

Box Car Racer

"Funk U Up"

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(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
(Get down)
(Wessyde)

[VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son]
I'm posted up in a Cutlass, hoo-bangin in a bucket
Hennessy got a nigga mind shifted, so fuck it
Told you muthafuckas we was back droppin amity
Riders on deck, Chuck T's my calamity
Servin any niggas tryin to dip on them whips
100 spokes gold thangs so I bangs with the clip
Out of the cut like a (?) I slides like a Klingon
(?) hit the switch and leave that ass froze like freon
It's them mad-ass Cartel gangsters
Throwin bolos so fuck what Bo knows cause I'ma bank
ya
Put your ass on some crutches
Stackin ends like the Dutches
Counterreact for the attack like Marcus Allen rushes
It's that Westside rider Rhime Son, like that
In a 'burban still swervin sippin on a cognac
With my tag team, Prode'je, nigga, you couldn't fuck
with the realest
We get in that ass like Bruce Willis
Bitch

(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Westside
(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Eastside rider
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Yeah
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Nigga
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Peep game

(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Well, sit your punk-ass down
(..down)
Eastside rider

[VERSE 2: Prode'je]

Predatory like the Terminator, mo' game than Sega
How many muthafuckas wanna step to this omega
Supreme, the .44 cocked for the cream
I fiend for the green so the gee's on the scene
My diamond's in the back but your diamond's in my
pocket
I knock your jaws loose flyin things like a rocket
You couldn't stop it cause 6-4's, yeah, we drops it
Comin for your (?) slingin muthafuckin toxic
Niggas never loc unless you worry S.C.
Cause many muthafuckas I can bury O.G.
But when you close your eyes it's the gees comin atcha
Khakis, Chuck T's, Beefy-Tee's, I'ma gatcha
Steady dippin, things whippin, am I crippin
Niggas hate a player so the playa-hatas trippin
When the Rhime Son ridin shotgun niggas see the
blues
And we don't give a fuck about yo crews

(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Eastside rider
(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Wessyde
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Haha
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Geah
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
1996
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Sit yo ass down
(...down)
Cartel riders

[VERSE 3: Rhime Son]

I'm dippin back to the hood ragged up too deep
Extended clips, hollow tips, Murder Squad don't sleep
I'm terrorizin a terroist, fuck Hussein and his posse
Expanded flows, hot .44's, khaki saggin, fuck a Nazi
I'm mobbin block to block, chronic got a nigga on twist
I gets deeper than the death, so muthafuck the _Abyss_
It's the S.C. O.G. (Who I be?) H-a-v
96 in your shit, Rhime Son and Prode'je

[Prode'je]

Cause we be swingin 17, makin muthafuckas over
Comin through your hoods like a muthafuckin soldier
Gangsta rap is over, muthafuckas, how you figure?
Cause bein anti-gee is like bein anti-nigga
They try to put to bed but the gee is never sleepin
I'm down with TLC cause the nigga sho' creepin
The chronic flows, as it grows you'se a witness
So sit the fuck down and let the gees handle business

(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Westside
(Funk you right on up
we gonna funk you right on up)
Eastside rider
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Yeah
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Nigga
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Busters
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)
Sit your punk-ass down
(..down)
Nigga right
Westside and Eastside on a mission, nigga

199-c-c, muthafuckas
South Central Cartel beatin yo ass since '91
And it don't stop
Never that, never that, nigga
199... to infinity
Prode'je and Rhime Son, fool

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