

Get Down

Beanie Sigel

"get down"

This Philly cat back with them blackmatics
Pop up with the gun in ya crib fa the fun of it
[Scratching]..."get down"
Two guns you know, desert eagle, streetsweepers
It..Its in the blood!..Mac PainClick BOOM!

I'll smack you in the grill or you'll feel the 45 harding
45 yards of football stitches, look ya'll bitches...(Black)
bullets in and out the same spot
turn you so skinny you can, in and out of rain drop
skinny like a smoker in and out of cain spots
hook, drop, dry coke in and out the same pot
Mac with the block could hustle at any cause
ran through bricks like Nitsie Russel and Lady Boss
(man)..Tricky hustle, quick to bust you 380 toss
You cant escape hell, 357 with 8 shells
38 long six shots
get ya shit stopped, get ya clique got
get ya strip hot, you could get swat
you could get cops, niggaz get ya shit mopped
hit ya block with two semis and say gimme
lay everybody down on the ground and take plenty
this four pound make you lose pounds and get skinny

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This Philly cat back on a mission, out the kitchen
back at it, playing with blackmatics
one Mac eleven, one seven
a line up four buck tears for one bredren
leave three basins of tears from one widow
50 cars back to back with stick-up windows
hollow points clap from Mac sittin' em in you
nurses gotta cut ya back getting out you
disable niggaz get staples and shit patch you
shift over ya liver and able to reroute you
leave you niggz tubes and cables to spit out through
you know the rules of engagement I gotta out you
(shit)...how you want it dog? We can gun it out
spit it out, have ya fucking stomach sitting out
dig this when the shits on, get gone
I'm rated PG, pull on-get gone

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You know Sigel play with them eagles, niggaz don't get tagged

Throw bullets out them dirty birds like McNabb
Bunch of niggaz where ya corners at
Get a whop, take a quarter back, bring a half back you do the math black
Aint no warnin' black, when Im wearin' black...mask
Over the braids two nines like Warren Sapp
Bring prosperity back to the hood like Buck Jay
Turn ya block to slump day, who want gunplay?
All you niggaz pennies add up to one thing...my dollars
Hollows holla, first class trip to satan with flyer mileage
Guess who the pillot?..DOA Airlines, dead on arrival
Flatline you, no survivors they cant find you
Like Kennedy Jr. you kidding me Jr
You way out ya league
Slow up pump ya brakes shorty, I'm ya way out ya speed

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