

## Gotta Get Up

Black Sheep

Black Sheep, ready to nova, I gotta get up and get over  
Yo, Lisle, Lisle put a, put a little  
Little bit of, bit of the layer on my voice, please?  
Lawnge, what's up, we gonna do these drops or what  
Yeah, and it goes a little something like..  
The freelance designer, yo, yo come on let's get this shit going  
Dres, the impeccable nigga's on the mic and flowing  
For those who made the purchase or came out on the streets  
Black Sheep, bow your heads cause we're about to break beats  
City lights shining with the ill timing  
My glare everywhere, don't stare cause my shit's blinding  
I think, I think niggas best not blink  
Cause they stink and I'm looking at 'em pretty in pink  
With a passion, I want to put a gash in your ego  
Your flavour's artificial, a goddamn placebo  
Black, you can't believe it, you gotta dry heave it  
Fake niggas can't achieve it, fake bitches can't be-weave it  
From the streets of New York to where I be on the ladder  
Fatter, got your bitch saying "Baby, what's the matter?"  
As a matter of fact, it's Dres the knuckle-dragger  
With a fresh manicure so I got my cloak and dagger  
I roam with the grifters, my game's ever true  
My style's old skool like the new school review  
I gets biz, on and on for days  
And amaze with plays for non-gays, queens  
Nah, fuck that! Queens, I ain't hushing  
I'm crushing mafucks with a bumrush from Flushing  
A member me, getting busy with GMC  
Back when Rick was fresh and slick the nigga Doug E  
Yeah, Tiki doing the freak, be  
Backtrack a bit before the baby beat me  
Got more peoples than any seen in the video clip  
And we was getting life's desires from a strip  
Hand-to-handler, and the gambler  
Give me the eggs, black, I'm the scrambler  
You too, a mafucking lyric in a song  
Helping that Philly blunt shit catch on  
Popote light the bat, pass the shit to AZ  
Pass the shit to Lord, yo, Lord give the shit to me  
Yo, Wild pass the shit to Skip, Skip roll another  
The brother light's about to flip  
It's buckwild Bland with the horrifying team:  
Homicide, Cess, Doctor Sharjean  
My nigga Black Ron, Steve O, Val, Amar, JR, Reese  
Popo peace!  
Born to KE and all my peoples that be  
But foremost, the whole fucking Vargas family  
We wrote the scripts and the times were fit  
Original New York, New Jack City type shit  
Now we still we make moves only to different grooves, black  
Sheep, in fact get back, it's simple as that this  
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over  
I gotta get mine, yo, it's time to prevail  
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over  
I paid my respect, the cheque's in the mail  
Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over  
I gotta come krill, yo, my skills won't fail

Gotta get up, get up, gotta get over  
Been holding my breath, yo, it's time to exhale  
Back in the days of bullshit when I was a small guy  
Taking the train home as I roamed but still I  
Never had a clue of what I was going to do  
To you, to you, and you, and you, and you too  
Make the world jump, the girls hump, collect a lump  
And make your speakers pump 'back on the scene  
Crispy and clean' Yo, the rap title's redeemed  
So you can save it for your next dream  
Black Sheep is taking rap to the extreme  
We got you coming back for more like a crack fiend  
But now I stick with nothing but my own clique  
I'm getting paid for what? Talking about my dick  
It's my prerogative, sucker  
Now you can tell your father that I'm the motherfucker  
On the TV, no, you can't see me  
Cause I'm on the DL, hiding from the industry  
Niggas that be getting on my nerves  
Trying to find the fucking beats that we preserve  
See, I've been digging in the crates for a minute  
Even my grandma's, believe I was up in it  
Taking it, breaking it, trying it, flying it  
I didn't have the money so, shit, I wasn't buying it  
I had to take what I could get and be happy with  
Not only records but clothes and food and shit  
Niggas trying to get over on, niggas trying to get over on  
Niggas trying to get over  
That's why I stay refined, and never think about the other kind  
Fake niggas trying to get mine  
I had to hold my head despite what was being said  
I used to wish that I had some lead  
That I could buck off, but then I got my luck off  
Away from Carolina, yo, I had to step the fuck off  
[Chorus]