

# D-12, Git Up

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Ready or not here we come, here comes trouble in the club

11, 12, 13, pistols big as M 16's

How the fuck we sneak in with this many heaters in our jeans

Nina, 2 nina's, a peace and they dont even see us

Some shit pops off we squeeze each one they gon' think its machine guns

Vanos vo vano, bananas in our flannels

Hands around our colt handles, hold them like roman candles

Vannas vo vannas, banana fanna fo fannas

Who come back all bananas, banna clips loaded

Managers, bouncers and the club owners, the motherfuckers dont want us

To come up and rush in the club and run up in it with a bunch of

Motherfuckers from Runyan, steady poppin them onions,

Ready set to go nut up, prepare to tear the whole club up

Fixin to get into some shit just itchin to choke someone up

You know we finna loc'n when we mixin coke with coke and nut rum up

Yeah Yeah oh, what up, see my people throw shit up

See you talk that hoe shit now when you down you dont get up

And can't sit up your so slit up, the ambulance wont sew you up

They just throw you up in the trunk once they tag your big toe up

Heater no heater, automatic no matic

Mac or no mac it dont matter if I have or dont have it

You never know what im packin' so you just dont want no static

And open up a whole can of whoop ass you dont wanna chance to

Risk it no biscuit, mili mac a mac milli

Really homie dont be silly, homie you dont know me really

You're just gonna make yourself dizzy wonderin what the dealy

Fuck it lets just get busy D Twizzys back up in the hizzy!

[Eminem - Chorus]

Git Up Now!

Lets get it crackin, Git, Its on and poppin

Its D12 is back up in this bitch, uh, there aint no stoppin

We're gonna get it crackalatin

What you waitin for the wait is over

Say no more fo tryin to play the wall and quit hatin

Git Up Now!

Notice you're sittin, what the fuck is you deaf

You motherfuckers dont listen, I said,

We bout to get this motherfucker crackalatin'

Quit, procrastinatin'

What the fuck you waitin for get off the wall and quit hatin

[Swift]

I keep a shit load of bullets a pitpull to pull it out (?)

And automatically explode on motherfuckers until they mouth be closed permanently

You get burned until i quickly you can not hit me \*\*\*\*\*z to terrified to come get me,

Tempt me if you think Swifty won't send a slug, people run,

When the reaper comes, the repercussions' gon' leak your blood,

Inglewood, steepin' without a weapon, you leave, you gone,

I'm still runnin' with stolen toasters while on parole,

Snatch you out our home, like eviction notices hoe,

When I unload, I'm known to never leave witnesses to roam,

When I'm blowed, I'll write the wicked in scroll,

At the toll, when I'm sober I'm prone to roll up and disconnect your soul, \*\*\*\*\*.

[Kuniva]

Now it's proven it's about to be a misunderstanding

In furniture moving, bullets flying, lawyers & mothers suing

Cause \*\*\*\*\*s don't know the difference, you bitches just stick to fiction

It's sickening, you can't even walk in my jurisdiction rippin' it,

Grippin' the pump and who wanna fuck with a walking psychopathic

Pyromaniac shady cats with 80 gats

And maybe thats the reason that you gon' get it the worst a

And since you jumpin' in front of everybody you gon' get it first  
I disperse the crowd with something vigor and versatile  
So go on and record you verses now while you got a mouth,  
And it's not a joke, it's some kind of riddle,  
Kunizzle will lift up a 12 gizzle and throw a party from my equittle,  
And a glock that you stop you from waking,  
Bullets'll hit your liver, I'll even shoot native americans,  
A Indian N\*\*\*\*, we back in you life and back in your wife,  
Hit you in the back with a knife and get it crackin' tonight.

[Chorus]