

Gettin' Some

Disturbing Tha Peace

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I was wit the kinda girl that make ya toes pop

(D.T.P.) I was gettin some head
(Hustle) Gettin, gettin some head
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You know you niggaz want a bitch like me (Like me)
Apple bottoms with the wifebeaters, rockin nikes (nikes)
All the niggaz in the hood wanna call her wifey (Wifey)
If you got a pretty dollar, then I prolly might be (Might be)
You niggaz poppin collars while you bitches pop P's
I'ma do it for my riders who get out and pop E
Thinkin you can find me, man you need to stop, please
Catch me flyin through your hood, in a drop top V
I'm in the pop top 3, and my pops got G's
See the watch got chilly, and the rocks got freeze
And ya broads act silly, couldn't jack my steed
For slippin in your pimpin ma, ya boy chose me
And now we got 'em "hey lil mama, can you give me a sec
I got a little somethin somethin bout as big as yo legs"
This nigga yawnin while he talkin, so I knew he was weak
And by like six in the mornin, he forgot what he said

You know I keep a 4-5 whoopers in the trunk
I turn it to the maxim, you can feel it when they bump
You heard of D.T.P., we give the people what they want
And when it comes to hustle, yo you know we ain't no punk
You catch me in the town, we blowin dro and gettin drunk
And when we hit the party, yo you know we keep it crunk
Yo nigga actin tipsy on the floor and gettin stomp
Don't act like you ain't know, now tell yo ho to pass the blunt
You bitches wanna be cause you know that I'm the shit
You see me on the TV cause I roll wit Ludacris
Don't hate Shawwna baby, just be mad at who you wit
I keep a couple hammers so you know too I'm legit
Just so you understand, so you know I'm bout the bread (I'm bout my bread)
And don't you try to play me for a joke about my cash (I'm bout my cash)
Before I hit the tip and got my heat up out the stash (Up out my stash)
I hand him on the low, shawty this is what he said (What he said)

I was... gettin, gettin
Gettin, gettin some head
I was... gettin, gettin
I was wit that type of girl that make ya toes pops