

# Get 'Em

Cassidy

[Cassidy]

This the boy Cassidy man  
And I'm feeling like a red nose that we just let out the cage man  
I'm ready to bite one of you niggaz at any given moment

GET 'EM!!!!

[Verse 1]

My shit is the truth I get in the booth  
And start spitting like I'm missing a tooth  
You listening duke, I'm gripping the coupe, lifting the roof  
Sip the orange juice mixed with the goose  
Or shots of the yak I got gats that could lift up a moose  
Stay with a biscuit to shoot like I'm Bishop in Juice  
I get more bitches than Luke when I run the block  
Fiends scream "I Wanna Rock, I Wanna Rock Ock"  
I'm right in the curb white and the herb  
And I got a nice price on the birds you might could get served  
You come with the doe I come with the blow  
But if you don't come with the change I'm a come with them thangs  
Run up on you with the gun in the dickie  
The collar coat hold a hundred and fifty  
You wanna get busy come get me I'll bury you cats  
Cus I wife the knife and I marry my gat

[Hook-Swizz Beats]

Get 'em get 'em get 'em get 'em

Get 'em Cass

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[Verse 2]

A yo my flow sick I need an antihistamine  
Both of my wrists gleam and my fist just as mean  
It's blue but it's see-through like Listerine  
I get the cream on the strip fucking with the fiends  
So go and get your team  
And I'll get 'em all smoked like a stick a nicotine or a nick of green  
And I don't talk to these hoes like I'm Mr. Bean  
I just let 'em mop me off get a Mr. Clean  
And I might pop her off if the chick is mean  
I got some stories I can tell I'll sell a chick a dream  
I'll let her sip a little liquor let her hit the green  
Then I'm a unbutton her blouse and unzip her jeans  
And merk that ass, hurt that ass  
Cass show you how to work that ass  
And I ain't with my boy Kells in the hotel no more  
I'm on the strip making sells fish scale galore  
Whore

[Hook-Swizz Beats]

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[Verse 3]

I'm still acting a fool packing a tool  
Went back to the dude before I was with the black and the jewels  
I don't feel right if I ain't strapped with the tool  
But give me a gat and I'm cool like the mac or the ooze  
And I'll clap at you dudes I ain't scrapping you dudes  
I'm kind of light and I ain't fighting I got ratchets to use  
I'll have cats like "Damn yo what happened to dude?"  
Listen homey if I'm hungry you'll get jacked for your food  
I'm back on the move, back on the grind  
I'm a natural born hustler I just happened to rhyme  
Who would of ever thought I'll be the cat to get signed  
But life hard to predict the shit happen sometimes  
Cats jacking my lines, taking my style  
But there ain't no perpetrators aloud  
If you die then you can't testify when I take it to trial  
You can hate it I just take it and smile  
Motherfucker

[Hook-Swizz Beats]

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Sick 'em

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