

# Get It Poppin'

Fat Joe

Its 2 up in the mornin' girl and the DJ playin' that song  
Now watchu gonna do  
I'm gonna get get get it poppin'  
Watchu gonna do  
I'm gonna get get get it poppin'

I got the unlimited American Express card  
Momma you can get whateva ya like  
Plus I got that all Black Phantom tinted on four sides  
Get a kiss so they can't see us inside  
Momma tell me do you like it  
I know you like it  
Its written all ova your face don't fight it  
You like it  
More than I like it  
So put it all ova your face don't bite it

From rags to riches club packing  
Bitches hate the bag and ditch us  
The hate game is vicious  
And we can get it poppin' to the bathroom  
Don't be selfish ma, go ahead and pass it to em  
And we can all fuck  
Its like a million on my neck  
Got all these bitches awestruck  
We pissy drunk off of seraphim and I'm up in V.I.P, and these bitches scream  
ing let me in

Get it poppin' and get droppin'  
Its written all ova you're face don't stop it  
Just drop it  
More like this hopness  
Kickin' the dough with the fo fo messin' with Joe

Now this kid gotta ass so fat  
In fact, I put a drink on it, I and came right back  
He would never talk to a Elaine like that  
And my ears screaming how he got a name like Crack Jack

Similar to Mike Jones  
Say my name enough then I'm takin' you home  
You know I walk when I talk when I sleep with the girl  
One squeeze and you gone  
What I look like not taking at least  
3 to 6 women at the club with me  
Now we back to the fuck pad, call it the fuckpad  
'Cause all these bitches fuckin' with me

Now when that door swing open with that awkward motion whatchu  
Call it  
Suicide, its a suicide  
And if the niggas talk shit 'cause they drink off that awkward  
Potion they committing  
Suicide, its a suicide

Lets get it poppin' up  
I gotta shot 'em niggas

I feel sorry for yo motha  
Give a fuck what you say  
Spin your head back from whatchu wanta videotape