

DJ Kayslay, Get Retarded

(feat. Diplomats, Twista)

[Jim Jones]

Uhh, okay, y'all know what this is
Jim Capo nigga, we back on this motherfucker
Drama King, drama game, bird caine
DipSet, Diplomat - y'all know what it is
Exclusive nigga, for the streets
Harlem, stand up, Eastside representers
You know what it is, check it

Passed my hood throwin weed out the window
Half my hood they be out the window
Tell KaySlay throw the key out the window
I parked in front so I can see out the window
Get inside of the ride, 20 inches piped in the side
So I cypher some eyes, hell yeah like bikers we ride
Better yet like pilots we fly
Trust me you be flyin all high
like a bunch of birds and we dump the birds
And we bump the birds but "mums" the word
Word, word - man bird gang
I thought you heard mayne
But hold on holmes, I be rollin stones
Rocked up like a rollin stone
Blocked up and I hold the chrome
Pop up I will blow up homes, DipSet, he know it's on
Yeah, it ain't even fair
I'll squeeze a flare, I'll leave him there
Just bleedin there, no breathin air
Just leave him there 'til police get there
Whoo! That's my kind of work
Fucked up buletproof liner shirt
Then we grind the work, all kind of work
We watch po-po, they tryin alerts
Fuck that dough, they dyin of thirst
Huh, so we cop it and fry it
Chop and divide it, toppers supply it
Yeah - hit the block and he try it
Yeah - watch the cops when they eye us
Yeah - you know our block starts riots

[Chorus x2: Jim Jones, Juelz Santana]

If it's drama we can start it
Start the drama, get retarded
Grab the llama, load the cartridge
Turn yo' ass into a target

If it's drama we gon' start it
If it's problems we gon' solve it
Big revolvers, you the target
Load the hammers, load the cartridge

[Juelz Santana]

I pop hoes and greet ya, nachoes and cheese ya
Send vatos, choppos and gablones to meet ya
They pop yo' top slow, pa blow and leave ya
I got dough, papo or chop low flaminga
I got hoes, papo that lock load the finger
So all the broads now all across town
All aboard now, let's all get all down
Yeah, on the floor now, lower your drawer down
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah - I know you thir-STY!
I'm a gorilla case, Harlem's my villa place

Nigga what, nigga wait - get it what, get it straight
Nigga, get it fucked, get the eight
Get it up, in your face
Yeah, nigga what, nigga HEY!
That's how my peeps roll, that's how the streets go
That's street code, G roll, we KNOW!
Man, the boy gets busy, that's for sure fo' sheezy
The boy the busiest, all the rizzy of RAP!

[Chorus]

[Twista]

I gotta cock and load, finna pop these hoes
Kill a motherfucker let the glocks explode
Come up on a corner servin rocks and blows
Get the millimeter gotta rock and roll
Gotta hit him with the heaters in the heart
and I hurt him with the hollows every time I heard he come around here
If you don't want the drama get up off the tip
I'll be the only motherfucker servin dubs and the pounds here
It ain't shit for me to throw them thangs
If a nigga try to go inside, I come breakin him off
Catch you slippin with the shiny rings
And ain't no need for you to get dramatic on takin 'em off
Catch him open when I'm kickin in the do'
Shoot up on the ceiling then I get him on the flo'
Take yo' cash, take yo' dro
Mac-11 rugers and a forty-fo'
Get your killers, you better go get your gangstas
Better go get your hustlers, better go get your riders
Better go get your - motherfuckers that'll handle that biz
Kill a nigga even if they gotta do a bid
Dress up like chicken when I pull you with a wig
Take away your mothers and they kidnapped kids
Shoot at us then it's tit for tat
We the niggaz that be known to hit a lick for scratch
Makin money puttin workers on the tit with packs
Don't want no drama with the honorary Diplomat
I got a - Desert Eagle and a pocket full of shells
Opposition hangin on a tip, make confetti galore
Thinkin I'ma let they pockets swell
It's murder when I'm fillin up the clip and I'm ready for war
Goin through bodies and drillin the wall
Dead 'em so quick then you be feelin the fall
I'm makin sure that my enemy blood's fillin the halls
When the Twista got static, I'll be killin them all
Cause that's drama mayne..

[Chorus]