

Method Man "Get It Up"

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Is y'all ready to go up in here?
Aight, pull the black mask down
We bout to rush the door
(Ah shit, hide your jewelry)
I told y'all we was coming
Yo everybody watch out
Word up

[Chorus]

Get it up, huh
The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh
My killers in the cut go stick em up, huh
Ladies grab your shirts and lift em up, huh
Lemme see your ass baby back it up, huh
My soldiers on the front line actin up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh
Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh

Yo Sticky Fingaz, word up
I told y'all niggaz (black trash)
Yo come on

[Verse 1: Sticky Fingaz]

Who made black folks slam and throw they guns?
Who made da world bacdafucup in '91?
Who made niggaz go out and shave they head bald?
Who beat Dr Dre for a soul train award?
Who da first rap star u seen dive into da crowd?
Who originated that screamin grimey sound?
Who had da last verse u were always waitin for?
Well he's solo now u aint gotta wait no more?
STICKY FINGAZ! my life is like an action flick
My solo album coming out february da 6th
I got a question whats it all about in here?
I got a question who got da hottest album this year?
I brought everybodys album who came out this year
And I want my money back I got the hottest album this
year
Do u know how much universal paid russel simmons to
buy me

Even interscope was havin biddin wars tryin to sign me
Do u think its all about da monney nah, nah, its more
than that
Its real shit when thug niggaz want ya autograph
There's only 3 hot rappers thats out no lie
Lets see theres me, myself & I
I might flip out & bug once da la gets in me
And go stab a nigga like Ja Rule did fifty
When I rhyme, I put rappers on da spot
Recording in da same studio, 2Pac got shot
Bringing to da game new ideas
I cop more respect than u, I aint dropped an album in 2
years

[Chorus]

Black Trash
Yo kick that old real shit
That green shit

[Verse 2: Xzibit]

Came to change, smoke, provoke da whole shit to
bouncin
Announcing ya name to loud might get u shut down
I vitallity cut down after da club close
Wettin up ya sunday clothes, with a snub nose
That's how it goes, Xzibit give a fuck what u thinkin
Everyday for me is a week in a blast of da mohcians
You bastards is tweekin, I came to get some pussy &
skate
I never debate, fake featherweights catch a nikel plate
Me & my niggaz seen da moves u feelin mate
And all da bitches seen da dick that they should've ate
We multilate then vacate in da golden state
Home of da place where niggaz usually make there
last mistake
So pop ya collars & enjoy ya drinks
Cos u aint tryin to see death & I aint tryin to see da clink
With the flick of a wrist, send you deep into the abyss
I don't pop Cryst', but will pop a nigga with this

[Chorus]

Word Up!
Yeah we takin all ya money
takin all ya bitches

[Verse 3: Method Man & Redman]

Yo Yo Im so hot to def

I'll probably get shot to death
Y'all niggaz wanna rock wit Meth?
Not on ya best day
Stoppin ya breath da M.E.F Way
Lets say we get this off our chest
Let da tec spray
S.I. back up in da joint I must confese I
Burnt down da muthafuckin house before I left I
These ladies on da dance floor showin butt
My niggaz in da bathroom throwin up

Carrying a black shottie walkin up da club
Pick out ya dirtiest crew I can stomp in da mud (Who
Want It?)
Cos when I scream when im pumpin a slug
Start airin out da room like im vaccuming up
Doc u know da rukcus gonna get brung tonight

Killa Bees says somebody gonna get stung tonight
Hit me, hit em up, stick me, stick em up
If we cant live it up, somebody gotta give it up

[Chorus]
Black Trash

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