

Get Your Shit Right (feat. DMX & Mad Rapper)

Jermaine Dupri

Featuring dmx the mad rapperGrrrrrrr grrrrr grrr (yeah)repeat 2xTo all my bitches in the spot
lookin' real fly

An' all my niggas wit the corner locked gettin' high

An' all my playas world wide it's just you and i

Getcha paper getcha dough getcha shit rightFirst off y'all niggaz know i don't slouch

An' as a kid i done did the shit you talkin about

I'm from the south, ya heard?

Where niggas fly birds outta impalas

Live lavish

From atl to dallas an' the little palace

Goin once, goin twice, everyday, livin nice

In the grey wit the ice, makin money rollin dice

Livin the life, that y'all dream of

Puttin niggaz outta business like sony did to sega

You seen us, the green stuff

An nuttin' else that's all i collect

I got the hots like the lox - money, power and respect

An' i can damn the check that any of y'all niggaz spit

I stay hittin, i ain't bullshittin (he ain't bullshittin)

Nigga, wit more glitta, than m.j.

It's all pimp play, when it comes to me

An' y'all motherfuckers know how j.d. gets down

An' those who don't it's a new sheriff in town

Feel me now

x2Yo, let me tell you were i'm at y'all

Shits kinda sad y'all

If you ride the buses or trains

Watch ya back ya'll

Who think he stallin?

I still ain't ballin

An' i got wild bills

An' a crowd that keeps callin

My dogs wanna hang (bark)

My bitches wanna bang

But it don't mean a thang

When all you got is change

That's why my women ain't dimes

Not even close to nines

Sorta like fives and sixes

Wit scars and stiches

Type of bitches that spit in yo' face like alomar
Broke hoes without a car
Snatchin' fruit from salad bars
Which one of ya'll come on, test me now
Me not goin' nowhere, you don't impress me now
So next time you see me up in them clubs
I'm probably scemin'
While you at the bar
Brick hard and fiendin'
I wait for 4 o'clock when yo' drunk ass is leavin'
Cause i paid to get in
An' now i gotta pray teethin'
x2Niggas goin' to parties
Thousand dollar shoes and jewels
You begets what i be wantin' so i be bringin' the tool
Tryin' to snatch up all that ice that you came in
An' nigga d be flippin', yeah, money, it's the same shit
What you thoughtCause you bought
A joint
You might be able to creep a nigga
When he ain't on point
An' i can see it in yo' eyes that you comin' closer than tryin'
An' every step you take brings yo' ass closer to dyin'
An' i don't flow wit the dough
Cause money comes and goes
Gimme the love of my thugs
Hoodrats and hoes, an' i'm good
Cause motherfucker i'm stayin in the hood
An' i'm gon' rip till i'm stiff like wood
You wishin' that you could
Keep it as real as me
An' you gon' know that the pain that you feel is me
When i get ill it be
Some next shit
Darkman, motherfuckin x shit
Wreck shit
For respect bitchx4

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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