

Don't Get It Fucked Up

Outlawz

Time after time niggaz thinkin' we gon' fold
We ain't yo average niggaz
I don' told you once before
All my real niggaz know
We been at it for years
Persevering and still here
Through static and tears
And yeah..
We some ridahts -- No
It ain't no stoppin' us
They couldn't stop us
So... they tried copying
But out of living color in the flesh
Guess who's back
Nigga act like you know what's good for ya

These industry niggaz man they more like bitches
These fuckin' rappers man they more like snitches
Been in the cut and we been focusing, listening
And everybody got a story to tell
But why they twistin' them?
So keep ya head right (head right)
You want the raw on the Lawz
You gotta log-on the muthafuckin' website
(what's that?)
And that's OutlawRecordz.Net
Show some respect
Cause real niggaz go for the net

Don't get it fucked up, fucked up
Nigga don't get it, get it
Fucked up, Fucked up
Nigga don't get it, get it
Fucked up, fucked up
Nigga don't get it, get it
Fucked up
Bitches don't get it, get it
Fucked Up
Snitches don't get it, get it
Fucked up

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Fucked up
Bitches don't get it, get it
Fucked Up
Snitches don't get it, get it
Fucked up

Who wanna ride?
Who wanna drive?
Who wanna die?
Who wanna roll up

Load up and dump at the same time
We all different but the same kind
All my niggaz on a mission that's the same as mine
Blame the times
We all spent days in line
Now we all at the front of the bus
Blames the rhymes, I
Aim the Nine, I
Came to shine, I
Thank the Lord and my heavenly father

We got to get it right back
To where we started from
This for my niggaz strugglin'
Comin' out of the slum
If you ain't ridin' on twinkies
You could still ride with me
If you ain't blingin' like I'm blingin'
You could still ride with me
Cause it ain't what you got
It's what ya know
Outlaw muthafucka, untouchable
Give 'em the truth
Or get out the booth
That's my new shit
Cause rapper's now-a-days
Y'all been makin' us all look stupid

Shit, I been doin' what I wanted for some time now
Shit, I wanted as a kid
All mine now (it's all mine now)
I ain't lucked up (nooooo)
Don't get it fucked up (nooooo)
Look what years of stugglin' did
Wanted for something
The kid real, like one in a Mil'
Cash of kings
Without a deal or a chain that bling
I'm a Outlaw (outlaw)
But I don't rob
And when times got hard
I ain't get no job
Shit I got it how I live
Spit it like it is
And did it all for the kid (yes sir)
I'm a ridah homeboy
I ride on chrome boy
And I refuse to die right besides my chrome boy

[Chorus]