

## Get The Dick (raw Mix)

Bizarre

Them niggas try to rob me could GET THE DICK  
All them bitches try to play me they GET THE DICK  
Niggas try to jump B.U. can GET THE DICK  
We gon' bang when I see you so GET THE DICK  
Have you ever seen a show with niggas on the mic  
With one minute rhymes that don't come out right  
They bite, they never write, that's not polite

I got great skills  
And if my record sells 8 mil  
I'ma still smoke weed, get dusted, get drunk and take pills  
Fast gun play gon' get you blast one day  
Fucking with Zee, it be today mothafucka  
Newark like a sitcom for no brains  
???, Jettin from ? trains  
Slip a tab and mushrooms in my coffee  
With half a forty, feel like the walls is moving towards me  
Till I die from old age  
I'll be pullin girls up to suck my dick right on the stage  
So stop talking, get them old jelli's walking  
'Fore I call Pace celly walkman, and tell him yall been  
Acting iffy, and it's really starting to piss me  
And like popcorn, my nigga's be here in a jiffy  
Will all the Mack 10's step beside me  
We gon' start wylin and kill everybody

To you fronting ass bitches GET THE DICK  
To you booty ass labels GET THE DICK  
To you corny ass rappers GET THE DICK  
To all you mothafucka's GET THE DICK

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Pace Won, Mr. Perfect, I take a warm shower  
Make a condo, out of saw powder  
Make the sun eclipse at the born hour  
I'm a wizard at this shit like Juwon Howard  
Put my gun up in the ass of crews  
And start to spray, gotta pay massive dues  
So I take Emcee's that pass the rules  
And fly them into space like NASA do  
I'm a, weed lover, going deep cover  
Tricking these goofy ass ho's I need rubbers  
Your favorite nucker, flow butter  
Niggas get mobbed, leave with they clothes cut up  
'When you comin' what they askin me  
'You fresh to no limit like Master P'  
I be keepin shit milky like ? cream  
Pace Won, blaze one, and I'm ? fiends mothafucka

To yall fag ass cops GET THE DICK  
To you bitches on the block GET THE DICK  
To you fake weed spots GET THE DICK  
And yall niggas without glocks GET THE DICK

Have you ever seen a show with niggas on the mic  
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If your flow is kinda doo-doo  
I more filthier than white bums from Newark (brick city!) to Honolulu  
More wine than cherry, raspberry, apple-cranberry, strawberry  
Muthafuckin flows extraordinary  
Your bitch ass will get bodied and buried  
By this slick walking, talking, rhyming dictionary  
Gimme your mind, let me ? one  
Fairly handsome, blackened like temper tantrums  
Spittin like automatic handguns,  
You can't run  
Your style is more garbage than Shirley Manson  
You got a platinum single, roll me your money  
I'm bummy but I bet I can get your bitch to beat my dick for me

Doin drive-bys in less than 2 minutes  
And I know one of these houses on the block  
Got your fuckin family in it  
And what's the worstist, is y'all niggas gon' need nurses  
I collect money on your block, like ushers at churches  
No matter where your boys go, nigga I'ma get 'em  
You can ask ? Funeral Home, how much business I be sendin 'em  
You forgot bitch nigga, I know where you stay  
Loaded AK, get little Johnny out the way  
Bet you these bats gauruntee your ass won't be walking  
I rock '98 Suburbans while you push cars from the auction  
You don't wanna see Bizarre Kid get dumb  
I beat a bitches ass when I'm in a good mood  
So imagine if I'm in a bad one  
You better duck when I pull this nine  
I done shut up your block so many times  
All I see is For Sale signs  
They say these cats only got 9 lives,  
But Dardin took 8, so tonight you diiiiiie

GET THE DICK

Yeah yeah yeah GET THE DICK  
Yeah Bizarre yeah GET THE DICK  
All you fuckers in Detroit GET THE DICK  
Have you ever seen a show with niggas on the mic  
With one minute rhymes that don't come out right  
They bite, they never write, that's not polite

You dummies

The reason bitches want me to spend money  
Just to spread 'em like Gin Rummy  
I'm Ya Ya  
Holier than Roshashana  
With baby mama's that's pro black like the Sada  
The lover large and at peace with his god  
Behind bars, yall nigga's sittin close with the gaurds  
Fucking with yall, I'm always catchin charts  
Yall won't let us box, yall wanna run and tell the Sarge  
Life's short, I play hard  
See your crew on the streets,  
Better know I won't hesitate to spray yall  
I keep a rifle killing you and everybody looking like you  
Fag, it's a never ending cycle  
Can't nobody come and save you when I start shit  
My lead is like Kryptonite to them Clark Kent's

I rip a crew with dust and liquor too  
Too despicable  
Toss you off the terrace on ritualoo(ritual)  
I rise like Christ  
The third knight on mics  
But it ain't Easter  
It's only death when I meet you  
So GET THE DICK