Get Up, Stand Up

Groundation

[Redman]Mic check, mic check (mic check mic check one two)
One two, one two check mic (yeah)
Gilla House, D-Block baby (can y'all hear me out there?)
Yo, hey yo
[Chorus 2X: Sheek and Redman]Get up, stand up - throw your hands up
All my thug niggaz throw your motherfuckin hands up
Get up, stand up - throw your hands up
All y'all pretty bitches throw your motherfuckin hands up
[Sheek Louch]Hey yo, I got a letter from the governor, the other day
I opened, I read it, and this is what it say
It's time for you to get yo' stack right
The bitch don't act right, whatever put that bitch on the next flight
Whatever nigga step in your way, hit his ass with the K
And leave his body where his children'll play
I cook somethin up like Emeril's kitchen
I put the heat to these rap dudes, whatever let me know who's bitchin
And your security as pussy as you are
The burners come out, his big ass be the first to the car
I got goons that'll make it spark, and I don't gotta throw a blow
Niggaz ready to stage dive like they Linkin Park
The hood love a nigga cause I ain't above a nigga
I eat the same shit in the hood as another nigga
White tee, pants saggin, ready to mug a nigga
Get the hell up out your seats and everybody jump
[Chorus][Redman]Yo - yo Sheek lemme get some of that, yo
Aiyyo my uzi weigh a ton, Redman half baked
I'm smokin pounds, you hang around with Nasty Nate
The great dane straight change, bitches close drapes
Cause my product, Ultramagnetic like Kool Keith
This for my hood niggaz sellin sticky by the sto'

I rip your hottest MC like eenie mynie moe
Fuck dough I do it for fun, "Juice" like Bishop
"American Pie" nigga, hit your momma like Stiffler
Redman and Sheek Louch, you got a brief clue
Who will tie you up like E did to P in "Beef Two"
I cheat dude, give me a Maybach to breathe
So I'm determined, like AJ after Free
I don't play games I'm grown, on 26 chrome

Inside of my truck is ESPN Zone
Shame on a nigga, that try to run game on a nigga
I bring pain on a nigga
[Chorus][Sheek Louch]Hey yo fuck that nigga, buck that nigga
Chase him to the roof, somebody cut that nigga
Pushed 1100, one wheel up (c'mon Sheek)
Lil' entrepeneur; shit, I'm already one deal up (D-Block)
Grants to a bird - okay, I ain't sell a lot
But shit Jigga ain't go platinum 'til his third
I'm one song away, but you would think I did
How the house got that long ass drive-a-way
Benz in the back, doors do Karate Kid
If they knew I get the same time Gotti did
240 when it's floored, trey pound on my lap
Beyonce bobblehead on the dashboard
Can't be ignored, I'm the coke niggaz can't afford
I'm the town niggaz haven't toured
I got a dutch or two, we can smoke a few
But first this is what y'all motherfuckers gotta do
[Chorus][Redman]Yeah, Brick City, all the way to Yonkers baby
We got Yonkers goin bonkers baby!
We got Yonkers goin bonkers baby!
Yo Funk Doc, Sheek Louch, you know what it is baby
Gilla House, D-Block!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/