

# 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