

**Kate Alexa****"Re-Up"**

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Â«Intro--ProdicalÂ»

Yo son I know what time it is  
Yo tell em, 12, huh? (Yo hold the fuck up)  
Yo Shyheim  
Yo tell me it's on (I'ma punch niggas in the face)  
Hold that, hold that down son (I got this, I got this)  
Word up, we got this (Fuck that nigga, man)  
+Shit Iz Real+, all you rats on both coasts  
Brooklyn, Shaolin  
The block is hot, straight up (Pussy nigga!)  
(Read the rims)

Â«ProdicalÂ»

'87, drug, never change their game  
We regin terror, projects slang to ring up in the  
Beakle's leather  
Plaque for the cheddar, shots out the face of the  
Beretta  
Through the corner store that lady and kid, they caught  
it raw  
Smokin' leaf poor, make me wanna crack that nigga's  
jaw  
Eatin' with the poor, tryin' to live life for what it's for  
Twelve years later, caught me on tour Two on Da Road  
Two on the track, two with the plaques, two with the  
gats  
Iced out cats, better think twice before you rap  
Up in your bitch back, only a snitch get that  
Fuck the chit-chat, click-click-clack, through your  
Adam's app'  
Brook-nam grace and charm, remain calm  
In these big streets we struggle just to make ends meet  
Pigs with heat, livin' out the Devil's deceit  
See I'm a rebel plus my level's complete  
Bitches say I'm sort of unique  
You can catch me as a Playboy sheets  
Solid steel meet, I keep it real with the 'nique

Â«ShyheimÂ»

Fuck a fair fight, come out my corner with a knife  
Y'all big elephant niggas beware of us little mice

You know that we like that cheddar, to make our life  
better  
Every colour, low sweater, drop-top Benz  
with the AMG letters, floatin' like feathers  
Does it get any better? (Uh-uh, uh-uh) Never, no  
Cuz I write the rhymes, the rhymes I write be bumpin'  
Rhyme architects that be brutal on production  
My brick house, you can't blow me down  
My thug drug music, smoked out ya town  
Radio Shyheim, you can't choke me out  
Cuz where the fuck I'm from, we moke popo out

Â«Chorus--12 O'ClockÂ»

Shit is crazy real in the field  
Watch nigga blood get spilled over \$5 bills, nigga  
And major drug deals on the real  
Watch a nigga get mils, and his bitch get him killed

Â«12 O'ClockÂ»

Yo, P let's get this dough quick, shit on the wrist  
Platinum bracelets, see his Range's the whip  
Summer time, comin' quick you got eighty-five percent  
Nigga talk that slick and get his brain blown to bits  
Throw you in pits and nigga lock like pits  
Got my whole fuckin click, nigga, handlin' fifths  
They blastin' and shit, I'm after that kid  
Who rock that glass Benz, nigga throw it in his wig  
Kidnap his kid, throw his brain in the fridge  
Slappy and pig, nigga, place where I live  
A nigga lookin' jig and I run up in ya crib  
Who the fuck murdered BIG? whoever did, do a bid  
And let his daughter drop a fridge on his  
Move like the wind to Brooklyn Bridge, straight to my  
crib

Â«Chorus x3

Â«Outro--12 O'ClockÂ»

Close the mothafuckin' door, what?  
Got my nigga R'son on this track  
12 O'Clock on this track  
Prodigal Sunn on this track  
Got my nigga Shyheim the ManChild  
Definitely Brooklyn Zu  
Rewind that shit, nigga!

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