40 Oz

D12

Intro - Kuniva] (background "WHAT! WHAT! WHAT!")
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!
[Chorus]Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! BITCH!!!
[Verse - Bizarre]We fucked up, let us in da club
One of y'all niggaz gon catch a slug
I'm so drunk, I can url for a month
Any nigga pop shit, go to the trunk
D12 start shit, nigga come get us
7 Mile Rayon, wild niggaz wit us
Cause all my niggaz, is talking that shit
Aint got no problem, wit smacking no bitch
I'll have my wife, cut your throat
Blunts - gans, that's all we smoke
Wile the fuck out, stab you wit a knife
It's D12 nigga, we ready to fucking fight!
[Chorus][Verse - Eminem]Who's trying to be the first one
To catch this blade in the throat?!
You know them po po won't let me hold 'em toasters no more!
I just cut 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 takin over as soon as we hit the door!
You hit the door, but we comin in and you goin home!
Security, they can't even stop us because they know!
Runnin Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go!

Chuggin on our 40's and holdin 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 sippin on and let's get it on!!
[Chorus][Verse - Kuniva]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 AKs, barettas
We don't 'posed to be in here wit our weapons but still they let us

Switch blade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckles
Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble
Elbows flyin, bitches cryin, niggaz bleedin
You retreatin, running to your car and skatin off, we G'ing
We make examples outta you haters running yo mouth
You're the reason why you peoples is pouring they 40's out
Dirty Dozen wiling, beat niggaz bloody
And you gon have to pour out a keg for all your homies!
[Chorus][Verse - Proof]I was raised by drunks so I became a drunk
80 Proof FOR THIS ROCKER, that's the name I want
I'm in the club to beef, you gotta murder me there
Only talk to a bitch - wit burgundy hair
On the isle in the Vet, bumpin Seven Duece!
See that top on that 40, you know it's comin 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 got plenty!
[Chorus]

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