

# Gotta Get It

## Juvenile

Y'all think broke look cool, man  
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I am Magnolia official, I played the Ave for years  
They talkin' 'bout me like when Shaq went to the Cavaliers  
I keep the wit me, just call me prince of keys  
Sellin' tobacco and ain't none of my is nicotine  
A dog gettin' it, how much can a gorilla make?  
I'm tryna chill, don't wanna have to put on ma killa face  
I get whatever I wanna, boy, I don't wish it would  
When I come out, look out, I be sharper then a stick of wood  
I wish somebody would, I make somebody bleed  
I cut somebody like three dollars worth of Limburg cheese  
I lay somebody down, I probably have to do or die  
Won't nothin' change, I'ma stay gutter like a sewer line  
Yup, it's manure time, business is picking up  
When find out I'm the man, they probably give it up  
No, I ain't new to this money thing, boy, I been a fool  
You tryin' to chill, I'ma blow up this just like a inner tube  
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I gotta get it so people, get on yo' day jobs  
Ain't nothin' crowded but the jail houses and graveyards  
I'm on the corner in the ghetto like a pay-phone  
I call my baby, like, "Daddy be on the way home"  
Talk to you later, it's easy to get ya cell tapped  
And I got powder like a factory full of gel caps  
I'm ballin' in the game, boy, I need a pair or two  
I'm walkin' on 'em in my slippers like a pair of Lugs  
I'm not gone ever lead the way, that's what the preacher said  
Like I'ma be on the corner at Morgan Freeman age  
I'm in the streets making connections in them restaurants  
I'm eatin' tacos and fajitas with the Mexicans  
Well, I define the definition of what livin' is

