

Let's Git It

Jadakiss

Watch how I flow, y'all niggas trifling
Bright, right in the air, bitches call me lightning
First name, Uncle, guess you don't know me
You say you got skills, play like a movie, nigga show me
Crews on deck, a couple cats owe me
Broads on deck, wind, bitch blow me
I'm mad with ya, hungry, y'all eat the gate
Re-Up on this shit, y'all niggas wait
I occupy the flow like a rash on your skin
I dash in the wind, get the cash when I'm in
Hit the stash like po-po, snitchin' is a no-no
And pink shirts on killers in my 'hood is a no-go
Sit in courts with the snow flow is the best I.D
I'm not the best like Drake, nigga I'm the best like me
Every time I'm in the mirror, I'm the best I see
Nigga, SAP on the track, who wan' test me?

Five, four, three, two, one
C'mon, Jadakiss come and get some
I said five, four, three, two, one
C'mon Meek Millz come and get some

I say five, four, three, two, one, let me get some
I'ma write these raps and do these shows until the bricks come
Five in the morning, I can make your little bitch come
Four niggas with me, three of them probably get some
On to the next one, Drumma you gon' catch one
Think I'm gettin' money now? Wait till them checks come
And I'm get the flansburg, peanut butter, black one
Everywhere I'm movin' at, you know I let that Mac come
I ain't talkin' laptops, talkin' 'bout that fast-bot
Fifty in the clip, you disrespect and that's your ass, ha-ha
I'm hard-body in my Armani
When it comes to them Benjamin's, nigga we all got it
I said we all get it, big-ups to them small niggas
Y'all niggas soft niggas, put 'em on and off niggas
The beef jumpin', I don't call niggas
Think it's a game and I'm a pause niggas, y'all niggas

Five, four, three, two, one
C'mon, Meek Mill come and get some
I said five, four, three, two, one
C'mon Jadakiss come and get some

Yo, crack sales, dope sales, pussy on wholesale
Bunch of broke niggas on my coat tail
You can't even get it if it's no scale, tryna fuck the count-up
Real niggas gather 'round, regulators mount up
Yeah, I'm the boss at the brick meetin'
You know what it cost, no draw on the dick-eatin'
You can either stabbed up, shot or get beatin'
You only a gangsta on Twitter, you're just tweetin'
Yeah, you know me I still move out with the fam, yo
Turnpike, got the titties out in the Lambo
Got the tinted plates on the Porsche though
Double G's, LV's, man on the horse, low
Rhino bullets all up in your torso

Everything's by force, nothing's by choice though
Bars is homicide, Death Row voice though
Five, four, three, two, one and you lost, yo
Let's go