

# Fort Minor, Get It

So let's get right to (and then rule?)  
And it ain't nothin' but a thing  
To getchya (grippin'?) the move  
Gotta lovin' the way we swing when we step on the scene  
You know we kill it  
Goin' all out  
We about to  
Ge-ge-ge-ge-ge-ge-get it

Ryu-yo it's in my blood  
I was born to spit it  
The cord has kept me warm  
Through the storms of winter  
Ignored the pain and struggle  
When it's time for dinner  
We huddle together and grind  
Rain or shine  
Survive the weather  
Forget about changing spinners  
Throw me a bone  
I'm just tryin' to raise my litter  
It made me bitter  
Eventually made me sicker  
So when the heat's on  
We don't get pre-game jitters  
Uh-uh  
We go to work man  
Diggin' in dirt  
We took 'em to church  
We're checkin' in some teenage strippers  
Livin' life by the seat of my pants  
And ( ? ) with jams  
Undefeated we can't  
Lose  
Ever whoever wanted with us  
Better roll with a camp  
You trust to cover your ass  
When your asses can't  
Huh  
So bottom's up  
Here's one for the crew  
Put some liquor in your gut  
And tell me what you wanna do  
Sing it

S  
For every sucker left behind  
O  
What they were yellin' when i bust a rhyme  
B  
Best believe when it's time to get it  
We grind and jet  
'cause we ain't got time to kick it

No

S  
For the drunk sexy women  
O  
Sippin' jack with some pepsi in it  
B  
Best believe when it's time to get it  
We grind and jet  
'cause we ain't got time to kick it

Tak-so let's get right to (and then rule?)  
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Tak-wow  
Look at 'em now  
Their mouths are closed  
We done came a long way since 2004  
Spilled bleach  
Got the whole entire crowd exposed  
The fumes leakin' in the street  
Throwin' down them (bowls?)  
Whoa  
We on the job  
The one with the mob  
The fake facades  
To get it just to make new large  
I roll a seven to nine  
Just to break the yards  
And step in your mind  
And unfold  
The great bizarre  
Hit the kill switch  
Yah  
Found my hitch  
I'm on the pitcher's mound for now  
It's me and will smith  
Finally overseas  
I sneak in the mattress  
Ain't nothin' like a sweet club freak with an accent  
We out gettin' bent  
Makin' dollar amounts  
So if you with me let me see you raise your bottom with shots  
Say it

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