

Get Em In

Quality Control

{Murda on the beat, so it's not nice}

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah, woah

Yeah, yeah

I can get 'em in, where the mail at? (Where the mail at?)
Loud pack, kush pack, smell that? (Smell that?)
We be still servin', where 12 at? (Where 12 at?)
Pull up, burnt out Hellcat (Skrرت-skrرت-skrرت-skrرت)
Hella racks, make a bitch run tell that (Run tell that)
Gunshots fire-fire, nigga, back-back (Fire-fire-fire-fire)
Don't give the nigga somethin', let him sell that (Let him sell that)
I ain't goin' back and forth, get a nigga whacked (Bow-bow-bow-bow)
Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here (Get 'em in, gone)
Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here (Get 'em in, gone)
Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here (Get 'em in, gone)
Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here (Gotta get 'em gone)
Nigga try to get my cheese, ratatat-tat (Try to get cheese)
Bring a bitch to her knees, tell her hold that (To-to her knees)
Watch me hold this shit down like Funk Flex (Like Funk Flex)
I be on the other side of town movin' mo' packs (Movin' mo' packs)

I got it in now I'm out of here, I'm out of here
Nigga can't see his home, way too far gone
And once I get the money out of here, I'm out of here
And I ain't tryna kill you 'cause the vibe ain't too strong
I be feelin' like I'm Al Capone
I don't really like the nigga tone
Kill his pop and all up at your home
Put him on a plate, now that nigga gone
I'ma watch the whole trap from a drone
Big sacks, quarterbacks, on a roll
I want ice, bling bling on cold
White gold, rose gold, rose gold
Poured up an eight of the syrup
Bitch, I'm too fly like a bird
Front you a bag on the credit
I need my check on the first
Bring 'em in, we get 'em out of here
If you ain't got no money, get out of here
Please don't come to my trap with that lollygagging
If somebody get shot, I don't know what happened
And my youngins control the traffic
Watch me rip off a ho with plastic
And these niggas they know, ain't no jackin'
My lil' bitch got a nine in her jacket, shit can get drastic

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Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here {Get 'em out of here}

Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here {Get 'em out of here}
Get it in, get 'em in, get 'em out of here (Woo)
Nigga try to get my cheese, ratatat-tat {Hey}
Bring a bitch to her knees, tell her hold that
Watch me hold this shit down like Funk Flex {Woo, woo, woo, woo}
I be on the other side of town movin' mo' packs

Uh, throw the Patek on my arm, I got more racks
Playin' with the choppa, nigga hold that
You got a hundred to my million, you can't fold that
Smokin' on a Backwood, nigga lookin' like a ball bat
Eat it up, I put it on a platter
Yellow diamonds on my wrist, it's lookin' like your bladder, yeah
Drip, drip, drip in Margielas
Migo Gang we movin' like the mob, good fellas
Yeah, wings on the coupe, shit
I done made ten million out the booth, shit
My kids got a fund, I'm a fool, shit
I'm payin' out the funds for her boots
I'm up, up, up, like a jewel, yeah
The AP boog', yeah
Ridin' with 12, see 'em board the jet
Cover all the raw stone, yeah
Told that bitch to ride my wave like a jetski
Bitches fiendin' for the dope, they want the recipe
I be layin' on her bun like a sesame
And my Moncler green like a cloverleaf
Got these VVS's wet, and they chokin' me
Splash, splash, shawty keep on soakin' me
Do the dash in a Wraith, you gon' notice me
Watch your bitch, she bad, just courtesy, hey

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