap-clap-clap now I been booming out my traphouse
Nigga try to go and we gon' have to pull them thangs out
'Cuz I got them chains out, them charms and them rings out
And if you been hustling, then we took the same route

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First I bought a Beamer, then I bought some rims
Then I fucked a model, then I fucked her twin
See I don't give a fuck, we don't fuck wit' them
I'm yelling fuck the other side, we gon' get it in!
Talking on my iPhone wit' that shuffle on my iPod
Alligator belts when I flow no Izod
Walking wit' my chopper, I might need a tripod
Make ya dog look backwards nigga... my God
And know that I hustle all day
And hang on the west like Kanye
And I got techs like Georg-a, in my yellow jacket
Bitch don't act right I get her a yellow taxi
Niggas know what happen when you fucking wit' the captain
Niggas know I'm sushi, I'm raw, what's happening
Smoking on that cannabis, drinking on that lavender
And I'm getting to it every day that's on the calendar