

Dj Quik "Get Up"

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(feat. AMG & The Game)

[9 second intro to start]

[DJ Quik]

I'm gettin my kicks dirty, I'm blowin my mid-30's
Niggaz they want me buried but, I'm in no hurry
Bullets flyin in flurries, my gat don't work
but I still need one to carry
And I bring the bereavement, when you hit the ce-ment
Police picked me up to talk but I wasn't worried
I remembered the song that was sang from the birdie
Cause when he whistled he was pushin up that milk
thistle, get it?
These stupid niggaz they ain't playin for keeps
These niggaz playin for cheaps, they disobeyin the
streets
Never fear the inevitable, death will come
And when your breath goes numb, you lookin up to the
sheets
I seen it comin and I'm watchin the drama grow
And stressin enough to break the needle and thread
where mama sewin
I'm slow-flowin, move back and forth like a boa
Still movin hoes in 2's to the boat, like I was Noah

[Chorus: The Game]

Get up, cause nigga we'll lay you down
You don't wanna be six feet underground
So get up, we don't play around
You gotta watch your back when you outta town
Get up, when you hear the sound
The Compton nigga's comin back for the crown
So get up, when you feel the pound
And your rest is short, we'll lay you down

[The Game]

Black Air Force Ones, guns under the Louis Vuitton
bomber
It ain't like I need armor
I give a nigga one warning, cause if I get you shot
Then I'm Tupac and that's bad karma

I came to get my dip on, find me a round-the-way girl
in Gucci slip-ons, I know what you thinkin
This ain't another diss song, why they bleedin me in
Quik songs
Where Snoop and Nate Dogg get they crip on
The West been gone, I'm from Compton
I know firsthand Quik been holdin it down for 10 strong
And Dre got 20 in, all you got to brag about
is a couple, bitches is spittin wimps
You wouldn't have a deal if it wasn't no Big
I did 106 & Park with no vid
How he get inside MTV with no spins
No Em, no Dre, I'm the hottest since Jay

[Chorus]

[AMG]

AMG nigga, Dirty West Nile
Any time of the day, you might hear { *POW* }
Fightin up at the club, fightin out on the beach
Here's a word to the wise, bring heat
From the Bay to L.A., the S.D.
Niggaz slingin kilos of yay, pounds of weed
You niggaz need to catch up, cause I'm bound to speed
Pick a car, any car, 24's to D's
And if you like what you see, baby let me know
I let you play with the D back up at the mo'
I need a freak like you hoes be needin rent money
It's 7 days in the week and man they all sunny
80 degrees, tall palm trees
Much too many dimes and too many G's
Everybody know about the B's and C's
Shit cost a chip, nigga bring your cheese and

[Chorus]

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