

## Get On My Feet

B.G.

Damn, it's hard, a baby gangsta is strugglin  
The 9-5 done hit, it's time for me to start hustlin  
I gotta get my serve on, them hoes look at me bad  
My day 'bout to come, so I'ma bust out on they dog ass  
I started wit a fifth and dime rock  
Mook had gave me 20 for 10, I had two nines 'cause I pop  
I made 20 dollars, best believe I went back  
I turned my life of doin bad to a life a slangin crack  
Now I got a job of pushin rocks up on the block  
Plus that drama on my side is a fully loaded Glock  
Half on sellin slabs, I went and scored a fuckin 8-ball  
Nigga gotta stand tall, sort of like a brick wall  
Meet me at V.L., it was a real madd clique  
I whipped out a knot, them dog hoes got on my dick  
Tryin to fuckin break me, them hoes used to hate me  
I cleaned myself up, now them hoes cannot take me  
87, Troy sat me down and they skooled me  
They said don't tell my bid-ness 'cause a nigga would try to do me  
This fuckin Baby Gangsta comin up in the streets  
I'm on a come-up bitch, tryin to get on my feet

I'm tryin to get on my feet, I'm a real baby gangsta  
Bitch, you stop my come-up, then I'm gonna have to gank ya

The bid-ness flowin smooth like water  
I got some fuckin clientele and it's worth three quarters  
My mom fount one, but I was still on the road  
I slipped in the game, they always said the game was cold  
I was slangin them fuckin rocks, I made three G's at the most  
Then I got caught slippin, he did it easy, one of my jokes  
Now Slim and L.T. still keep the shit tight  
But when my nigga come everythings gon' be alright  
Man, it's like this, the set is kinda pain  
I'm like the fuckin Geto Boys livin in the fast lane  
Mail, steady stackin  
Them hoes a nigga mackin  
And you know I'm straight up packin for niggas tryin to jack me  
Now the fuckin law is gettin hot on the set  
I'm playin it on the cool, gotta put away my tech  
I'm chillin at house, bitch got my number when they fiendin  
They call me all night, them motherfuckers be tweekin  
Yes I'm on the block bitch, I sold a quarter-bird  
Now have you fuckin heard, I'ma get it on my fuckin serve  
A fuckin Baby Gangsta comin up in the streets  
I'm on a come-up bitch, tryin to get on my feet

Like Pac, I'm in so much pain  
I'm broke, I'm slangin in the rain  
14, strugglin, pocket full of crack-cocaine  
Tryin to come up off a bill  
You know I got them hustlin skills  
The nigga from that V.L., Baby Gangsta, yes, you know I'm real  
Down for the jack move, nigga like me is savage  
Don't let me catch you slippin, I'll kill you wiz, I gots to have it  
When I bust my 17, you know I'm gonna get ya  
Split ya when ya holler, I know I hit ya  
Yes, I know I'm fast, so I hit a nigga stash

When I hit this nigga stash, turn his stash into cash  
I wanna stand real tall, have a bird for my own  
When I have a bird for my own, gots to get my hustle on  
So I'm on the block wit crack, you know I strap my fuckin gat  
False move will get you kilt, rat-tat-tat-tat  
So get back wit the gat, nigga don't move  
I'ma take wit ya to the head  
Make sure yo bitch ass dead  
Then from the scene a nigga fled  
I'ma real nigga, trill nigga, always pack a steel trigga  
If you ever play me I'ma plug 'cause I'm a thug nigga  
Youngster from the ghetto man, I ain't got nothin  
I got a gat and a set of nuts, tryin to come up on somethin  
So if you slippin on my hood black, I gots to creep  
'Cause I'm a nigga tryin to get on my feet

[Chorus 4x]