

# Sole, Get Up In It

Yeah Yeah  
Sole'  
Bitch Brigade comin  
Throw 'em up throw 'em up now

1 - Wanna ly yi yi tonight  
See me make a nigga mine mine mine tonight  
See ya check ya nigga, why why why tonight  
Make a nigga dump a hoe for this  
Roll with this  
Get up in it

Repeat 1

The shower when the phone rings lookin for me  
Now that figures  
Then the door bell, who could it be?  
It's my niggas  
Wanna get up in my closet and floss it  
Make a move never used but i'm grabbin and tossin  
Comin too, still new, but I'm lookin fo shoes  
To rock wit it  
Get the tightest jeans, Gucci the theme  
Lock wit it  
Little panties but I'm ditchin the bra  
No back in it  
Got the tightest strings know what I mean  
No slack in it  
Yell for KC, see if she ready  
Let's ride  
Hear my other girls pull in the drive  
Outside  
Last brace, see the angel will last  
All night  
Check the locks, blow this nigga a kiss  
>From last night  
Get my keys and I'm droppin the top  
S K  
Blowin in the wind, wavin or not  
Parlay  
With the range and the six in the rear  
It's all woman, we stunnin  
Niggas runnin, my Bitch Brigade comin

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Roll with nothin but the finest of bitches  
In my crew  
Havin niggas throw the finest of riches  
At my crew  
Hit the club, ain't no standin in line  
Stroll through  
Have to shut it down so the Brigade  
Can roll through  
Sayin nothin and these niggas is sweatin  
Come wit it  
Know they want the ass, Watchin 'em bettin  
On who get it  
It's a no go, if you no dough  
Fo-get it  
Don't like, you can roll the fuck out  
Or roll wit it  
'Bout 5 of the finest you seen

In yo life  
Make you question why the ho that you wit  
Is yo wife  
At the bar, niggas spillin they drinks  
On they slacks  
Comin through, we just stoppin they women  
In they tracks  
Entourage, lookin like we a page  
In Playboy  
Hear me flow sick, knowin that  
I'mma stay, boy  
It's Sole', what I'm sayin for us  
Ya pay, boy  
Pocahontas and my Indian bitches  
Don't play, boy

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

Pack it up, now we leavin the club  
Let's ride  
Screamin niggas follow closely behind  
Outside  
Time to go, leave 'em wonderin why  
Dreams die  
Thought you come wit me, heard it from who?  
Damn lie  
Got to take it home, workin tomorrow  
Laced track  
Puttin it down, me and Santa forever  
Blazed that  
Hit the door, and my nigga is waitin  
I'm wit that  
Put it on him like a champ  
And ya never forget that

Repeat 1 to fade