

Jadakiss, Get Wild

(Hook - Flashy)

All my niggaz all my bitches
get high get drunk get wild buck fool
you know my style get crunk
bitches bounce niggaz bounce
let me give you that funk shit blunt shit
while I make you bang it out your trunk

(Verse 1 - DMX)

You cats, talk slick but walk quick when the dog hit
The dog hits coming back to the raw shit
Aww shit they done let me back out the gate
back out to tape back out to rape
Back off the chains so please back out the way
Before I blow ya back out with this f**kin AK
Don't give a f**k what a nigga say no matter who he sound like
Make sure you know what the rain is but its gonna be coming down like
cats and dogs hold up it is cats and dogs
keep f**king with the dog its gonna be cats in the morgue
twenty- two million sold lets keep it real
most y'all killers ain't even twenty- two years old
Aint never felt the cold wet behind the ears
know what real pain is cried real tears
I go hard bogard and stand my ground
F**k y'all niggaz it's how its goin down baby

(Hook)

(Verse 2 - Jadakiss)

It just don't look right
Bullshit coke don't cook right
The judge ain't throwin the book right
Should thank the lord that you blew up softy
Don't talk greasy you grew up off me
I ain't letting go of the block
and if I get a good enough grip I ain't lettin go of the lock
If I happen to pinched I ain't goin to shock
I'm gonna to get aquatinted with niggaz in general pop
Stop but don't hate cause everybody got a lil blood to donate
Thugs'll go ape the women'll come around
shortly after that is when the jealousy sets in then they'll shut it down
It's just raspy nothin on the neck wrist ware just classy
no way I'm letting this money just get past me
When all I had to do in the first place from the beginning was get nasty

(Hook)

(Verse 3 - Kartoon)

Niggaz been waitin' for that west coast shit I tell them to go fish
Blowin purple in a purple Laker jersey wit the gold kicks
bitches be like Toon you a mutha f**kin trip
Hop in the whip and lean til that mutha f**ka flip
and every club in Cali crackin' its gangsta town
keep a couple of niggaz with me that'll bang you down
now lil mama put switches on and make it jump
before me you needed Lil Jon to make it crunk
naw for real come to Cali player take ya pump
my New York niggaz leave y'all wit razor bumps
now pappa raised a rolling stone I feel like pops
In the absence of Makaveli I feel like Pac
even though I got the deal I still might pop
right in front of the po-po you could feel my shots
man all my niggaz carry bangers we feel like SWAT
and that's the reason why Rialto feel like Watts

(Hook)