

# Let Me Get It

Crooked I

Predator shit, PREDATOR!

("You don't have the guts to be what you wanna be?  
You need people like me.")

They let a Cali boy in Slaughterhouse, it's a wrap  
38 spec shit, rounds in the strap  
Tryna get off the last ounce in the track  
My OG's in the 'Lac, bouncin' to Zapp  
That's our lifestyle, stunt hard, gun large  
Pickin' em up not givin' a fuck about a gun charge  
Zippin' em up in a body bag, fuck niggas mad  
Welcome to our house, dead rappers in the front yard  
I ain't Steve Nash, nobody get a pass  
I found the nigga that made a top 50 hot MC list  
And my Glock committed sodomy and shot him in the ass  
Standin' over his body I probably shoulda asked  
Why the greatest rappers gotta be somebody from the past  
Compared to Slaughterhouse, a lot of niggas trash  
Followin' a fad, what would I do if they follow the Slaughter  
They prolly swallow this hollow and a mag  
Tongue full of dung, it's shit talkin'  
Niggas want me dead, fuck it I'm still walkin'  
Enemies in the club, fuck it I'm still parkin' the coupe  
First put the roof on a milk carton  
Walked in, they hand me the mic  
Told baby girl it gotta be tonight  
My bed or your bed?  
Yeah I'm thinking with both heads  
You know, great minds think alike

What you got under that skirt? (let me get it)  
Vodka, Henny and that purp (let me get it)  
Cribs, cars and net worth (let me get it)  
Slaughterhouse gang, Tech N9ne go and get it

Lot of molly, an out of body experience  
I'm feeling kind of Gotti and all ya'll into weird events  
A party prolly jolly counsel me when I'm inherent  
With the shotty ridin' when I party it's Abu Dhabi  
Who can I pick it up, wick it up I'm a rip it up  
And I'm gonna get up in my zone now  
Fuckin' the women I'm up and I'm winnin' I'm now  
Pussy poundin' I'm pushin' polygamy procedures  
Packin' and poppin' pretty penis pockets I please her  
These I ease, Techa Neez got the bees of an evil deed  
But I'mma G, never see us  
With a telescope nigga cause it's hellas dope  
I got so many worshipers with me, I could sell a quotes  
I yell the most, I tell the goat  
I'm gonna take it even if they hate it and fill the boat  
Fellas, you tell us to gel it, we're gonna quell his hope  
Embellish a When I rhyme I'm conniving cause I bring  
Live wickedness brightening your high beams  
Frightening life like some lye in your Visine  
Psyche swiped clean, high as the hygiene  
Pussy, weed, a lickin' yo, let me get it  
I don't kick it if you be messy with it

Tecca Nina keep KCMO on the fitted  
Any Slaughterhouse gang affiliation I'm fuckin' with it

Nobody seconding what I be spitting, we misfits  
Gonorrhea mixed with diarrhea, that sick shit  
You fuckers wack, need them Puffy plaques, them big hits  
Them R. Kelly, I'm so rich I piss on a bitch hits  
And bitches get the business  
In a convertible eatin' big dick  
While I'm parked like a picnic  
Wrapping they big lips around my stick shift rockin' French tips  
Suckin' me hollow after they swallow my kids  
I'm askin'