

# Get Up (Feat. Mariel Jacoda)

## clipping.

Game don't wait (heavy. wait.)  
Eyes heavy, but it's time to grind motherfucker can't be late (hold up. wait.)  
Fuck a nine-to-five, push work state to state (shit)  
No work, no food still eatin' off paper plates  
Banana clip is a paper weight, paper mate  
Tally how you're married to the game  
She fuckin' everybody but you still put a ring on it, on it  
Keep it one hunnit, homies  
Home is where the homies  
Home is where the homies got your back  
Get your backpack get  
Back to the block, bring it back to the block, shit  
Slangin' crack beats cracks into [?]  
But the Glock cocked back, lay another body flat Here when they turn on the street lights  
Hustle till they cut em' off, that's the street life  
Got the chrome on my hip and a bud for sale  
That's how I get mine, that's how I get it  
Hustlin' is a habit  
So they say  
This is for the G's who wasn't trippin' and never knew any other way  
Other ways of gettin' money, not many do not require a degree of separation  
From the streets you gettin' paid in  
In which the degree of difficulty is extraordinarily high  
And she high while doin' it, so see why  
Somebody who isn't from it might not understand how you body a body in other words  
(I'd like to just kill a man)  
And still a gram is a gram and nobody is Instagramin'  
They killin' on Cypress Hill and they still is squeezin' the hammers  
Police is beyond the scanners, these sum of sequius bandits  
And brandish [?] function  
You fuck a [?] fashion that flash on a motherfucker  
You fuckin' seeing the passion forgetting the hunger  
This the jungle, time to get active and crack it so acrobatic it'll flip in the set  
But set's up and no second guessing here in the street people sweating for the money  
Here when they turn on the street lights  
Hustle till they cut em' off, that's the street life  
Got the chrome on my hip and a bud for sale  
That's how I get mine, that's how I get it No time for wifey's babies or other collateral damage  
Checking for snitches, they be the ones order tacos in Spanish

Always thinking that they blendin' in  
But then sending them telegrams to the rollers; they bitches  
Not meaning [?], fuck it, ain't no explaining  
Get the fuck up and push cocaine  
All these fuckers gon' sleep all day  
But if you suck up [?] one of these bucks  
[?] if you lacing up them chucks no Taylor Gangin'  
This shit is grimy and dirty, clothes stankin' while you slangin'  
Get up out to the blacktop  
Backpack for the crack rock  
Take [?] the cops at a spot where they knock a neighborhood watch  
Watch him  
Learn the code if them eyes are closed  
That means he sleeping on his feet and been out in the cold  
And if he flashin' the gold, he either new or want action and got back up on the toes  
Study all of your fractions, get up on the honor roll  
Roll the marijuana then flip the hoodie up and get ghostHere when they turn on the street lights  
Hustle till they cut em' off, that's the street life  
Got the chrome on my hip and a bud for sale  
And if you trying to take this spot, better think twice  
It's a [?] time, your fucking with my life  
I'ma do what I gotta do to get my mail  
I gotta get mine, I gotta get it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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