

Let's Get It On

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

[Verse 1: Lil' Cease]

Uh

Yo, I call my connect, get it sent across the border
Chop it up, bag it in bundles of all quarters
I might just hold it and sell weight
Have my shit pumpin all across the tristate
Nigga I'ma gangsta, I'm the word to define great
You's a old-timer, you a hustler design late
Shit, I got my own company, why should I hate?
My paper long as fuck, high as a pie steak
And my cell phone never ring, it just vibrate
Did a couple years in the pen, I don't sign state
A nigga had a brick and the stash on the highway
I'm always on time like Ja Rule and Ashanti
Ya boy on the grind like it's Friday to friday
A nigga like me cherish days like I'm Sade
No time for the bullshit, no time for the foul play
Now I'ma boss, I'ma do this shit my way
So nigga what you want?

[Hook x2: Lil' Cease]

I got my own company, why should I hate
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Did a couple years in the pen, I don't sign state

[Verse 2: Banger]

Yo, Yo

I got that work that the africans stepped on, the pope blessed on
The 2 for 5's, the whole hood slepted on
Don't kept growin toes, never got stepped on
Nowadays, nigga recognized I'm a real don
Since Big passed, is when the fame and the thrill's gone
Left 3 mill on the block, and I'm still on
Niggas see my face when the real's on
I do the stealin, but I never get stoled on
My life is like Cash Money bitch when I roll on
And anytime I lay wit a bitch is wit no clothes on
It's hard doin' right, cuz all my life I did so wrong
Pissed, I popped shit like Monica, I'm so gone
After fame comes success, now that my team's strong
Nowadays, I don't need a shoulder to lean on
Just put me in the booth, give me a mic to scream on
And any gun I pack got its infrared beam on
So nigga what you want?

[Hook x4]

...Why should I hate
...High as a pie steak
...It just vibrate
...I don't sign state