

Been Gettin' It

Aystar

Ha, yo Geezy

They thought we weren't gonna see your bit innit

Haha

Yo

Ha, remix

Look, been out on the grind for a minute tryna get it
And I've been getting it, these niggas have been sweating it
Don't get out the bed but when I phone a nigga beggin' it
I'm way ahead of it I'll ride up on a nigga lettin' it
When it comes to this rap shit I've got this, so has Geezy Loc
Man are greazy folk
I'm out for them notes but I still keep it close in case a man try provoke
That's five shots through his coat, listen
If you know then you know
I'm still on [?] road shottin' O's, stashing knives in me clothes
If it's not your beef don't get involved
We ride out and slap a nigga down and no case is gettin' solved, listen
I'm the shooter you're the victim
I rode out with him and told police I weren't with him
I gave me boy hollow tip slugs for the Luge and said, "that's for that dude"
, the next day he went and clipped him
I'm back on it, made us cop the shotty
Said I don't want it, got nowhere to put it
Plus it's out of bullets and I hate them shotguns 'cause when it's beef I've
got nowhere to stuff it
I'm ridin' out with hand tings with bullets that expand
If I hit man by the barbers then he gone land by Poundland
I ain't lost, so don't act like you found man
Eight bills for the oz if you want that brown tan, listen
I'm tryna stay low off the radar from Po 'cause I know they want me sucked
They're still tryna find me from crimes that I did years ago but I don't eve
n give a fuck
I got fined once, they hit me with some threats talkin' 'bout they'll take m
e shit if I didn't pay the debt

Ahh they've got a cheek

Little fuckin' dumb pricks

Tell 'em Geezy

Straight Liverpool to Toronto

You know what it is

Bang

Show these niggas how we rap on my side cuzzy

Yo, it's crazy

I'm like

Bang bang shots fly, body found in the park again

So flew like an angel with the darkest sins

You can't fly with them carpet wings

So I had to watch him sink like an Arctic ship

It's like I built this on my own, no partnership

I did it solo, nigga dissed my nigga so I shot it up dolo

Word to my nigga the clip's filled for the 44

Yo, it really is yo

And I'm like word to my mother this pump kills

And if I don't have it then I know that this knife will

See where I'm from man know that the toolie buss

Liverpool man turn your liver to a pool o' blood, it's that real
Caps peeled when the gats wield
And the ting get stashed in the back field
And I'm like niggas been snaking and all that
They know I'm a boss, I took a brick but I'm taking it all back
Handles done smooth, pump short 'cause I solve that
Guns with suppressors like I'm ready for combat
Yo Aystar, tell these fuck niggas we on that
It's one phone call, seven niggas in all black
We ready nigga, cock back and blow deadly nigga
Stays in my hand can't talk, it's too heavy nigga
(Blow deadly nigga
Stays in my hand can't talk it's too heavy nigga)