

# Get On Your Shit

Jay Rock

(Sound without focus is just noise)  
Yeah this nigga came to me the other day  
Like "Yo' Jay Rock man  
How can I get it like you man  
What I need to do man to get to the top"  
I said "Man just keep goin' hard, my nigga  
Don't give up on your dream, dog  
Just keep strivin' man  
Just be a man  
Do what you do"

I was raised in the projects  
Amongst the rats and the roaches  
Gutter conditions  
We serve and we protect, our fortress  
Stay strapped dog if beef approaches  
Posted with some war vets  
Sippin' Hennessy straight  
Soaking up game rollin weed  
Strike a flame  
Taking off like a plane  
On any nigga disrespecting me and my gang  
Say it simple and plain  
Niggas know I'm heavy on a track like a train  
In my way, meet your doom  
Platinum blast coming soon  
Used to sit up in my room and write for hours  
My story, hit the store  
Rip rock from powder  
On the hunt for dead presidents  
No mask on  
Just a digital scale  
Two Glocks and trap songs  
Its amazing now  
Gettin paid off my rap tunes  
Gotta have faith my nigga  
Dreams come true

Get it while the gettin' is good  
Better get it while you can  
One shot don't get no second chance  
If you feel this shit dog lemme see your hands  
Stay on your road nigga, stick to your plans  
Only real niggas understand  
Fuck a handout be a man  
Stop complaining  
Get on your shit, nigga  
Get on your shit

Up early in the mornin' gotta make moves  
Gotta get dollars  
Yeah my daughter she need shoes  
Mo money, mo problems what I'm facin'  
But I ain't really worry  
I'm thanking God that I made it  
And if the drama come let it come I ain't runnin'  
I ain't no pussy far from a rookie straight stuntin'

Success it sucks, too much stress  
Well I don't know about that I got niggas upset  
My mama proud cause her baby boy traveling  
Across the 50 states shutting shit down, extravagant  
Women think I'm magnificent  
Real niggas respecting what I'm spittin'  
Why? Cause a nigga really livin' it  
Striving for the best got it in my peripheral  
Cock, aim, shoot til' I'm blessed with residuals  
Get on your shit dog  
Keep your mind on your money  
Watch how you go far

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Took the shades off  
See the flames in my eyes  
Rollin' up that good  
Blow the haze to the sky  
I'm tryna' build me a enterprise  
If your fucking with your boy put the bullshit aside  
Hopped in the ride  
Smashing down on 105  
Up in PAC, B.I.G, E.A.Z.Y  
E east side where i reside  
So see how no bow-ties, niggas sold some pies to get by  
Been there done that, now I'm tryna' run rap  
Tryna' get money like the Simmons  
Where Run at?  
Reverend, gotta break bread with my brethren  
Who the best rappers of the century?  
That's irrelevant  
It's all about whats popular now  
Now a-days it's all about a image  
Nowadays its all about a gimmick  
Who can sell the best lifestyle  
Yo' shit flop then you finished  
My advice dog, pay attention

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