

Let's Get It On

Heavy D

Yea this is uh Super funk you know what I'm sayin
This is for all the players and playetts wherever you at you dig
I'm talkin about from this side to that side
East side, West side, your side, my side
It's all about being funky man
Aiyyo give me that microphone
It's Heavy D the baritone and I'm home alone dig it
and I'm always staying freshly dipped on 1-2-5th
where the dogs bark and the dreadlock be sparkin spliff
Okay okay okay it's Heavy D again
Hallelujah I'm on your T.V. screen again
You see me on your MTV and on your BET
and on your local focal point video show
Nigga this how it flow so fly like an eagle
No sequels no weed but I get love from all the thugs
cause they still my people
I'm dynamic punks panic when they see me
They get all shook up when my mic's hooked up
Let's get it on!

Untouchables at your door
(Let's get it on)
All you wack rappers hit the floor

How should I plead forever thuggin on a quest to get G's
Runnin from enemies ever since the days of a seed
I'm under pressure the stress will have me drinkin
thinkin niggaz after me much too paranoid to blink
Wonder why the police don't wanna see me stackin G's
They after a playa but I won't let em capture me
I gotta thank the lord for the weed and the nicotine
I can't sleep close my eyes I see wicked things
I keep my pistol by my bedside one in the chamber
Preoccupied with homicide my life's in danger
Rollin down the 4-0-5, beware of stangers
Hand on my 4-5 that's what the fame does
I'm probably wrong but I'll never know it till I'm gone
From out the ghetto where the jealous motherfuckers roam
Pass the weed let that Hennessey get to me
before the penitentiary
Let's get it on!!

Untouchables at your door
(Let's get it on)
All you wack rappers hit the floor

I thought you knew I stay true to this rhyme thing I do
I have all the honeys saying, "Go Pu'!"
I flip a style from the projects building 70 apartment 6C
I turn food stamps to green stamps rough power amps
and sold weed under corner lamps but now I'm just microphone talkin
So when you see my ass have my cash or just keep walking
Niggaz got more game than Genesis
Seen a movie in L.A. now everybody wanna C
but them youth don't trouble we
because they fall victim to what they see hey!
I keeps it (Reel to Reel) like my last album title song

but I understand it takes a year for niggaz to catch on
(hit em in the head dog) So let's get it on! yea

Split the dutches fill it with the skunk we about to
get wicked in the joint uh Notorious is glorious
Niggaz now who's the mind blower, the weed grower
Have you seeing doubles like Noah, the rhyme flower
B.I.G. top notch with the glock check your pockets
and your sockets it's just the way my pops taught me
When you throw the drop check em throughly
The bastard might spin around and try to bury me
And dead niggaz don't make no moves
When I'm slingin in the hood I don't fake no moves aight
Reminiscin on my swinger days
when I drove a Caddy and my bitch sported finger waves
Yea she had the Gucci roots I had Sarducci suits
Oshkosh-begosh Coca-Cola lookin real cute
Junior M.A.F.I.A. representin Bucktown
Mac-11 cocked back niggaz better duck down
Face down you know the routine the cream
Earrings you know the drama Biggie bring
Let's get it on