

## Get It In Ohio

Cam'ron

Waddup, Midwest?  
They forgot about the fourth coast  
Uh, it ain't nuttin though  
Waddup Arkansas, Minnesota, Kansas  
Kentucky, Missouri, everybody in the Lou'!

Geah! (HOLLA!)  
Thinkin 'bout Guy Fisher  
Never met him, but goddamn that's my nigga! (why?)  
I figure real estate, invested pie flipper  
Never snitch, me I'm in a bathrobe, fly slippers (high 80s')  
Left Chicago wit good money for five drops  
Westside, did the Southside like the White Sox (Waddup Stony Island?)  
Bamboo and Pulaski, K-town is contra (Westside)  
They'll dearly depart ya, in front of MacArthur's (Waddup Madison?)  
I'm the author for gangsters, tough guys  
Did the whole Ohio, but I start it off of Buckeye (dey know me!)  
Columbus to 'Natti, them towns I raped 'em (sure did)  
Few clowns was hatin (what?!), moved my pounds to Dayton (Let's go)  
And in Akron, my niggaz they would throw things  
Not King James, these were coke kings (Buck, waddup baby?)  
Ain't he actin grown, doggy you ain't back at home  
Then smack the {?}, wrapped in chrome, you better get a chaperone

If you know like I know, you should lie low  
Killa, I used to get it in Ohio  
Don't forget the Chi though, guns are like a pyro  
You keep playin, you will look like a gyro

Yo, ga'head and hate me hater  
'cause I'm flyer than a aviator? (Yes I am)  
Well, you'll get SMACKED with the radiator  
And I get catered player - wanna talk? Maybe later  
Told her, her time was up, '88 her, Flavor Flaved her (Boyeeeeee!)  
Need ya neck choked, rather your neck broke  
Ya dead broke, yet folks the jewels are like AIYYO!!  
And you'll get yolked up, switchblade poked up  
Bitch-made since sixth grade, he need his rope cut (yes)  
Cowboy roped up, y'all boys sold what?  
Know what? The dope, crack, and coke is in the coat tucked (right here)  
Roll up, hold up, family, this a hold up!  
Get close up, soaked up, I'm KG, postup  
Hoe, slut, no love, turn beef to cold cuts  
Family gettin bread, well he about to get his loaf cut (in half)  
Y'all doped up, this game is sewed up  
Malcolm X tell the white bitch yo, I want my toes sucked

Yo, I'd rather be judged by twelve, than carried by six  
My twelve and twelve - well, they carry my bricks  
and them twelve-twelve fiends, they're married to sniff  
And the V12, that's on various trips Y'all make a brotha laugh, me I took an  
other path  
Come into my habitat, hover crafts, bubble baths  
Duffle bags stuffed with cash, fell in love with math  
I got the green Benz, red Range, mustard Jag  
White coke, tan dope, black gun, trey deuce  
Silver bullets, purple piff, blue pills, Grey Goose

Pull out the rat-tat-tat (what you say?)  
Duck duck, say goose  
Beige coupe, suede roofs, send him off to Jesus (Jesus)  
H-deuce, yea yea, piss off the state troops  
See me, then they don't, I disappear, say POOF!  
Play Zeus, homeboy get a replaced tooth  
Not pot, mean dust when a nigga say juice  
Killa! Killa..

You know what it is, nigga - Harlem  
140th & Lennox, you faggot niggaz can suck a dick, fuck niggaz  
Everybody in the whole Midwest, Indiana  
Nebraska - Omaha, what's happenin?  
Err'body in Denver, Iowa, Illinois  
Chi-Town, Ohio, you know what it is  
I'll be home soon, Killa!  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
Waddup, Leche?  
Yo Happy, I'ma drop another package off  
Duke on that Westside of Chicago Waddup everybody in Columbus? [fades]