

# Fat Joe, Get The Hell On With That

Whoa, whoa, whoa  
All you frontin-ass niggaz  
Callin all frontin-ass bitches, hahahaha!  
Yo, get the hell on with that (say what, say what what?)  
Get the hell on with that (say what, say what what?)  
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Why you over there lookin at me, while my girl standin there?  
These bitches actin like they never seen a millionaire  
Feel my pockets, wanna really get your hands in there  
Now what it be like?  
You confused man, that shit don't even seem right  
How you cats on your album only three mics?  
Like 'Pac shit is funny to me  
All you niggaz livin bummy wasn't fuckin with me  
Now nigga get it on, soon you be dead and gone  
Shorty got a bubble all she need the silicone  
Love my A-T-L bitches, pay my bail bitches  
Type to let you fuck but never tell bitches  
Down-ass hoes that'll grind that dough  
Catch me with another chick and beat 'em down to a pulp  
It's the F-A-T, to the, J-O-E  
Drink Cris' with the Feds when they come for me  
No cuffs, no guns, they respect a G  
Number one with a slug, what you expect from me, huh?  
Are you serious?

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

If you see a nigga frontin fake shit on his wrist  
Walk around all night, same bottle of Cris'  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
If you see a bitch frontin in her best friend's clothes  
New sass weave and fucked up toes  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Armageddon]

Now all my ladies put your hands up  
Nah mami, if you fuck for dough then you's a hoe  
And no I'm not the one that don't drop the notes  
I only ice the beef and rock the coat  
Think you gettin somethin from me your thoughts are broke  
Might get a little wheeze and assault, he's wrote  
So get the hell on with that, don't you weave and feel it  
Get the hell on with that, I'm aight I'm chillin  
Chicken neck-ass bitch tryna palm the dough  
Should've charged me at the door, I woulda let you know  
Get the same jewel mouth full of heavy Mo'  
Coulda made you a thug from the guy with the mo'  
But yo, I ain't never met a chick that was innocent  
They all fuck some, eat some, never kiss  
I know a lot that got skeed on and that was it  
See me in the video like, "Bitch is suckin dick!"

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

You let him in at one time cause you thought he was fly  
Now you see him at the clubs, he don't pay you no mind  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Yo, every time you smoke, dude puff your 'dro  
But when it's time to go cop, he ain't got no dough  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Ludacris]

Ludacris be the number one street - clown wishin 'em luck  
Cause I'm bout to make 'em break a leg thinkin I'm givin a FUCK  
And you catch a beat - down, bottles is breakin, craniums crack  
Chairs thrown when the heat is attacked  
and you hear the street - sound, hitters and runners  
Killers and gunners, winter to summer the niggaz that want us  
are headed East - bound, trouble in West other than South  
Cover your chest, they cover your mouth  
I'm goin deep - down Dirty indeed, birdies in need  
Thirty degrees and you heard it from me  
but I'm bout to reach - 'round grabbin my gun  
They scatter and run but I'm handlin and havin some fun  
They gotta keep - rounds up under the bed, up under the spread  
If it ain't then it ain't, no wonder you dead  
So go to sleep - now, throats is splitted  
and folks that get it they gotta get the hell on widdit, BIATCH

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Yo, yo, all these niggaz that claim thug like they're the type  
But when it's time to go to war they runnin for dear life  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Got this clown runnin around like he's my fam  
We did time in what joint? I don't know you man!  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?  
Get the hell on with that - say what, say what what?

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, haha, T.S., Terror  
Get the hell on with that, get the hell on with that  
Yeah, Charlie Rock L.D., uhh  
Ton' Montana rest in peace, 2001  
Get the hell on with that, get the hell on with that  
Yeah..