

# Get Em

Kevin Gates

Niggas looking like they mad  
What he sayin though  
Won't use my hands, I'ma let them rubberbands go  
New bitch and she bad though, my ex a sad ho  
Fall off in the club, pants saggin' smokin bad dough  
Mad dog, I'ma grind full time, I can't slow up  
Fifty grand with the lean, all eyes on me, I can't pour up  
Michael Jackson bad, all these hoes calling me thriller  
Got a nickname in my section and you might know me as "Get Em"  
Cause I get 'em

Pockets lookin' like munchkins  
Her booty lookin' like pumpkins  
Got a toolie on me, I'm thuggin  
Wanna' do me something, it's nothing  
This one goes to those who live illegal all day  
Hustle sun up to sun up, tryna' get it always  
I'm a grinder, shots fired  
Big, I miss ya, this shit different, hold up lighters  
Infiniti truck see me  
Not much eatin, but fuck sleepin  
That nigga a fuck boy, gun touch people, not much either  
Outside with the loud mouth, nigga broke your jaw, you fouled out  
Roundabouts, don't fuck with me, if they fuck with me, then it's "blaow blao  
w!"  
Jean jacket, with the Timbs on, got tattoos on my neck  
Nobody needs nobody, now I say cut the check

I'ma lean in, throw left jabs  
Side step, with the left hook  
Right hand, lead, like Ali  
I'm a shit talker that read books  
Plain Jane, my best look  
Ain't complaining bout my left foot  
Fifteen cavities, yeah this team in back of me  
That'll be fixed when the song over  
Syrup faucet, just got cut off  
Nigga been sippin strong doses  
Club soda, doctor visits  
Sent soldiers on mobster missions  
Thinkin my condition, top condition  
Feel the world should move for me  
They ain't got no cure for me  
Bitch say ain't no pull for me  
All I seen in real vibrant colors  
Stand for nothin, you'll die for somethin  
Terrance Hines just went to jail  
The good Lord sat him down for something  
Reason being, we'll never know  
I made money, I sacrificed  
They say, lifes a gamble, for example, ride or dice