

# Ying Yang Twins, Git It

(Mr. Collipark)

Yeah!

Collipark in the house!

We got Bun B, Ying Yang Twins

Collipark drop them beats that'll rock your world (that's right)

We got Bun B and Ying Yang in this thang so

Git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git it girl

(Chorus)

Git it, git it (git it girl)

Git it, git it, git it girl

Git it, git it (git it girl)

Git it, git it, git it girl

Git, git, git, git, git, git, git it girl

Git, git, git, git, git, git, git it girl

Git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git, git

(Show them hoes whatchu workin wit)

(Ying Yang Twins - Verse 1)

Baby gotta eat, you betta get right

Magic City Monday, that's the crunk night

The Petrone get a nigga gut shiverin'

Sight for sore eyes, these hoes be deliverin'

Pussy poppin and shakin', brangin' home the bacon

These hoes is for the takin', no clothes that mean they naked

What the hell you waitin' on, your ass betta git it

There's girls in the clubs, ya betta come on wit it

Drop it, pop it, shake it, roll it, whoa

Bitch got a nigga dick sittin on swoll

Losin control off the liquor

Damn I like the way she put that thang on a nigga

She playin with my mind, see the bitch is fine

I can't make her mine, but I can drop her down

You want her to dance, this yo chance

Naked in the club with his prince showin in his pants

(Chorus)

(Bun B - Verse 2)

Damn, look at that face, look at those eyes

Look at them hips, look at them thighs

Got that Apple Bottom, Baby Phat top

Baby girl, you a bad mutha- (boy stop)

Girl, I ain't trippin' and I ain't hatin'

But I been watchin and I been waitin'

Like the way that you shake that thang

Lookin like you finna break that thang

You need to let me take that thang with me back to the pad

Cuz when I put it on ya, betcha won't be mad

You know I go hard and I go deep

And it's all night long, we don't need no sleep

I'll have ya doin things that your last man couldn't

Lick the lollipop while I play with the puddin'

Yeah, you said you wouldn't

I knew you would

Don't be scared, it's all good

Go on, git it

(Chorus)

(Ying Yang Twins - Verse 3)

Drop it down low, hoe shake that shit

Lift up for a nigga, get loose wit it bitch

Go down, if ya really want some

Get ya ass on the floor and get crunk  
Money comes and goes, so its best ya get ya ass on the floor  
Start poppin that pussy, then gettin it low  
I got 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 dolla bills  
So yo ass can get crunk, show me all yo skills  
Keep it real, even though I know you a lady  
You still in the booty club, naked, shakin  
Hoe back seat door, show me whatcha got  
Janga, janga, janga, janga, janga, janga, for a hot bill  
Bitch get crunk, let me see ya hit a split  
Bounce ya ass up and down like ya ridin on a dick  
I came to the club to put some money in ya world  
So git it, git it, git it, git it, git it, git it girl

(Chorus)

(Ying Yang Twins)

Git it girl

Git it girl

Git it Git it Git it girl

Git it Git it Git it girl

Git it Git it Git it girl

Git it Git it

Show them hoes whatchu workin wit