

I Gotta Get It

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Chris Ward:]

Fantasies and wishes, of hustlers with riches
Drop top sixes, and old schools with switches
And though it's true the shit I do, caught me a case
The same shit I do, help out my estates
So I take heavenly dances, with felony chances
If you asking all the questions, who's telling the answers
I fill your head up with smoke, like you inhaling the branson
This money and jewelry, got these girls swearing I'm hansom
It's like I hustle for days, to get this money for years
And FED time for conspiracy, is one of my fears
So I have daily conversations, with the Lord about
How I'ma make it out, rapping or trapping out the crack house
I mean, I got million dollar schemes
And aspirations to fulfill, my million dollar dreams
And so it seems, I can't quit it I gotta stay with it
Why else would I be in it, shit I gotta get it

[Hook: Rob Smallz]

I'm doing everything, cause I gotta get it
Until, all the getting is good
And I probably ain't gon change, because I live it
From block to block, to your hood
No mistakes about it, God's watching over me
While I ride, and grind in these streets
And I'm not a struggler, homie I'm a hustler
Why else would I be in it, I gotta get it

[Slim Thug:]

I gotta get it mayn, I can't quit it mayn
Don't keep spitting, keep ticking till I hit it mayn
I'm staying with it mayn, no breaks no stops
No playing no bops, till my team on the top
Refuse to drop, my mind made I'ma be paid
Fuck waiting sitting in the shade, hoping for a better day
I'm busting down blocks, till I find me a better way
Cocking back them glocks, trying to find where the cheddar stay
Hope and pray to God, that I find me a better J
But shit for now, I gotta do whatever pay
I'm tired of sitting, and wanting and wishing
I'm getting it, grinding on a million dollar mission I gotta get it

[Hook]

[Young Black:]

Been a long time coming, from hustling and rock bumping
Smallest nigga on the block, out the pot got the spot jumping
Lord forgive me for sinning, and mama I know you hurt
But these bills keep coming, and mama you out of work
I'd rather be in the dirt, before I sit on my ass
With my hands out, begging for cash
Nigga they raised me a G, take from a nigga 'fore he take it from me
Money's the key, so baby that's all I see
I'm so blind, late nights I got this money on my mind
And a pistol in my hand, and I can't seem to lay it down
I'm out here on my grind, I hope you niggaz paying your dues
While you suckas out here hustling for shoes, and y'all suppose to be true's

[Hook]