

Git Up

D12

Git Up

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Ready or not here we come, here comes trouble in the club

11, 12, 13, pistols big as M 16's

How the fuck we sneak in with this many heaters in our jeans

Nina, 2 nina's, a peace and they dont even see us

Some shit pops off we squeeze each one they gon' think its machine guns

Vandles vo vandles, bananas in our flannels

Hands around our colt handles, hold them like roman candles

So ban us, bo ban us, banana fanna fo fannas

Who come back all bananas, banana clips loaded

Managers, bouncers and the club owners, the motherfuckers dont want us

To come up bum rush in the club and run up in it with a bunch of

Motherfuckers from Runyan, steady poppin them onions,

Ready set to go nut up, prepare to tear the whole club up

Fixin to get into some shit just itchin to choke someone up

You know we fin to loc when we mix coke with coconut rum up

Yeah Yeah oh, what up, see my people posted up

See you talk that hoe shit now when you down you wont get up

And can't sit up your so slit up, the ambulance wont sew you up

They just throw you up in the trunk once they tag your big toe up

Heater no heater, automatic no matic

Mag or no mag it dont matter if I have or dont have it

You never know when im packin' so you just dont want no static

And open up a whole can of whoop ass you dont wanna chance to

Risk it no biscuit, mili mac a mac milli

Really dont even be silly, homie you dont know me really

You're just gonna make yourself dizzy wonderin what the dealy

Fuck it lets just get busy D Twizzy's back in the hizzy!

[Eminem - Chorus]Git Up Now!

Lets get it crackin, yea, Its on and poppin

Its D12 is back up in this bitch, uh, there aint no stoppin

We're gonna get it crackalatin

What you waitin for the wait is over

Say no more fo tryin to play the wall and quit hatin

Git Up Now!

Y'all are just sittin, what the fuck is you deaf

You motherfuckers dont listen, I said,

We bout to get this motherfucker crackalatin'
Quit, procrastinatin'
What the fuck you waitin for get off the wall and quit hatin
[Swift]I keep a shit load of bullets a pitpull to pull it out (?)
And automatically explode on motherfuckers until they mouth be closed permanently
You get burned until i quickly you can not hit me niggas to terrified to come get me,
Tempt me if you think Swifty won't send a slug, people run,
When the reaper comes, the repercussions' gon' equal blood,
nigga what, stepin' without a weapon, we'll leave you gone,
I'm still rollin' with stolen toasters while on parole,
Snatch you out our home, like eviction notices hoe,
When I unload, I'm known to never leave witnesses to roam,
When I'm blowed, I'll write the wickedest scroll ever told,
When I'm sober I'm prone to roll up and disconnect your soul, nigga
[Kuniva]Now what you proven it's about to be a misunderstanding
In furniture moving, bullets flying, lawyers & mothers suing
Cause niggas don't know the difference, you bitches just stick to fiction
It's sickening, you can't even walk in my jurisdiction rippin' it,
Grippin' the pump and who wanna fuck with a walking psychopathic
Pyromaniac shady cats with 80 gats
And maybe thats the reason that you gon' get it the worst a
And since you jumpin' in front of everybody you gon' get it first
I disperse the crowd with something bigger and versatile
So run and record you verses now while you got a mouth,
And it's not a joke, or some kind of riddle,
Kunizzle will lift up a 12 gizzle and throw a party for my acquittal,
And a glock or two will stop you from waking,
Bullets'll hit your liver, I'll even shoot native americans,
A Indian giver, and, nigga, we back in you life and back in your wife,
Hit you in the back with a knife and get it crackin' tonight.
[Chorus]

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