

# G. Dep, Let's Get It (Remix)

(feat. Black Rob, Kain, Loon, Mark Curry)

[Black Rob]

They said that I'm a Rottweiler  
And I'm from the Rottweiler house, the Rottweiler New York

[Loon over Black Rob (P. Diddy)]

We just happy to be here (This is the remix)  
Fuckin cock suckers (Bad Boy baby), haha!

[Kain]

Yo.. aiyyo, get smacked silly (right)  
Kain am I aid and check wet willys (uhh)  
Dep cracked the dutch cause Curry broke the philly (what?)  
News at ten, Bad Boy, hope ya know not them dudes again  
(not them dudes again) Yeah we hold vendettas, big ten letters  
(what?) S6s with fourteen antennas (c'mon)  
Or in the Porsche with the buckets back, hah  
(Oh my God!) Bitches like, "Who the fuck is that?"  
Ciaffi, freaked off, drunk off Saki (that's right)  
Got 'em +Eyeing The Tiger+ like +Rocky+ (c'mon)  
When I, step on the scene I'm expectin my cream  
Stand by and I'm reppin for Queens (that's right)  
My destination is, detonation (say what?)  
If one verse-out, my mouth could dead a nation (that's right)  
Yeah I said it, and Diddy gon' and did it (c'mon)  
Put these rappers on edit, now let's get it (let's get it)

[Chorus]

Make this money, take this money (let's get it)  
Ain't no way you can take this from me (let's get it)  
Ain't shit funny (uhh) shake it honey (let's get it)  
Take it money, now let's get it (let's get it)

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby..  
We just happy to be back

[Mark Curry]

Curry the paperchaser, lace the track up with 16 bars of crack  
Bring it back from the block, sub on (?) workin it wherever you at  
Get the money and the nigga, no takin nothin from me  
I'm hungry for it, I'm fadin niggaz 'cross the border  
And if they want war, we can war (we can war)  
I'm chin-chose down to the floor (uhh)  
Round 'em and count 'em, take 'em all (uhh)  
Ya lookin for the hook up, who ya call?  
The M the A the R the K the C-U double R-Y  
Shit crackin all night, gotta hear it all types  
I'm to the pavement, my nights and days wit (uh-huh)  
While you stare in amazement, I'm hotter than Cajun  
You're blazin, throwin up my tre's in, who want 'em?  
Just like that, a 360 on 'em, get that  
Twist yo' ball caps and rep how ya livin  
It's all about the cash, let's get it (let's go)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

C'mon, Bad Boy's young guns  
This, is, the, remix - Loon..

[Loon]

Uhh, yeah, now check it out, yo, check it out

I'm 'bout a dollar, son, I see through it, I gotta follow  
(c'mon) If ya ain't borrow money I gotta holla (holla)  
Simple and plain (plain), the reason why I entered the game  
(that's right) I seen Sean do it, so I'm tryin to get it the same  
(let's go) Pimpin ain't changed, niggaz still gettin 'em thangs  
Got the six with Shaquille feet rippin 'em lanes  
Got a chick that's a real freak givin me brains  
The temperature changed, soon as nigga get off the plane  
So ya know a nigga gettin some change, stand over the game  
While do they shake they shoulders the same? (why?)  
We get money, they ain't supposed to be playin  
So what we supposed be sayin  
You niggaz actin like these crackers ain't payin  
So let's get it (you got it), so let did it again (c'mon)  
In 2002, son, I'm diggin the Benz (that's right)  
With the rims that stop but continue to spin (yeah)  
My shorty come with a crew son, I'm diggin the French  
So let's get it

[P. Diddy over Loon's last line]  
This, is, the, remix

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]  
Bad Boy baby, The Saga Continues, The Saga Continues  
The Saga Continues

[G. Dep]  
Soul Controller (yeah!), rap Ayatollah  
Kids hate me when they older I put cracks by the stroller  
(c'mon) I'm registered voter, motherfuck a quota  
Give some bakin soda and a quarter (yeah)  
Bet I flow straight up out the water  
I'ma wreck the game 'til it say "Out of order"  
(uh-huh) Put the high score up, then tear the floor up  
On the world tour with your whore out in Europe  
Head on the tour bus (ehh)  
Do what them niggaz in the drop thinks cooler  
Called up five reporters to thank my supporters  
Hittin wives and daughters  
Brought 'em neck spray from Estee Lauders  
Call Puffy to order

[P. Diddy]  
Aiyyo, call me Diddy, I run this city  
Send the cops, the D.A. and feds to come get me  
Cats wanna leave me for dead you comin with me  
Gettin head in the Bentley red at one fifty (aah!)  
Straight lose it, love two things my money my music  
Might co-write and produce it, drop mine, hot 9 exclusive  
Got y'all +Hulkin+ like +Bruce+ did (say what, say what?)  
Cause I can, break backs and stacks, it's no problem  
(no problem) Make raps and tracks and go Harlem  
I get worldwide coverage  
I got so many spots I don't even buy luggage  
Ya love it; make moves major, hide out in Asia  
If your girl keep comin around them I'm a blaze her  
I'm the Bad Boy flavor, light blue gators  
NOT GUILTY!! [echoe] C'mon

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]  
This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby

## The Saga Continues, The Saga Continues

[Black Rob]

I be the east side Soprano, Rob Marciano  
Flow in each channel with the Iverson handle (c'mon)  
Forty-five sparks (haha) turn your day gray flannel  
Snatch the yay of the mantle, then proceed to dismantle  
Can't slay Rob  
How many niggaz done tried to play mob, quit they day job  
Tired of putting broke niggaz under the wing  
If I go to jail again I'm going under the bing  
Act like you gonna pull that thing thing  
You the only one that always get stuck for bling bling  
I represent "A" block in Sing Sing  
Almost caught a buck fifty for fuckin a Latin King's queen  
(oh papi!) Moves for paper, booze no chaser  
Bullets out the blazer four-fifths with laser (take that)  
Come and get your shit splitted, newspapers say I did it  
(he ain't do it) Now let's get it (let's get it)

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby, yeah

[Chorus]

[P. Diddy over Chorus]

This, is, the, remix - Bad Boy baby  
2001, The Saga Continues

[P. Diddy]

The Saga Continues, yeah [ad libs to end]

crbt2('G-Dep', 'Lets Get It')

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