

# How We Get Down

Bad Azz

Purple, yeah, it's Dogghouse why y'all  
See me, I be about my dollars  
In my own world, wit my own girls popping collars  
I'ma G, we, be up for the Impalas  
Wit the juice, getting loose on why y'all, I make ya holla

I make ya feel like ya drunk, you on a gallon of strong gin  
What's happening, it's a party cracking up in my play pen  
The play pen party is popping, it's strait line up  
It's an after Aftermath party and my bed's smelly bottom  
Oh you gone, I see real weird 'til it's over  
When we leave, we goin' peel out in the limo wit the chauffeur  
Wit the doja, gat, Congnac and some soda, (c'mon, see man)

Who make 'em chat? Angels rule the world  
Who make these niggas want to leave their girl? (Kola, Kola!)  
Who got the turk to the dirt? Throwing nose and dope  
Got niggas cumming from the lyrics I quar (Kola, Kola!)  
Dogghouse checking niggas with the switch in their walk  
Niggas would talk, slept wit my, leave 'em in chalk  
Keep it pimping (truly!) Got 'em screaming (ooh wee!)  
Angels 'with B-A-D A-Z-Z!

(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down  
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down  
(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down  
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down

Money talks, nigga bullshit, run a marathon  
Gotta have bread, every month, every cent, every blunt  
Every single bottle of 'gnac, you could shine  
It ain't no thing, show your paper stack (check it out)  
Money makes girls, take bitches, make niggas  
Take money by the motherfucking gun  
See I'ma gangsta from the East side, the L.B.C.  
I wouldn't do it if it wasn't no fun (c'mon)  
Oh you gone? I see it real weird 'til it's over  
Where you at? We still smoking and this is Conyiac

It's only one way, Dogghouse is doing movies  
Fun stack to unlimited, riches with intentions  
Regulate every aspect of the game  
(Brain loose, sipping purple smoke)  
That got me and Angels choked out (no doubt)  
They formally stampeded like Kurk (have some party's)  
Step up wit quiet and I could get us  
Rep the 'boes, sticking clicks, sick dumbs never holla  
I be out, thugged out, then follow, make 'em swallow

Three, two, one, it's at the NFL like the thing just begun  
I'm fucked up, I can't believe I'm still looking at butts  
I can't quit, I'm off the hizzle with this kinda shit  
It's goin' be all away, done before we trying to split  
When it's this kinda party, we always act dope  
Now you all doped up and you think ya mad dope  
Gotcha homegirls talking to you, glasses of, damn  
I done, drank all my 'gnac and Cola, whats up Chan?

Know I, not tap, no hats, nothing but hand claps  
Slap the pistol cause my holsters snap, and dudes get snapped  
Time to act up, and I could definitely dig that  
We got's to get paid to snitches masses, my decision is made  
Why y'all bought, why y'all paid  
We be fiends, everywhere, the Angels are back  
Hold that, so let it go and put the bang-bang  
That's how we doing the damn thing (damn thing)