

# Youngbloodz, Get It How We Get It

I'm saying everybody gettin' tired of the nickel and dime  
Know what I'm saying?  
Don't waste no time playa hating on another nigga  
Know what I'm sayin', get this money man, know what I mean?  
See...

I kill for my nigga, die for my nigga  
Send your weak body floating in the river  
Ways of the day, man nobody knows  
If you should be for sure to walk out your door with your 44.  
Hell I waited, and I waited, til' I can't wait no mo'  
Man, f\*\*k this rap shit, hit my bro', front me some dope  
See money thirty times a day, still can't seem to hold  
Lower than thirty dollars a month off in a nigga billfold  
Now would somebody please let me know, what cha' got to show  
For when thangs movin' slow, with only six grams of blow  
Life ain't nothing but a struggle when you pit of the poor  
Hustle and get it in, like most my niggas rockin' the boat  
The strong survive, the weak should die, nigga must stay afloat  
Momma still work that 8 to 4 lord, bless her poor soul  
Turn this dope into some lyrics nigga, make it go-go  
Be it a million sold, woah, gotta get it for sho'

Hook

Cause we some full-time grinders, hard time hustlas  
Get it how we knew it, from the smoke unto the dust  
&gt;from tracks to traps, slabs to raps  
Spread a little round', make it all come back

Now open up your mind, as we unclog your brain  
And wipe away these thoughts of what you ever felt was pain  
Cause like rain, it pours, like thunder we roar, your bloods at your ass  
So get your face up out the floor

And know that it's real

Cause sometimes I feel the only way to survive is, is just to live  
My life day by day, in the way I only should  
So who the hell is you to tell me how to live it good  
To the good that went bad, from dwellin' in your path  
To partna' keep a look out for these niggas startin' to blast  
And in a flash, you back at home  
Under your sheets weepin' in your sleep  
Like when them bitches start that snitchin', I'm a cut you deep  
Now take a peep, and tell me what you see  
It's dem boys from dat attic makin' noise in the streets  
So don't you come with no hoe shit, or none of that old f\*\*k shit  
Me and my niggas out to get it and split it, so nigga duck quick

Hook

I put my grind down, I pick my rhyme up  
Ain't no money loss, I sack it up, who gives a f\*\*k  
I'm stuck in the dirt, I put in my work, money to be made  
10% in church, oh it's a business now  
Don't play that dumb shit, by all these sales that I had I need a lil' bit  
Oh now you feelin' this, I knew you would though  
A dirty south nigga straight up out the hood bro'  
I went from trapped thang off in this rap game  
Bid your clientelle, make a sell, it's all the same  
And once you recognize, no tears from them eyes  
You do that damn thang, wait for that big surprise  
They say they know the deal, they say it's all real  
They feel what I feel, thats what they need to kill

A nigga tryin' to live, I gotta pay the bill  
I lay these rap songs, to make you dance a lil'

Hook