

Gettin' Bizzy

XV

Dre headphones on, Vizzy get his zone on
My flow is like All State, go and get your quote on
Modest as a Mouse so my ego never Float On
But I'm fly as the Never Ending dragon Bastian road on
Looking at the sky, trying to find where the top at
Trying to get the green, nigga show me where the crop at
Everybody Lost, I am still here
And the crowd will cheer/wheelchair where is John Locke at?
Kill 'em with the way I rhyme
I save the game like Daylight time, go ahead and put your clocks back
I am everywhere where that you niggas probably not at
And I be on the go with every flow that you stop at
Arms up, I ain't going for defeat/the feet
All I need is Seven on the beats
And I am in my zone
If I am not the heir/air to the throne
How come you feel the wind on your seat?
I got 'em like...

Get 'em Vizzy
Get 'em Vizzy
Get 'em Vizzy
Hold up, I'm getting busy
Get 'em Vizzy (I will)
Get 'em Vizzy (Indeed!)
Get 'em Vizzy (yeah)
Hold up, I'm getting busy

Serving up that hot shit, this is for the waiters
I'm giving niggas food for thought, like it was catered
Never go out to parties, I'd always come back with favors
Then I sonned so many niggas you would think we're all related
Thought they had me faded like stone wash
Tried to monopolize the game and gave me no props
Cause I came in here trying to rep for the Squares
And I heated up my circle like stove tops
Met Elliott Wilson and made his Radar switch
I ain't talking gun talk, you can save y'all clips
I ain't fly like the rest of 'em, but ain't I sick?
They got all those tags, but they not it
And I be sitting waiting, anticipating for the day when
The radio finally go and play my shit
Long as I step up to the plate
If I swing I miss
But I'mma go out the way I went
My niggas talk about...
Get 'em Vizzy

Get 'em Vizzy
Get 'em Vizzy
Get 'em Vizzy
Hold up, I'm getting busy
Get 'em Vizzy (Uh Huh)
Get 'em Vizzy (Yep, yep, yep)
Get 'em Vizzy (Haha, uh)
Hold up, I'm getting busy

I'm a cool little dude from a Midwest City
Where the homies call me X and the girls call me Vizzy
I am going going gone, yep, that ones out to Wrigley
If you scared to come up here, there is no way else to get me
They don't get me
Type in those coordinates and try to see me
We don't come in peace, but, we'll try to be friendly
I'm the future, I'm the past, I'm the present, I'm the pending
Quit your worrying, the curtains closing and the lights are dimming
They probably can't hear me, the speakers probably blew up
I digested the city so you know what I threw up
Planted seeds in these streets so you know where they root us
Where I'm born too, my horn make 'em scorn, bitches tutor
Shoot us, the pilot and look at where it flew us
Over The Cuckoos Nest, well yes they have buddah
Deny the tribe, they lie, look at how they do us
In manual drive these guys try to autotune us

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