

## Let's Get It On

Heavy D

Yea this is uh Super funk you know what I'm sayin  
This is for all the players and playetts wherever you at you dig  
I'm talkin about from this side to that side  
East side, West side, your side, my side  
It's all about being funky man  
Aiyyo give me that microphone  
It's Heavy D the baritone and I'm home alone dig it  
and I'm always staying freshly dipped on 1-2-5th  
where the dogs bark and the dreadlock be sparkin spliff  
Okay okay okay okay it's Heavy D again  
Hallelujah I'm on your T.V. screen again  
You see me on your MTV and on your BET  
and on your local focal point video show  
Nigga this how it flow so fly like an eagle  
No sequels no weed but I get love from all the thugs  
cause they still my people  
I'm dynamic punks panic when they see me  
They get all shook up when my mic's hooked up  
Let's get it on!

Untouchables at your door  
(Let's get it on)  
All you wack rappers hit the floor

How should I plead forever thuggin on a quest to get G's  
Runnin from enemies ever since the days of a seed  
I'm under pressure the stress will have me drinkin  
thinkin niggaz after me much too paranoid to blink  
Wonder why the police don't wanna see me stackin G's  
They after a playa but I won't let em capture me  
I gotta thank the lord for the weed and the nicotine  
I can't sleep close my eyes I see wicked things  
I keep my pistol by my bedside one in the chamber  
Preoccupied with homicide my life's in danger  
Rollin down the 4-0-5, beware of stangers  
Hand on my 4-5 that's what the fame does  
I'm probably wrong but I'll never know it till I'm gone  
From out the ghetto where the jealous motherfuckers roam  
Pass the weed let that Hennessey get to me  
before the penitentiary  
Let's get it on!!

Untouchables at your door  
(Let's get it on)  
All you wack rappers hit the floor

I thought you knew I stay true to this rhyme thing I do  
I have all the honeys saying, "Go Pu'!"  
I flip a style from the projects building 70 apartment 6C  
I turn food stamps to green stamps rough power amps  
and sold weed under corner lamps but now I'm just microphone talkin  
So when you see my ass have my cash or just keep walking  
Niggaz got more game than Genesis  
Seen a movie in L.A. now everybody wanna C  
but them youth don't trouble we  
because they fall victim to what they see hey!  
I keeps it (Reel to Reel) like my last album title song

but I understand it takes a year for niggaz to catch on  
(hit em in the head dog) So let's get it on! yea

Split the dutches fill it with the skunk we about to  
get wicked in the joint uh Notorious is glorious  
Niggaz now who's the mind blower, the weed grower  
Have you seeing doubles like Noah, the rhyme flower  
B.I.G. top notch with the glock check your pockets  
and your sockets it's just the way my pops taught me  
When you throw the drop check em throughly  
The bastard might spin around and try to bury me  
And dead niggaz don't make no moves  
When I'm slingin in the hood I don't fake no moves aight  
Reminiscin on my swinger days  
when I drove a Caddy and my bitch sported finger waves  
Yea she had the Gucci roots I had Sarducci suits  
Oshkosh-begosh Coca-Cola lookin real cute  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. representin Bucktown  
Mac-11 cocked back niggaz better duck down  
Face down you know the routine the cream  
Earrings you know the drama Biggie bring  
Let's get it on