

40 Oz (Scourge Remix)

D12

Yeah nigga! It's D12 up in this motherfucker!
You know how we get nigga we wild in the club
Motherfuckers, everybody get crunk in Detroit too nigga!
So wile the fuck out! Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!
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Bitch! We fucked up, let us in the club
One of y'all niggas gon' catch a slug
I'm so drunk, I could hurl for a month
Any nigga pop shit, go to the trunk
D12 start shit, nigga come get us
7 Mile run in, wild niggas wit us
Cause all my niggas, is talking that shit
And got no problem, wit smacking no bitch
I'll have my wife, cut your throat
Blunts, cannons, that's all we smoke
Wile the fuck out, stab you wit a knife
It's D12 nigga, we ready to fucking fight! Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!
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Bitch! Who's trying to be the first one
To catch this blade in the throat?!
You know them po po don't let me hold 'em toasters no more!
I just clapped three people, you gon' be number four!
If you don't back the fuck up and get the fuck off the floor!
My crew is taking over as soon as we hit the door!
You hit the door, but we coming in and you going home!
Security, they can't even stop us because they know!
Runyan Avenue soldiers hold us down, rep where ever we go!

Chugging on our 40's and holding our forty-fo's!
 We come wit toasters like we just opened savings and loans!
 And we don't need your brew tonight homie we brought our own!
 So grab whatever you sipping on and let's get it on!! Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!
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 Bitch! We deep as a motherfucker, we bout to get it crunk
 You just another punk in the club about to get jumped
 I settle my vendettas wit AK's, barettas
 We don't 'posed to be in here wit our weapons but still they let us
 Switch blade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckle
 Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble
 Elbows flying, bitches crying, niggas bleeding
 You retreating, running to your car and skating off, re G'ing
 We examples outta you haters running yo mouth
 You reason why you peoples is pouring they 40's out
 Dirty Dozen wilin', beat niggas bloody
 And you gon have to pour out a keg for all your homies! Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!
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 Bitch! I was raised by drunks so I became a drunk
 80 Proof on this vodka, that's the name I want
 I'm in the club to beef, you gotta murder me there
 Only talk to a bitch, with burgundy hair
 ON the Isle in the Vette, bumping Seven Duece!
 See that top on that 40, you know it's coming loose
 See me on the ave daily, be running this shit
 If your chick get loud I'll G Money that bitch
 Packing mags and clips, I'll smash ya clique
 Because of Proof, they put the G in the alphabet
 Smoking weed, drinking Henny, Remy and that Jimmy
 Don't worry if you run out the corner store I got plenty! Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!
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Bitch!

Songwriters

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