

Get the Strap (feat. Casanova, 6ix9ine & 50 Cent)

Uncle Murda

Trilogy
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
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 a opp, give him the whole clip (bang)
That's what's called pulling up, shoot up the whole whip
That's his man, hit him too, that nigga down with him
Take his grand, see who else be hanging around with him
He could get it, 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 (stoopid!)
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
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Go get the strap
Nigga, go get the strap
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
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Go get the strap
Nigga, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
Yap, yap, go get the strap
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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