

# Get It Up (remix)

## Method Man

Is y'all ready to go up in here?  
Aiight, pull the black mask down  
We bout to rush the door  
(Ah shit, hide your jewelry)  
I told y'all we was coming  
Yo everybody watch out  
Word up

[Chorus]Get it up, huh  
The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh  
My killers in the cut go stick em up, huh  
Ladies grab your shirts and lift em up, huh  
Lemme see your ass baby back it up, huh  
My soldiers on the front line actin up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh  
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh  
Yo Sticky Fingaz, word up  
I told y'all niggaz (black trash)  
Yo come on

[Verse 1: Sticky Fingaz]Who made black folks slam and throw they guns?  
Who made da world bacdafucup in '91?  
Who made niggaz go out and shave they head bald?  
Who beat Dr Dre for a soul train award?  
Who da first rap star u seen dive into da crowd?  
Who originated that screamin grimey sound?  
Who had da last verse u were always waitin for?  
Well he's solo now u aint gotta wait no more?  
STICKY FINGAZ! my life is like an action flick  
My solo album coming out february da 6th  
I got a question whats it all about in here?  
I got a question who got da hottest album this year?  
I brought everybodys album who came out this year  
And I want my money back I got the hottest album this year  
Do u know how much universal paid russel simmons to buy me  
Even interscope was havin biddin wars tryin to sign me  
Do u think its all about da monney nah, nah, its more than that  
Its real shit when thug niggaz want ya autograph  
There's only 3 hot rappers thats out no lie  
Lets see theres me, myself & I

I might flip out & bug once da la gets in me  
And go stab a nigga like Ja Rule did fifty  
When I rhyme, I put rappers on da spot  
Recording in da same studio, 2Pac got shot  
Bringing to da game new ideas  
I cop more respect than u, I aint dropped an album in 2 years  
[Chorus]Black Trash  
Yo kick that old real shit

That green shit  
[Verse 2: Xzibit]Came to change, smoke, provoke da whole shit to bouncin  
Announcing ya name to loud might get u shut down  
I vitallity cut down after da club close  
Wettin up ya sunday clothes, with a snub nose  
That's how it goes, Xzibit give a fuck what u thinkin  
Everyday for me is a week in a blast of da mohcians  
You bastards is tweekin, I came to get some pussy & skate  
I never debate, fake featherweights catch a nikel plate  
Me & my niggaz seen da moves u feelin mate  
And all da bitches seen da dick that they should've ate  
We multilate then vacate in da golden state  
Home of da place where niggaz usually make there last mistake  
So pop ya collars & enjoy ya drinks  
Cos u aint tryin to see death & I aint tryin to see da clink  
With the flick of a wrist, send you deep into the abyss  
I don't pop Cryst', but will pop a nigga with this  
[Chorus]Word Up!

Yeah we takin all ya money  
takin all ya bitches  
[Verse 3: Method Man & Redman]Yo Yo Im so hot to def  
I'll probably get shot to death  
Y'all niggaz wanna rock wit Meth?  
Not on ya best day  
Stoppin ya breath da M.E.F Way  
Lets say we get this off our chest  
Let da tec spray  
S.I. back up in da joint I must confese I  
Burnt down da muthafuckin house before I left I  
These ladies on da dance floor showin butt  
My niggaz in da bathroom throwin up  
Carrying a black shottie walkin up da club  
Pick out ya dirtiest crew I can stomp in da mud (Who Want It?)  
Cos when I scream when im pumpin a slug  
Start airin out da room like im vaccuming up  
Doc u know da rukcus gonna get brung tonight

Killa Bees says somebody gonna get stung tonight  
Hit me, hit em up, stick me, stick em up  
If we cant live it up, somebody gotta give it up  
[Chorus]Black Trash

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