

# Get It Poppin' (feat. Nelly) [Radio Version]

Fat Joe

Crack, yeah, Scott Storch y'all  
Dirty, Crack, c'mon It's two up in the mornin' girl  
And the DJ playin' that song  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin') I said, it's two up in the mornin' girl  
And the DJ playin' that song  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin')  
I got that black no limit American Express card  
Mami you can get whatever you like  
Plus I got that all-black Phantom, it's tinted on four sides  
Go 'head kiss it, they can't see us inside Mami tell me do you like it, I know you like it  
It's written all over your face don't fight it  
You like it, more than I like it  
So put it all over your face don't bite it From rags to riches, club packed with bitches  
Had to bag them digits, her head game was vicious  
And we can get it poppin' in the bathroom  
Don't be selfish ma, go ahead and pass it to him Then we can all fuck  
It's like a million on my neck, got all of these bitches all awestruck  
We pissy drunk off of Seraphim  
I'm up in V.I.P. and these bitches are screamin', let me in  
It's two up in the mornin' girl  
And the DJ playin' that song  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin') It's two up in the mornin' now  
And I'm tryin' to go home wit'chu  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin') Get it poppin', go 'head and drop it  
It's written all over your face, don't stop it  
Just drop it, more like it's hot miss  
Kick in the do' with the fo-fo messin' with Joe Now this chick got an ass so fat in fact I  
Put a drink on it and I came right back  
She would never talk to a lame like that  
In my ear screamin', how you got a name like Crack Crack, similar to Mike Jones

Say my name enough, then I'm takin' you home  
You know I walk with I talk with  
I sleep with the chrome, one squeeze and you're gone  
What I look like, not takin' at least  
Three to six women out the club with me  
Now we back to the fuck pad, call it the fuck pad  
'Cause all these bitches fuckin' with me, talk to 'em dirty  
It's two up in the mornin' girl  
And the DJ playin' that song  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin' boy)  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(Gonna get get get it poppin') Well it's two up in the mornin' and  
Them niggaz try'n hate on your crew  
Nigga, what'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin' boy)  
Yeah, what'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin') Now when them doors swing open with that awkward motion  
What'chu call it, suicide, it's a suicide  
And if them niggaz talk shit 'cause they drunk off that potion  
They commitin', suicide, it's a suicide  
Let's get it poppin' my niggaz, cook, yo  
I got a shotty my niggaz, oh, Lord  
I feel sorry for your mudda fucker, give a fuck what you say  
Spin your head back, promote you on a videotape  
It's two up in the mornin' girl  
And the DJ playin' that song  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin')  
Now what'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin') It's four up in the mornin' now  
And I'm tryin' to go home wit'chu  
Girl, what'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin')  
What'chu gon' do?  
(I'ma get get get it poppin') C'mon, yeah, it's Crack, what'chu gon' do?  
Cafe, all my people in there partyin'  
All the party people across the world  
Ladies, "Things of that Nature"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>