

Get It Out

OhGeesy

Get that pinack
Break it down then bag it up
Oh yeah, right, and get it out

Get a pack, break it down, bag it up and get it out
Get a pack, break it down, bag it up and get it out
Get a pack, break it down, bag it up and get it out
Get a pack, break it down, bag it up and get it out
Get a pack and break it down and bag it up
She a rat, she in the trap, she back it up
I got racks on top of racks, I stack it up
I got choppas on top of choppas, we bag you up

Call the corner, nigga, we gon' toe tag you up
Red beams on my weapon, it look like a laser gun
Freaky hoes in my section and they having major fun
Ain't a ho that I fucked and I didn't make her cum
You my nigga then I'm wit' you, right or wrong
If you trappin', like really trappin' you could feel this song
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If you trappin', like really trappin' you could feel this song
You a ho, a freaky ho, then let me see that thong
Oh, you love me, you really love me singing all my songs
I got cocaine, ecstasy, and pounds of that strong
That Louis, that Gucci, I be putting this shit on

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Get a pack and break it down and zip it up
Cut a room down better so I wanna trim it up
Dirty cash that's my lil' trash when I dig it up
Forty-two, it's hella cold and I don't need no coat
Steffano Ricci, ain't no Gucci on my back
Dope game legend, show you how to move the pack
I be running through the bag, get the money, shoot it back
Shout-out to the hustlers, but where my shooters at?
I was only twenty-three when I touched my first M
I felt like the man when I grabbed my first Benz
Make a G on each P, I got big brother spend
Not a fingerprint left, another pack sent

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In the trap, she drop it, drop it, like it's hot
I put work up in the pot and then we rock
Sold out quick, I called the plug, and then restocked
Fiends is pissed, they in the line around the block
Sold out quick, I called the plug, and then restocked
Fiends is pissed, they in the line around the block
Yeah, nigga, I got a motherfuckin' line around the block, nigga
Gotta come through with that re-up

Man, this shit look like cream
My dope taste so clean
All the junkies, they on my junk, keys, they love me
Dime sacks, dub sacks in my new Evisu jeans
This the OTS gang, baby, come and fuck the team

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