

# I Gotta Get It

**Boss Hogg Outlawz**

[Chris Ward:]

Fantasies and wishes, of hustlers with riches  
Drop top sixes, and old schools with switches  
And though it's true the shit I do, caught me a case  
The same shit I do, help out my estates  
So I take heavenly dances, with felony chances  
If you asking all the questions, who's telling the answers  
I fill your head up with smoke, like you inhaling the branson  
This money and jewelry, got these girls swearing I'm hansom  
It's like I hustle for days, to get this money for years  
And FED time for conspiracy, is one of my fears  
So I have daily conversations, with the Lord about  
How I'ma make it out, rapping or trapping out the crack house  
I mean, I got million dollar schemes  
And aspirations to fulfill, my million dollar dreams  
And so it seems, I can't quit it I gotta stay with it  
Why else would I be in it, shit I gotta get it

[Hook: Rob Smallz]

I'm doing everything, cause I gotta get it  
Until, all the getting is good  
And I probably ain't gon change, because I live it  
From block to block, to your hood  
No mistakes about it, God's watching over me  
While I ride, and grind in these streets  
And I'm not a struggler, homie I'm a hustler  
Why else would I be in it, I gotta get it

[Slim Thug:]

I gotta get it mayn, I can't quit it mayn  
Don't keep spitting, keep ticking till I hit it mayn  
I'm staying with it mayn, no breaks no stops  
No playing no bops, till my team on the top  
Refuse to drop, my mind made I'ma be paid  
Fuck waiting sitting in the shade, hoping for a better day  
I'm busting down blocks, till I find me a better way  
Cocking back them glocks, trying to find where the cheddar stay  
Hope and pray to God, that I find me a better J  
But shit for now, I gotta do whatever pay  
I'm tired of sitting, and wanting and wishing  
I'm getting it, grinding on a million dollar mission I gotta get it

[Hook]

[Young Black:]

Been a long time coming, from hustling and rock bumping  
Smallest nigga on the block, out the pot got the spot jumping  
Lord forgive me for sinning, and mama I know you hurt  
But these bills keep coming, and mama you out of work  
I'd rather be in the dirt, before I sit on my ass  
With my hands out, begging for cash  
Nigga they raised me a G, take from a nigga 'fore he take it from me  
Money's the key, so baby that's all I see  
I'm so blind, late nights I got this money on my mind  
And a pistol in my hand, and I can't seem to lay it down  
I'm out here on my grind, I hope you niggaz paying your dues  
While you suckas out here hustling for shoes, and y'all suppose to be true's

[Hook]