

Fred Astaire

"Git Up"

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[Verse 1 - Eminem aka Slim Shady]

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Ready or not here we come, here comes trouble in the club

11, 12, 13, pistols big as M-16's

How the fuck we sneak in with this many heaters in our jeans

Nina, two nina's, a peice and they don't even see us
Some shit pops off we squeeze each one, they gonna think it's machine guns

Vanos vo vano, bananas in our flannels

Hands around our colt handles, hold them like roman candles

So, vannas vo vannas, banana fanna fo fannas

Who come back all bananas, banana clips loaded
Managers, bouncers, and the club owners, the motherfuckers don't want us

To come up on and rush in the club and run up in it with a bunch of

Motherfuckers from Runyan, steady poppin them onions

Ready set to go nut up, prepare to tear the whole club up

Fixin to get into some shit, just itchin to choke someone up

You know we finna loc'n when we mix coke with coke and nut rum up

So yeah, yeah, oh what up, see my people throw shit up
See you talk that hoe shit now, when you down you wont get up

And can't sit up your so slit up, the ambulance won't sew you up

They just throw you up in the trunk once they tag your big toe up

Heater no heater, automatic no matic

Mac or no mac it don't matter if I have or don't have it
You never know what I'm packin so you just dont want no static

And open up a whole can of whoop ass, you dont wanna chance to

Risk it no biscuit, milli mac or mac milli

Really wodie dont be silly, homie you don't know me
really
You're just gonna make yourself dizzy wonderin what
the dealy
Fuck it let's just get busy D-Twizzy's back in the hizzy!

[Chorus - Eminem]

Get up now! let's get it crackin, yeah, it's on and poppin
This D-12 is back in this bitch, uh, there ain't no stoppin
We're gonna get it crackalatin, what you waitin for the
wait is over
Say no more for tryin' to play the wall and quit hatin
Get up now! notice you're sittin, what the fuck is you
deaf
You motherfuckers don't listen I said
We bout to get this motherfucker crackalatin, quit,
procrastinatin
What the fuck you waitin for get off the wall and quit
hatin

[Verse 2 - Swift aka Swifty McVay]

I keep a shit load of bullets a pit bull to pull it out
And automatically explode {*explosion*} on
motherfuckers until they mouth be
closed
Permanently, you get burned until I quickly
You can not hit me niggas to terrified to come get me
Tempt me if you think Swifty won't send a slug {*gun
shot*}, people run
When the reaper comes, the repercussion gon' leave
your blood
Inglewood, steppin' without a weapon, you leave, you
gone
I be still rollin with stolen toasters while on parole
Snatch you out our home, like eviction notices hoe
When I unload, I'm known to never leave witnesses to
roam
When I'm blowed, I'll write the wicked in scroll at the toll
When I'm sober I'm prone to roll up and disconnect
your soul, nigga

[Kuniva aka Rondell Beene]

Now it's been proven it's about to be a misunderstandin
In furniture movin, bullets {*gun shots*} flyin, lawyers
and mothers suin
Cause niggas don't know the difference, you bitches
just stick to fiction
It's sickenin, you can't even walk in my jurisdiction,
rippin it
Grippin the pump, and who wanna fuck with a walking
psychopathic

Pyromaniac Shady cats with eighty gats
And maybe that's the reason that you gon' get it the
worst
And since you jumpin in front of everybody you gon'
get it first
I dispurse the crowd with somethin vigor and versatile
So run and record you verses now while you got a
mouth
And it's not a joke, it's some kind of riddle
Kunizzle will lift up a 12 gizzle and throw a party from
my equittle
And a glock that you will stop you from walkin
Bullets'll hit your liver, I'll even shoot Native Americans
A Indian {???) nigga, we back in your life and back in
your wife
Hit you in your back with a knife and get it crackin
tonight

[Chorus]

[Outro - Bizarre aka Peter S. Bizarre]
Hahaha, Yeah, D-12, we baacckk
Haha,(Em: Get up now!) Hahahaha
Runyan Ave soldiers, Amityville
Who the fuck want it with us...nobody

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