

# Cocoa Brovaz

## "Get Up"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah  
This for my niggas worldwide  
In the parks  
In the yard  
In the bar  
Ya knowmean  
(Yeah yeah) This shit over the top (Where NY at?)

[Hook] \*some lines will be added and withdrawn  
through the song\*

Check the steel on the track make ya (Get up)  
Big guns cocked back make ya (Get up)  
Bob Marley spliff back'll make ya (Get up)  
Big 6 on 20 inch make ya (Get up)  
(Come on)

[Verse 1]  
Jam session in the park  
Smith-N-Wessun start  
Charge when the session spark  
Brooklyn test ya heart  
New York City, Bucktown Commity  
Stay busy, break big bricks and stay gritty

[Verse 2]  
We stay sick  
How I sweat shit  
I'm 12 cylinder, you in a V6  
Don't hate shit  
Congradulate bitch  
Get ya weight and count up  
Fuck your weight dick

[Verse 3]  
You wanna take this  
Then take six (buck)  
Hot shots leave you faceless or wasted  
Learn the basics  
We make you famous  
Make the papers  
Make you find your faces when you play this

[Verse 4]

I don't know why you comin' trough school-faced-up  
Blue-faced-up  
Frontin' like a dog ya mut  
Get touched up \*slap\*  
Thinkin that you teflon proof  
Smack the po tryna get away and rap the proof

[Hook]

\*add lines\*

When BK in the spot ya know ya gotta (Get up)  
When my new shit drop watch ya all (Get up)  
Every time we in ya hood watcha (Get up)  
Let a half a clip loose at ya watcha (Get up)

[Verse 5]

Y'all dudes keep rhymin', freestylin' for health  
Like Nike I just do it for wealth  
Shoot dice in the park, stack guns on the shelf  
Hate dependin' on niggas, so I get it for delf

[Verse 6]

These niggas come thru in the club  
When ya get the crush, anything that go down  
Gotta deal wit us  
If we aint dealin' bucks  
It don't appeal to us  
If these ladies keep it real  
The they can chill wit us  
???? bread bill wit us  
What will we discuss? Bills by the break truck  
All rocks taped up

[Verse 7]

I got a staff of staffs  
Airs chipped to pups  
Instead of attackin' the nuts when I yell clip up  
I got gunners and runners in the hood I stay  
Til this day, never saw you where I lay  
Fuck the smoke, must want yo life to close  
Get found buckwheated on a darkened road

[Both]

I know you've been waitin'  
Whisperin' and talkin'  
Magazines I read ya reviews  
Tryna downplay the shit my team do  
I caught up on my fanmail, email, online  
P & C we still shine  
And I'll ride for my fam cuz I'll die for mines

[Hook]

NY (NY) Hometown (Hometown) ST (Smokin' live)  
Throwin' down (What)

[Verse 8]

Niggas in the parkinglots comin' from clubs  
Cleanin' out your pockets to these big faced dubs

[Verse 9]

Rep for my P & C , for my family  
Niggas wanna challenge me, U know the rest  
The game is supposed to be sold, not told  
Just tell me the number of sells ya wanna hold  
We control this , forocious  
Approach this, you can hold this  
I beat niggas in the with G and guns  
Might do your own thing but you still my son  
This strong off chain, all four cream  
Tour bigger things, better livin' for the seeds  
We videotape hoes in Navigators  
Cause I told these haters it'll get greater later'

[Hook]

Get Up X 10

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