

Fred Astaire

"40 Oz"

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[Intro - Bizarre] (background "WHAT!" - 16x)
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] (Background "WHAT!" - 16x)
Pour Your 40 out!! Guzzle It! (8x)
Bitch!

[Verse - Bizarre]
We fucked up, let us in the club
One of y'all niggaz gon catch a slug
I'm so drunk, I could hurl 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
And got no problem, wit smacking no bitch
I'll have my wife, cut your throat
Blunts, cannons, 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 don't let me hold 'em toasters no
more!
I just clapped at three, you gon be number four!
If you don't back the fuck up and get the fuck off the
floor!
My crew is taking over as soon as we hit the door!
You hit the door, but we comin in and you going home!
Security, they can't even stop us because they know!
Runyon Avenue, soldiers hold us down, rep where ever
we go!
Chugging on our 40's and holding 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 sipping 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 buckle
Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble
Elbows flying, bitches crying, niggaz bleeding
You retreating, running to your car and skating off, re G'ing
We examples outta you haters running yo mouth
You reason why you peoples is pouring they 40's out
Dirty Dozen willing, 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 vodka, that's the name I want
I'm in the club to beef, you gotta murder me dead
Only talk to a bitch - wit burgundy hair
On the Isle in the Vette, bumping Seven Duece!
See that top on that 40, you know it's coming 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 of Proof they put the G in the alphabet
Smoking weed, drinking Henny, Remy and that Jimmy
Don't worry if you run out the corner store I got plenty!

[Chorus]

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