

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