

Get It

Busta Rhymes

Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Yeah)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Oh yeah)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Sick)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Let's go)

Dressed, ready to impress, fresh up in my Louis suit
Step up in the cub, bitches line up ready to salute
Let me squeeze your juicy fruit, Mamis call me Huey Newton
Dapper like a cracker that's an act to gettin' movie loot
Get on your mark and get set, ready, go
Funny, but these niggas already know
That we're knocking on microphones
Just hadn't already shitted on niggas, miraculous flow
Got niggas tryna reappear while the damage is low
That's an emphatical "No"
Slap him up, clap him up, bundle these niggas like packages
Wrap 'em in bandages slow
See a lot of bitches in they Humvee 4
Coward niggas comin' in and we be flingin' the door
Pause for a minute, then I peel a little slow
Black, then I throw the West up at every hoe
Why y'all other niggas money slow?
Peep game, 'cause my money come retarded though
This shit here be the anthem for all of my bitches
And every one of my gangsters, yo, gangsters, yo

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Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Sick)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Aw, let's go, let's go)

Pop to the pop drop, like a drop top
Errbody lookin' when I step up in the spot
See the way I rock? I'm hot, you not
Errbody wanna clock, man, get off my jock
Errbody know Misdemeanor don't stop
And my records don't flop, got the game on lock
Not tick tock, six carats in my watch
Now, kiss my ass, haters, keep watch
Get it, get it, money, money, I get it (Get it)
Hundred grand in the club, I'll spend it (Spend it)
You lose, you lose, and I'm winnin'
Y'all lame doing nothing, know I been did it
Don't come at all or ya better come with it
Money in my bank be sippin' digits
See me buy bottles with no cash limit
Flow be tighter than skinny jeans fitted
There is no competition, I are the one, no competition
Lick a gyal, no competition

When mi come through, tell the fool "Better run"
Wanna battle me? Well, you a dum-dum
Not Kelly, but I give her motivation
My style you not takin', I'm Missy E, money maker

Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Good)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (So good)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Sick)
Get it, get it, get it, get it
Flip it, tip it, dip it, pimpin' (Here we go)

Y'all niggas already know what it is
Y'all niggas already know what I do
Every time we step up in the spot
Homie, I'ma take yo shine from you
Homie, you ain't got the slightest clue
Diamonds'll shine with the brightest blue
Niggas had to throw that money how we throw it
Funny, but they money on a diet, too
I ain't even knew him, why they try it, boo
'Cause I throw brass if a nigga tired
Broke nigga leave until they gone, gone, gone
Homie get a little inspired, too
Preach shit 'til another amp is smokin'
Spend til' I'm lookin' like a martian, floatin'
That motherfucker's lookin' at me all weird
Funny nigga, you ain't seen that God has spoken?
It's like they turnt the lights on, see the way we shine, bitch?
You spend 'til your bread gone, we spend like it's a crime, bitch
Homie, now throw that bread like you don't give a fuck
Shawty, go 'head, bend over, pick that money up

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