

# D12

## "40 Oz"

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[Intro - Bizarre] (background "WHAT! WHAT! WHAT!")  
Yeah nigga! It's D12 up in this motherfucker!  
You know how we get nigga we wild in the club  
Motherfuckers, everybody get crunk in Detroit too  
nigga!  
So wile the fuck out!

[Chorus]  
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!  
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!  
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it!  
Pour the 40 out!! Guzzle it! Pour the 40 out!! BITCH!!!

[Verse - Bizarre]  
We fucked up, let us in da club  
One of y'all niggaz gon catch a slug  
I'm so drunk, I can url for a month  
Any nigga pop shit, go to the trunk  
D12 start shit, nigga come get us  
7 Mile Runyon, wild niggaz wit us  
Cause all my niggaz, is talking that shit  
Aint got no problem, wit smacking no bitch  
I'll have my wife, cut your throat  
Blunts - gans, that's all we smoke  
Wile the fuck out, stab you wit a knife  
It's D12 nigga, we ready to fucking fight!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Eminem]  
Who's trying to be the first one  
To catch this blade in the throat?!  
You know them po po won't let me hold 'em toasters no  
more!  
I just cut three people, you gon be number four!  
If you don't back the fuck up and get the fuck off the  
floor!  
My crew is takin over as soon as we hit the door!  
You hit the door, but we comin in and you goin home!  
Security, they can't even stop us because they know!  
Runyon Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go!  
Chuggin on our 40's and holdin our forty-fo's!

We come wit toasters like we just opened savings 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]

[Verse - Kuniva]

We deep as a motherfucker, we bout to get it crunk  
You just another punk in the club about to get jumped  
I settle my vendettas wit AKs, barettas  
We don't 'posed to be in here wit our weapons but still they let us  
Switch blade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckles  
Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble  
Elbows flyin, bitches cryin, niggaz bleedin  
You retreatin, running to your car and skatin off, we G'ing  
We make examples outta you haters running yo mouth  
You're the reason why you peoples is pouring they 40's out  
Dirty Dozen wiling, beat niggaz bloody  
And you gon have to pour out a keg for all your homies!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Proof]

I was raised by drunks so I became a drunk  
80 Proof on this rocker, that's the name I want  
I'm in the club to beef, you gotta murder me there  
Only talk to a bitch - wit burgundy hair  
On the isle in the Vet, bumpin Seven Duece!  
See that top on that 40, you know it's comin loose  
See me on the ave daily, be running this shit  
If your chick get loud I'll G Money that bitch  
Packing mags and clips, I'll smash ya clique  
Because a pussy put the G in the alphabet  
Smoking weed, drinking Henny, Remy and that Jimmy  
Don't worry if you run out, the corner store got plenty!

[Chorus]

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