

D12 "Pour Your 40 Out"

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Yeahhhh Nigga
Its D12 up in this motherfucka'
You know how we get crunk and wild in this
motherfucka'
Everybody get crunk in detroit too nigga
So wild da fuck out

[Chorus]
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
(8x)
Bitch!!!

[Bizzare]
We fucked 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 fuck out stab you with a knife
It's D12 nigga we ready to fuckin' 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 fuck up and get the fuck 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 fuck, 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]

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