

Clayborne Family, You Gonna Get It

(Keith) Cali.. (yeah) Cali.. Cali
I told y'all how we do it 'round heah
(Keith) I'm goin back to Cali - hmm, I gotta think about it
Cadillac'n, paperstackin mayne
(Keith) I'm goin back to Cali, to Cali, to Cali
Still steady tippin and pimpin mayne
(Keith) I'm goin back to Cali
You want that right here?
(Keith) Hmmmm, let me think about it

(Verse One)
I'm the bomb I got the flow
Pack a show, pimp the hoe
Make the dough re-up and go
Trick too slow? Chicks run dough
What's yo' handle what's yo' call
Where's the 'dro I'll smoke it all
Tell yo' name, state yo' game
I want the chips you have the fame
Nigga backbite, game ain't right
I'm dy-no-mite too out of sight
Hard to reach, arms can't touch
Run your jewels, rings and watch
You thug you jacked 'em murder contractor
Shut up dude! You're an actor
Lookin slick, when I come
You slum you dumb get some and gun

(Chorus)
We got that 'dro on the block, you come and get it
You want that blow and that rock, you come and get it
We keep the heat on the block, you gon' get it
For plenty bitches - woo - we diggin ditches - woo!

(Verse Two: Marc Live)
Yeah.. look, look look
I can bring you down, look
Killers in the game, never need the fame
Come wreck shop, put two in your brain
Blow sets up, go sex it up
Come see the kid, UHH, never did a bid (let's go)
Never got caught, never came short (yeah)
Never got shot, don't talk a lot
Just watch me, I tote the heat (yeah)
Light the weed up
Purple haze kush the scene up
Nighttime we eat the streets up
Get set, get ready
I spit, come crazy
20 Chevys, payload real heavy
... You lazy
Don't hate me

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Kool Keith)
I'll beat it in the great lane
Take the intestines out your {?}
Who's standin on top of the mountain on top of yo' great dane
It's all love, grab a beer, life is great mayne
John came through yesterday, he was no Fefferday{?}
Now Thanksgiving is over, I cut the grass a little bit
Above beyond the perfect task, strings around yo' ass
Michael Myers, brother knew lots, saavy

We golden lover, a hundred fifty-five pounds, the Golden Glover
With Bob {?} in Madison Square
Can I get in where I fit in, you don't mind I'm not invited
Mr. Polystein, can I have a piece of yo' bread
Can I barge and piss on top of who's large
Your cholesterol, your high blood pressure
Now how Lucy used too much cream in the coffee
The doctor said y'all feedin the family too much marger-ine
Uncle Fedley screamin out, the {?} workin the boy too hard
Birds flyin by my rockin chair, you can sit here grandma
I'ma rake them leaves, I'ma piss right here in the garden
Now Bo {?} said he's losin his hair, I don't got the mange
Now he's actin strange

(Chorus) - 2X