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# Cruachan "Get Up"

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# Hook:

Get up, ride, sit back
Who's dangerous
Get up, pow, you foul
Can't hang wid this
Get up, now, gun blast
It's a Conflict
Get up, ride, sit back
Who's dangerous

# Verse 1: WildStyle

It's time to get up and hit the hay Wid the high ass hay song Betta come and get some Drop the top up in and Cock the glock and peel Rolling through the teal What it feel? And if I slip Ya betta come equipped Listen to the whips And the gunshot rips I really don't give a damn how you feel I kill if I gotta do it Down and to the ground I nail When it's time to mack, them freaks, I gotta strap up wid Jimmy, uhh, When I get it wid a girl and the dough It's a rodeo show from the back wid the Carlos When I gon' slang them thangs They write the word the word is flict Tricks wid style it's WildStyle I'm pissed, you think you can throw Now fool you wish, rodeo we on me, lay back Taking all you bunk punks wid the quickness You supposed to be a playa But you running at the mouth Shoulda mind your business

Come and get it try to get it

Rougher than the necks
I break necks on somebody wanna flex
Then let's flex and get it off your chest
The wild west, yes, flict

#### Hook

Verse 2: Cold Hard

It's the wicked wild west. Winchester for your chest Or your man people just can't understand That I'm a hoodlum that's rawwed up When I close-in slowly posing if you snooze Then you losing ya whole damn crew Those scoundrels got a round for 'em If ya mama want drama I'ma bump her in too Buck, snap, load 'em up roll out **HEAD FOR THE HILLS NOW!** Stuck, trapped, bottle up no clout Death for real pow Never could ya get it Wid a renegade desperado, Plenty ammo flowing like a fountain I be coming round the mountain, Gunning, nigga done in Ya best ta giddy up When ya hear them horsies troddin' At full riding, and ya climbing And someone shotting Much trouble passing on the barnyard Go 'head and bounce and let it go I'm sick a these soft party cliks wanna flow It's the real rodeo kicking the flow So hoe on the ride Can ya giddy up hoe?

### Hook

Verse 3: Kilo

Thinking I won't bust you
Don't luck your punk
Glad ta get your body stunk
As I creep wid a rowdy clik
Ta ease ya feet and pop the trunk
Man I hate ta do this shit
Cause it was my melody
Thought that I called him a bitch
So I up my barrel-y

That's why he died nobody cried He shouldn'ta tried Holla flict and ride Meet you in your next life Get on you square get high tonight Cause last night when he been here Now he wanna know why he didn't ride A pocket knife or even flict Boing boing ya see me dong floing Giddy up now watch me get thoing Get ya ass fast I'ma last Demonstrate, pass we crash Face to face and my nigga Gohilian mixed beast type nigga Dangerous to the world Giddy up now what you figure nigga

Didn't have ta hit ya for the homicide

#### Hook

# Verse 4: Never

Everybody giddy up Drum down on your money Do you wanna put um up now, shit Fucking put him up punk I'ma put him in the trunk I'ma mind smoke him up wid tha fives All a bag a funk And go coast to coast and GET UP Crucial Conflcit got 'em on cloud nine Doing hard time In the state a mind of a, killa Niggas act like I won't pull Tha block block blam Boogie woogie shake it to the left man Back to the right man Making the tightest song Gone again, drinking on gin Smoking on hay getting in my zone Riding slick been on the block a bit Put on the good old Final Tic C-H-I-C-A-G-O giddy up While we kick that rodeo Back to back we gonna smoke on And toke a sack and tack the proke on I was born to get up and put 'em in flight Never say never cause never'll do And make 'em all giddy up tonight Side to side let's ride and roll

Ya can't control ya self no more

So come on ya gone
Got 'em all dropping
And leave 'em hopping
To the hip old west
For you ya boo ya whole crew too

Hook

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