

## Get Down

## Statik Selektah

I see your face  
Don't change the channel  
Every night and day  
It's just a little bit of Statik, hahah (Statik Selektah)  
The thought of you  
Every Blue Moon, big tune, every time  
Just won't go away  
Adé, you ready?

The show and the flow killer, never below, nigga  
The zone, my cortisone is twenty below zero  
At the bank, I'm thinking "Who gave me this flow, nigga?"  
Alice and Frank with 'em, my women be so split up, yeah  
Now go, Phil A'  
I think it's ironic I'm digging a gold digger (Right)  
Money my goal nigga, got bitches in Vogue, nigga  
No niggas that you know is as cold with the flow nigga (Woo)  
Account is on Potomac but no ending road niggas  
Where my South Beach bitch? Can't tell you where Roanoke is  
I'm such a cold nigga, stuck to the cold nigga  
I promise to keep it G, Double-G's on my clothes nigga  
I'm Gucci! I'm Sergio, my nigga  
Looking like them OGs that never pose for Insta  
Gram but not a picture (Grams is what they picture)  
Man, these niggas sweeter than Hansel wishes  
They fugaz', yeah, y'all ain't authentic yet  
Come to my city, I bet somebody say I'm real as shit  
Come to your city, you silly niggas is irrelevant  
Never met anyone fucking with me, maybe I sell a bit  
Of off white girl, Off-White, Virgil  
Long flights to God knows where but her  
Man I got plans for the world  
Stop playin with Barry Sanders, God just sent a mural  
Uh, I smash and get the mural, that's head on face, nigga  
God damn, you niggas hittin' yo head on face nigga?  
I'm fast, you niggas uhhh  
Woo, moonwalkin', chase niggas, uh

And y'all some in the way niggas  
Uh, yeah, I run with renegade niggas  
When I'm in LA yeah I get that lemonade  
Bake you with the good one, kick it like some MMA niggas  
Uh, ah, I'ma let her hit the squad though  
Squad goals been reached, my reach far as this arm go  
All on me out in Largo, moms stay out in Armo  
Every time I perform, it's foreign, we need an encore  
Yeah, I keep broads on the D-low  
C-notes in my Chino's, used to carry the kilos  
Now I got the juice, can't judge me, Judge Ito  
I'm Mike when on the mic, you might be just Tito (Woo)

Yeah, I'm too real for sucker shit  
MoCo, PG gon' fuck with this  
Still got my Nike Boots in my mother's crib  
Still get love and get down  
Uh, I'm too real for sucker shit  
MoCo, PG gon' fuck with this

Still got my Nike Boots in my mother's crib  
Still get love and get down, yeah  
Down, down, down  
Get love and get down, yeah  
Down, down, down  
Get love and get down

One day a smile, next day a tear  
Can't understand, why I need you here