

Get This Together

Mistah F.A.B.

Chorus:

So i guess, we all in this shit together
Ima mess, i gotta get my shit together
Im from the west, so ima put this shit together,
from the bay to L.A. lets get this cheddarWhere all my g's? Lemme see you blast
My bloods and my c's tell me where you at
My pimps and my thugs that be gettin cash
them hyphy lil niggas that be on the ave

Verse 1:

I came in the game I aint ask for no favors
I hustled for my status went hard to get my paper
This year im in the benz, last year it was a scraper
Im laughing cuz its funny how times quick to change up
Damn boy i came up like findin some money
Thank got for this rap, i aint grindin fr money
Never will forget, gotta keep my mind on my money
All chicks break bread, i aint dinein ya honey
The streets know my name even better man they know my face
Gettin money like im mitch but really man im like ace
ALways on my toes, doe ima chase
I gotta lot of hoes, so the hoes ima lace (Move Shawty)
Aint no time to be standin still
The game dont wait you think time standin still
If i cant beat u up i know these cannons will
knock u out ya shoes really leave ya standin still

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No im not a gangsta but no I'm not a hoe
my momma aint a ho
my daddy wasnt a ho
my brother aint a ho, dont try to play me like a ho
The folks in the streets show me love everywhere i go
The blocks and the turfs and the motorcycle thugs
The kids in the streets wanna ride the yellow bus
A few niggas hatin but i don even trip
but when i leave the house, i dont leave the clip

My boys in the east go dumb for fabby
 and all the og's say go lil daddy
 My westside niggas will bust a head for me
 and all my north pole homies gettin bread with me
 and if u ever need me homie youll get bread for me
 Until my homies in the sates and the feds is free
 Ima keep rappin hard till im dead deceased
 Man my daddy was a pimp and my momma dad's a gChorus:
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 Time after time i done said ima blow
 Sometimes i want to grind on the block with the snow
 But in my mind i knew i was like 'pac with the flow
 and god gave me signs i aint stop with my flow
 so stuck to my raps like stamps to a letter
 i started of cool, over the years got better
 was just a battle rapper til ya boy got fed up
 started writin songs now ya boy got chedda
 Thizzin for ever and thizz gettin better
 million pills in dre casket he'll be thizzin for ever
 Cuttyness for u see what we steppin out of
 European autos, Middle eastern autos
 every song on the radio played got us
 and every mag in the usa we got writeups
 Billboard status trill too on fire
 and thizz what it is until the moment i retireChorus: (2x)
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