

Half-A-Mill, Get Up

Yea yea, Half-A-Mill, uh huh
Hersanity, that's right, get up

(Chorus: Hersanity)

Everybody get up, and wile' out to this
Everybody come on and just bounce to this
Get up and bang you hip to this
Put you hands and let me know if you feelin this
Get up, raise the glass to this
Everybody roll and just *puff* to this
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

This is for them Caddy trucks
And them thugs that keep dough stackin up
Chicks wanna get at phatty up
I got the platinum touch, neva changed my ways
Still keep purple haze, packed in the dutch
Pushin big Benz 'round the way, thats wussup
Came along way from takin the train and back of the bus
Aches and pains, ballin out major wit game
Blingin the chain, pull to the Bank in the Range
Haters mad cause I made some change
Figure stack, I'm shittin, leavin major stains
Figure that!, I'm hittin spittin
The illest lyrics eva written
Still a thug, empty out slug
Don't be forgettin but tonight we gonna show some love
Probably go to a club pop some Cris
Open some bub, smoke some bud
Rather chick post her up
And after the party we know I'mma stroke her up

(Chorus: Hersanity)

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We goin to do it like this tonight
Rounds of Cris tonight (uh huh)
Madd pounds of twist in light
We gettin right, gon' leave this club ripped tonight
We gon' dedicate this one to the chicks tonight
Come here ma I wont' bite then again I just might
Cause you lookin so right, got a hoodlum so tight
And my flow is so right, dough is so right
Been 'round the world all I got is more nights and more ice
Been 'round your girl in cold nights
I'm a jockey, Mr. Miyagi, oh no slight
Can't stop me, I'm still connected wit Papi
Can't knock me, watchin the watch, you betta watch me
Cause I'mma hustler ride for that G
Straight thug made love to a lot of mami's
Hot as can be, beats bumpin out of my V's
Got the streets thumpin, get up vibe wit me

(Chorus: Hersanity)

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Summer time, pockets bulgin, knots is swollen
money foldin I'm holdin, wrist is frozen
I rock expensive clothin, love independent women
Yea, chicks that's holdin, do your thing ma
I'm still gonna be that same guy
All you gotta do is holla at me
I'mma swing by, I ain't gonna forget you
I'mma still hit you, real official
Handle your feminine issues
I got that, you know I keep it cock back
Hard as a rock holla back sweet enough to swallow that
This be the tough ma bounce to that
Champaign bottle rounds, ounce to blat
I lay my game quiet flat, Frank White type cat
Bank right, when you eatin good you think right
Straight out the hood, snake bites tired of 'em Jake light
I live a great life now everyday is...

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(Hersanity & Half-A-Mill)
Let me know you feel this, yeaaaa
We gotta get on up
(Yea, Half-A-Mill, thats right
Mike James in the Range, everybody get up...)