

# Get The Strap

Uncle Murda

(Trilogy)

(Grrr, rah) Yap, yap, go get the strap  
(Grrr, rah) Yap, yap, go get the strap  
(Grrr, rah) Yap, yap, go get the strap  
Go get the strap  
Nigga, go get the strap

Fuck that, niggas out here active blood  
What's brackin'? You'll never catch us lackin', blood  
You stupid, you think we ain't packin', 'blood  
Fuck wrong with you? I don't like the way you actin', blood  
(Get up off me)

Get the grip, find an opp, give him the whole clip (bang)  
That's his car pulling up, shoot up the whole whip  
That's his man, hit him too, that nigga down with him  
Check his gram, see who else be hanging around with him (yeah)  
He could get it (uh huh), him too, nigga go get the strap  
Load it up, spin the block, I know where them niggas at (where?)  
Where they at? Who they with? Them niggas gettin' smoked  
Line 'em up; they ain't hard to find, all them niggas broke (stupid!)  
Old dog, Nino Brown, Michael Jordan, what?  
Be like Mike, yeah right, I wanted to be like Tyke (woah!)  
Big cuban, flooded Rollie, I see ya eyin' it (I see ya)  
Get ya clapped if I think you think about trying it

Aight, so boom, first up all y'all niggas suck my dick  
Matter of fact, suck my dick with your mother's lips (stupid!)  
Ah, ah, ah, niggas runnin' out they mouth  
Y'all dead-ass, like I won't punch you in your fucking mouth  
Matter of fact, I'ma smack fire out you boy  
Are you dumb? I'ma beat the brakes off you boy  
You some "gas what I smoke, nigga" (bang bang)  
Nah, on this dick your mother choke nigga

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Man fuck that, my niggas 'bout that action blood  
Catch one frame, my niggas got that strap in blood  
They scrapping, my niggas get to clappin'', blood  
Fuck wrong with you? I don't like how you actin', blood  
(Get up off me)

I am not gang gang  
I do not gang bang  
Don't play me like I'm pussy, I will pull up and bang bang  
Niggas get knocked out, then say they gon' pop out  
Hop out, ooh, wop out, and air the whole block out  
Blow the whole stock out, and I'm 'bout what I'm 'bout  
I'm a one man band, I bring the drum out and dump it  
Bend your block, one o'clock, blowing the trumpet  
I'm with the shits, my niggas still hit the licks

I'm stupid rich, still doing some stupid shit  
You niggas know the vibes, scared to come outside  
That's the third time you've been got, second time you was shot  
Your man just ain't your man, he saw us first and fucking ran  
We on a different type of time, you on some different shit  
Now nigga, don't you play with me, play with a bitch  
I ain't ran into a problem that I can't fix  
Hit your ass upside the head with a full stick

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