

Get Up

Dj Quik

Get up, ride, sit back, who's dangerous
Get up, pow, you foul, can't hang with this
Get up, now, gun blast, it's a Conflict
Get up, ride, sit back, who's dangerous
It's time to get up and hit the hay with the high ass hay song
Betta come and get some drop, the top up in
And cock the glock and peel rolling through the teal
What it feel? And if I slip ya betta come equipped
Listen to the whips and the gunshot rips
I really don't give a damn how you feel
I kill if I gotta do it down and to the ground I nail
When it's time to mack, them freaks
I gotta strap up with Jimmy, uh
When I get it with a girl and the dough
It's a rodeo show from the back with the Carlos
When I gon' slang them thangs
They write the word, the word is flict
Tricks with style, it's WildStyle
I'm pissed, you think you can throw
Now fool you wish, rodeo we on me, lay back
Taking all you bunk punks with the quickness
You supposed to be a playa but you running at the mouth
Shoulda mind your business
Come and get it, try to get it rougher than the necks
I break necks on somebody wanna flex
Then let's flex and get it off your chest
The wild west, yes, flict
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It's the wicked wild west, winchester for your chest
Or your man, people just can't understand
That I'm a hoodlum that's rawwed up
When I close in slowly posing if you snooze
Then you losing ya whole damn crew
Those scoundrels got a round for 'em
If ya mama want drama, I'ma bump her in too
Buck, snap, load 'em up roll out

Head for the hills now
Stuck, trapped, bottle up no clout
Death for real pow
Never could ya get it with a renegade desperado
Plenty ammo flowing like a fountain
I be coming round the mountain
Gunning, nigga done in ya best ta giddy up
When ya hear them horsies troddin'
At full riding and ya climbing and someone shotting
Much trouble passing on the barnyard
Go 'head and bounce and let it go
I'm sick a these soft party clik wanna flow
It's the real rodeo kicking the flow
So hoe on the ride, can ya giddy up hoe?
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Thinking I won't bust you, don't luck your punk
Glad ta get your body stunk as I creep with a rowdy clik
Ta ease ya feet and pop the trunk
Man, I hate ta do this shit 'cause it was my melody
Thought that I called him a bitch, so I up my barrel Y
Didn't have ta hit ya for the homicide
That's why he died nobody cried
He shouldn'ta tried holla flict and ride
Meet you in your next life
Get on you square get high tonight
'Cause last night when he been here
Now he wanna know why he didn't ride
A pocket knife or even flict
Boing boing, ya see me dong floing
Giddy up, now watch me get thoing
Get ya ass fast, I'ma last
Demonstrate, pass we crash
Face to face and my nigga
Gohilian mixed beast type nigga
Dangerous to the world
Giddy up, now what you figure, nigga
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Everybody giddy up, drum down on your money
Do you wanna put um up now, shit

Fucking put him up punk, I'ma put him in the trunk

I'ma mind smoke him up with tha fives

All a bag a funk and go coast to coast and get up

Crucial Conflict got 'em on cloud nine

Doing hard time in the state a mind of a killa

Niggas act like I won't pull tha block block blam

Boogie woogie shake it to the left man

Back to the right man, making the tightest song

Gone again, drinking on gin

Smoking on hay, getting in my zone

Riding slick been on the block a bit

Put on the good old Final Tic

C H I C A G O, giddy up while we kick that rodeo

Back to back, we gonna smoke on

And toke a sack and tack the proke on

I was born to get up and put 'em in flight

Never say never 'cause never'll do

And make 'em all giddy up tonight

Side to side, let's ride and roll

Ya can't control ya self no more

So come on ya gone, got 'em all dropping

And leave 'em hopping to the hip old west

For you ya boo ya whole crew too

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