

D-12, Pour Your 40 Out

Yeahhhh Nigga

Its D12 up in this motherf**ka'

you know how we get crunk and wild in this motherf**ka'

everybody get crunk in detroit too nigga

so wild da f**k out

[Chorus]

Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)

(8x)

Bitch!!!

[Bizzare]

We f**ked up

Let us in the club

One of y'all niggas gon' catch a slug (Yeah)

I'm so drunk I could hurl for a month

Any nigga poppin shit go to the trunk

D12 start shit nigga come get us

7 Mile Runyon, wild niggas wit us

Cause all my niggas is talkin' that shit

Ain't got no problem with smackin no bitch

I'll have my wife cut your throat

Blunts, gans, that's all we smoke

Wild the f**k out stab you with a knife

It's D12 nigga we ready to f**kin' fight

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

Who tryin' to be the first one to catch this plate in the throat

You know the po-po won't let me hold them toastas' no mo'

I just cut three people, you gon' be number fo'

If you don't back the f**k up and get the f**k up off the flo'

My crew is takin over as soon as we hit the do'

You hit the door then we comin' in and you goin' home

Security that can't even stop us because they know,

Runyon Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go

Suckin on our 40's and holdin our 44's

We come with toasters like we just opened saving's and loans

And we don't need your brew tonight homie we brought our own

So grab whatever you sippin on and let's get it on!

[Chorus]

[Kuniva]

We deep as a f**k, we bout to get it crunk

you just another punk in the club about to get jumped

I settle my vendettas with AK's, Berettas

We don't 'posed to be in here with our weapons but still they let us

Switchblade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckle

Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble

Elbows flyin, niggas crying, niggas bleeding, you retreating

Run into your car and skatin off, We G'ing

We make example out of you haters runnin' your mouth

You the reason why your peoples is pourin they 40's out

Dirty Dozen 'wildin, beatin niggas bloodied

And you gon' have to pour out a keg for all your homies

[Chorus]

[Proof]

I was raised by drunks, so I became a drunk

80 Proof on this vodka that's the name I want

I'm in the club to beef you gotta murder me then

Only talk to a bitch with burgundy hair
On the Isle in the Vette bumpin' seven deuce
See the top on that 40 you know it's comin' loose
See me on the Ave. daily we runnin' this shit
If your chick get loud I g-money that bitch
Packin mags and clips I'll smash your clique
Because of Proof they put the "G" in the alphabet
Smoking weed drinkin' Henny, Remy, in that Jimmy
Don't worry if we run out the corner store got plenty

[Chorus]