

# DJ Clue, Getting It

(feat. Busta Rhymes, Rah Digga)

[DJ Clue]  
DJ Clue  
Desert Strom

[Busta Rhymes]  
Yea  
Flipmode  
Busta Rhymes  
Rah Digga  
The Inauguration  
(New Busta Rhymes!!!)  
Yea, yea ha ha ha yea  
(Feat Rah Digga)  
What  
Give it to me  
All my niggaz  
Where you at now?

[Busta Rhymes]  
Check me  
When we arrive in the spot  
Who the fuck you think fazin'  
We amazing and we blazin' nigga  
And while we blow shit every time  
Fully equipped for the occasion  
While we dazin', and we grazin' niggaz  
Make you leak and drip  
Till your body shelves up faggots  
Just like a razor say your grace and get the praisin' niggaz  
Flipmode be the ultimate unit, play your position  
While he lace it, know your place, while we decreasin' niggaz  
I have a hard time with wack niggaz talkin'  
Die slow with all that weak shit, you speak shit, eat shit!  
Cause when we march and high-step in the spot  
Niggaz love it when we leak shit, the heat shit, street shit!  
And while we drop the most miraculous bombs  
Ya'll niggaz aint really dropin nothin'  
rockin nothin', toppin' nothin' (whhaaat!!!)  
Now to ya'll funny niggaz talkin' your talk  
Ya'll niggaz aint even really coppin' nothin'  
poppin' nothin', stoppin' nothin'

[Chorus 1-Busta Rhymes]  
All my niggaz that be ride in the trucks  
Getting' money say it! (ho)  
Niggaz, say it (ho, hoooo!)

All my niggaz thata' rep for the street  
Hold it down say it! (ho)  
Niggaz, what! I'm sayin' (ho, hoooo!)

All my bitches thata' beef with they nigga  
And hold it down with em' (whaa)  
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

And to my bitches that be doin' it and get their own money  
Just say it (whaa)  
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

[Rah Digga]  
Say 1 for the dirty  
2 for hard core

3 for the trees stashed in my top drawer  
I be comin' to ya' live!  
Fuck up your whole circuit  
Make rappers ask them self if this shit is even worth it  
Don't really need to brag  
Cause these streets a tell  
Stay tight, be polite, and she specks so well  
Say fuck the world  
Who ever aint feelin' me  
Campaignin' through the hood like my name was Hillary  
The illest with form  
I'm the illest on the norm  
The illest on my barn (?)  
The illest on the song  
Any type wanna yap or think they can rap  
I'm a scream on motherfuckas like my name was Big Cap  
Timbaland, sweat pants, sacks of high dro  
The dirtiest flow in magazines like Whoa!  
Make it hot, flow it down  
Like some hoers, you can lift this  
And be careful what you write cause I might of already flipped it

[Chorus 2-Busta Rhymes]

All my niggaz that be ridin' on 20's  
And gettinn' money say it! (ho)  
Niggaz, say it (ho, hoooo!)

All my niggaz thata' rep for the street  
Hold it down say it! (ho)  
Niggaz, what! I'm sayin' (ho, hoooo!)

All my bitches thata' beef with they nigga  
And hold it down with em' (whaa)  
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

And to my bitches that be doin' it and get their own money  
Just say it (whaa)  
Say it, bitches, I'm sayin' (whaa, whaaa!)

[Busta Rhymes]

Now we don't give a fuck  
We serious nigga  
We smokin' trees, stackin' G's, nigga please, nigga what now?  
Music just for niggaz backin' they jaws  
Makin' you freeze, beta' eaze, get on your knees, nigga what now?

[Rah Digga]

Digga, digga, digga  
Type of swing only Rah could bring  
I could passion (?) crazy rhymin', and I do my thing  
Trantin' niggaz to threads, like white boys in kegs  
Cuss words and verbs  
Going over niggaz heads

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo no mercy and we taken no prisoners  
Pull the trigger, now we bigger, me and digga, in the spot now!  
Ya'll mothafuckas really think you can manage  
What we deliver, cause we thicker, and we sick of what the fuck now!

[Rah Digga]

Digga, digga, digga  
Ripped shit since the 80's  
You taken me like if, and, mazin'  
Lil' crazy, lil' lazy, sop it up like gravy

Couldn't write a wack rhyme if a mothafucka paid me

[Chores 1]

[DJ Clue]

DJ Clue

Desert Storm

You know how we do things

Word up!