

Get Down

38 Spesh

Yeah, niggas
I go by the name of Noodles
A.k.a. Ooch-Banga, 'cause that's what I do
Uh
Bang bang bang
Nah'm sayin'? (Right)
Shouts to my niggas upstate
Nah'm sayin'?
The whole Team Invasion
Uh, yeah
Rochester, New York stand up
Buffalo, what's good?
Let's go, still ain't goin' nowhere without my motherfuckin' strap, nigga
It's my nigga, 38 Special
Nah'm sayin'? It's on whenever you see me, nigga
Yeah, niggas
Y'all niggas know what time it is
Let's go

Don't go nowhere without my gun (Uh)
Do not blow me, I'm not the one (Uh)
You're not my homie, you're not my son (Uh-uh)
You don't get down with me (No) You're not down for me (Uh)
Get down (Get down, get down, get down)
Lay it down (Lay it down, nigga, lay that shit down)
Get down (Get down, bitch nigga, get down)
Get down for me (Uh, yo) Or lie down for me (Uh, yo)

Now we don't play it, we go spray it
Found in the back of the building if we okay it
Got mo' money, seen mo' hatred
Just cop mo' guns and relocated
I don't work by the week gettin' cheap-low wages
Keep blow in the street, I'm the people favorite
Uh, Grants, Franklins, keep those faces
They help me beat those and leave gold cases
Far out of town? I done seen those places
And I ain't goin' back unless it's about paper
Spray ya, you ain't got to ask 'bout that
'Cause I get in your ass 'bout stacks
(Bllat) nigga
Ya baby mom's house, I'll make cash out that (Cash out that)
And two doors down is where the stash house at (Stash house at)
You front and they find you in the trash out back
I backed out MACs when I passed out packs, nigga

Don't go nowhere without my gun (Uh)
Do not blow me, I'm not the one (Uh)
You're not my homie, you're not my son (Uh-uh)
You don't get down with me (Nah) You're not down for me (Uh)
Get down (Get down, get down, get down)
Uh-huh
Lay it down (Lay it down, nigga, lay that shit down)
Get down (Get down, bitch nigga, get down)
Uh-huh
Get down for me or lie down for me
Team, team, uh-huh

You know the hustle, cold cocked
Flip, double those (Double those)
Me and Spesh? Mel Gibson, Russell Crowe (Russell Crowe)
I'm like Snoop, I'll leave this bitch up in smoke
Fluffin' coke, niggas ain't fly
They just up in coach (Nah mean?)
I get a pot, turn an eight to a twelve (Twelve)
Get a block, get a gate, get a cell (Cell)
They wouldn't get it if it came in the mail
Nah, beef with me, it's like hangin' themselves
I press the button, the top'll go back
She blowin' on my horn like Domino Fats
A hustler, I got money just droppin' them packs
And careful, I swear the Feds tryna follow us back
I'm from the Cell 1-6, the cheddar son get
Is major, my charges they never gon' stick
Let the judge throw the book but I'm never gonna snitch
Casino dice, that's right
So I'm never gon' trip, nigga

Don't go nowhere without my gun (Uh)
Do not blow me, I'm not the one (Uh)
You're not my homie, you're not my son (Uh-uh)
You don't get down with me (Nah) You're not down for me (Uh)
Get down (Get down, get down, get down)
Lay it down (Lay it down, nigga, lay that shit down)
Get down (Get down, bitch nigga, get down)
Get down for me or lie down for me (Nah)