

Let's Get It Straight

Mia X

A lyrical ruckus has erupted
and f**ked wit' yo' manhood
When I get up and start bustin
niggas just be like *ugh*
get out my way, from this day on I put a dent in this shit
I know a lot of bitches thought it, but mama's endin' this shit
been in this shit
My aim is to disfigure yo' style
and put it to sleep because the industry don't need no freaks
meanwhile, my clique is settin' up shop on yo' block
and KLC got every car, bumpin' these ignorant knocks
f**k them cops, and the mics, bitch I know my shit's tight
just show us pain from the street, is what them niggas like
No half-steppin', my hooptie is a legend, shall we talk numbers?
Pull my bankbook out, and watch these figures stun ya, run ya
Why you niggas be lyin' on records?
Hoes barrin' marked hoes from D.O's to I don't know, but check it
why y'all fakin' tha funk?
I raise my right hand trust, everything you see wit' No Limit
belongs to us, let's get straight

Let's get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her
that's mama, the biggest mama, mama Mia
(2x)

Now I'm unlady like, my verses hit yo' ears like Boo-Yah!!
I wear the pants in every freestyle stance with my verbal hoo-ride
do I, ever slack up on that ass? Hell no
I threw the K well away, so it's so swell it stays so
what you know about me is just I'm 'bout it, 'bout it
and that our mob's T-R-U because they rowdy, rowdy, no doubt
Hey those beats, was meant for me like a cellmate
my brown lips f**ked the piss out his 8-0-8
Drum kicks, and then they creep like TLC
and hella fast with O-Down, Mo B. Dick and Craig B
The beats, by the pound, nigga, best beware
y'all ain't even comin' close to what they puttin' out there
My mama, got the drama, for any hoe, but mainly all
you Milli Vanilli hens who ain't got no pen better know
No Limit, I represent it, in a minute, to win it
with the gold and platinum finish
Let's get it straight

Late niggas be writin' all kinds of f**ked up shit
about my family
P, Silkk, C, and my tank doggs, but we ain't even trippin
punk critics, nah, you almost cryin', we'll buy up every
publication and put you out a job, you still shy, everyday
nigga think we can't?
Contemplate before you come to walk against a tank
I'm tellin' you one more gin', may have you where I want
but best keep hidin' behind them pen names cuz I know
you don't, wanna see us, because you wish, for a grant
you hit. One mo' time hoe, and yo' ass gon' meet the
fish, of the M-I-Crooked letter-Crooked letter-I
Humpback, humpback, I ain't lyin
We on a mission, wit' nothin' but ebonics comin' through

yo' system, flippin' rocks for phonics, but it's crime
because you listenin
And you bob yo' head, better than a hooker, but yo' jealousy
got you hatin' sayin' I woulda', they shoulda', they coulda what?!
We got the plat-screen property ebbin' us, but most of all
we still black owned and independent, let's get it straight!

Let's get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her
that's mama, the biggest mama, Mama Mia
Get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her
that's mama, the baddest mama, Mama Mia
Get it straight, you gon' know her when you see her
that's mama, the biggest, baddest mama, Mama Mia
Get it straight, Get it Straight!

Tru...No Limit...Mama Mia...

So the next time you say "Yo Mama",
you better slow down, and think about what you doin'!

I'm out this bitch!!!