

# 40 Oz.

## 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 wiling, 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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Pour Your 40 out! Guzzle It!  
Bitch!

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