

# 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 (Skrirt-skrirt-skrirt-skrirt)  
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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