

Get The Dick (raw Mix)

Bizarre

Them niggas try to rob me could GET THE DICK
All them bitches try to play me they GET THE DICK
Niggas try to jump B.U. can GET THE DICK
We gon' bang when I see you so GET THE DICK
Have you ever seen a show with niggas on the mic
With one minute rhymes that don't come out right
They bite, they never write, that's not polite

I got great skills
And if my record sells 8 mil
I'ma still smoke weed, get dusted, get drunk and take pills
Fast gun play gon' get you blast one day
Fucking with Zee, it be today mothafucka
Newark like a sitcom for no brains
???, Jettin from ? trains
Slip a tab and mushrooms in my coffee
With half a forty, feel like the walls is moving towards me
Till I die from old age
I'll be pullin girls up to suck my dick right on the stage
So stop talking, get them old jelli's walking
'Fore I call Pace celly walkman, and tell him yall been
Acting iffy, and it's really starting to piss me
And like popcorn, my nigga's be here in a jiffy
Will all the Mack 10's step beside me
We gon' start wylin and kill everybody

To you fronting ass bitches GET THE DICK
To you booty ass labels GET THE DICK
To you corny ass rappers GET THE DICK
To all you mothafucka's GET THE DICK

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Pace Won, Mr. Perfect, I take a warm shower
Make a condo, out of saw powder
Make the sun eclipse at the born hour
I'm a wizard at this shit like Juwon Howard
Put my gun up in the ass of crews
And start to spray, gotta pay massive dues
So I take Emcee's that pass the rules
And fly them into space like NASA do
I'm a, weed lover, going deep cover
Tricking these goofy ass ho's I need rubbers
Your favorite nucker, flow butter
Niggas get mobbed, leave with they clothes cut up
'When you comin' what they askin me
'You fresh to no limit like Master P'
I be keepin shit milky like ? cream
Pace Won, blaze one, and I'm ? fiends mothafucka

To yall fag ass cops GET THE DICK
To you bitches on the block GET THE DICK
To you fake weed spots GET THE DICK
And yall niggas without glocks GET THE DICK

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If your flow is kinda doo-doo
I more filthier than white bums from Newark (brick city!) to Honolulu
More wine than cherry, raspberry, apple-cranberry, strawberry
Muthafuckin flows extraordinary
Your bitch ass will get bodied and buried
By this slick walking, talking, rhyming dictionary
Gimme your mind, let me ? one
Fairly handsome, blackened like temper tantrums
Spittin like automatic handguns,
You can't run
Your style is more garbage than Shirley Manson
You got a platinum single, roll me your money
I'm bummy but I bet I can get your bitch to beat my dick for me

Doin drive-bys in less than 2 minutes
And I know one of these houses on the block
Got your fuckin family in it
And what's the worstist, is y'all niggas gon' need nurses
I collect money on your block, like ushers at churches
No matter where your boys go, nigga I'ma get 'em
You can ask ? Funeral Home, how much business I be sendin 'em
You forgot bitch nigga, I know where you stay
Loaded AK, get little Johnny out the way
Bet you these bats gauruntee your ass won't be walking
I rock '98 Suburbans while you push cars from the auction
You don't wanna see Bizarre Kid get dumb
I beat a bitches ass when I'm in a good mood
So imagine if I'm in a bad one
You better duck when I pull this nine
I done shut up your block so many times
All I see is For Sale signs
They say these cats only got 9 lives,
But Dardin took 8, so tonight you diiiiiiie

GET THE DICK

Yeah yeah yeah GET THE DICK
Yeah Bizarre yeah GET THE DICK
All you fuckers in Detroit GET THE DICK
Have you ever seen a show with niggas on the mic
With one minute rhymes that don't come out right
They bite, they never write, that's not polite

You dummies

The reason bitches want me to spend money
Just to spread 'em like Gin Rummy
I'm Ya Ya
Holier than Roshashana
With baby mama's that's pro black like the Sada
The lover large and at peace with his god
Behind bars, yall nigga's sittin close with the gaurds
Fucking with yall, I'm always catchin charts
Yall won't let us box, yall wanna run and tell the Sarge
Life's short, I play hard
See your crew on the streets,
Better know I won't hesitate to spray yall
I keep a rifle killing you and everybody looking like you
Fag, it's a never ending cycle
Can't nobody come and save you when I start shit
My lead is like Kryptonite to them Clark Kent's

I rip a crew with dust and liquor too
Too despicable
Toss you off the terrace on ritualoo(ritual)
I rise like Christ
The third knight on mics
But it ain't Easter
It's only death when I meet you
So GET THE DICK