

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..