

Get Em'

Big Sean

(Uh) Man verse by verse I'm a make these weak niggas' disperse (sweet nigga)
Man I swear verse by verse I'm a make these weak rappers disperse (sweet nigga)

Man I'm a get em (uh) I'm a get em (ehh) Watch me get em (uh) I'm a get em (ehh) I'm a get em (uh) I'm a get em (ehh) Watch me get em' (uh) I'm a get em

I'm very instrumental, to any instrumental; you ain't on my level my nigga, even a little

You at the bottom, not even at Malcolm in the middle

You homo ass nigga, (shh) go-N eat some skittles

Now hop up on the rainbow try to reach where I hang though

I'm a little further up then and near the angels

So at your highest point you still wouldn't reach my ankles

You are what you eat but that ain't true cause I'm anal... (eww)

And the people show love like a bear hug

I'm here to last, they temporary call em' haircuts

Fair enough I stand behind my balls like a felon does

If you a boss, meet the executor and when it come to paper, meet the editor

(Uh) A little better brah you need to step, step it up

I'm on my business that's my forte, you

You beat around the bush like four play

And they anticipatin' me like a court date

So for the bars I'm a charge like the court say

And if the court say they know I did it like OJ (what?)

Then I'm in the next city like a tour date

There ain't no I in team but it's an I in win

Ain't no I in lose but there's an I in him

Mini me... Me... mini muahh... so beat the repitwa of the upper extra lode

That's high, high in the sky, high to the point that I almost saw God. (Wow)

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I stand out from the rest like Yao

But ain't gotta play ball to having you cheering... (The crowd)

Perform so well I might as well take a bow

Shittin on these niggas' like a movement from my bowels

People wanna know how it feels in the clouds

But I guess they'll never know cause I'm never coming down

I started with a dream, added a little faith in, mixed it with adversity and let it marinate.

I put it in the oven for awhile and let it bake (yup)

Call it food for thought, put it on yo' plate

A friend of mighty Motown, home sweet home

Where I roam like a phone in the unknown zone

My niggas' roam like a phone in the unknown zone

And we condone a tone a money hoes and clothes

And my record sell like a boat load

Fam you couldn't fill my shoes like bozos

And I'm solo, cause I herd that what hoes really want... is a ring like frot o. (no)

Coastal, man my nickname postal

Why they loco like they old schools (mannn?)

I should beat them like pro tools

Will Farrell nigga started out old school

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