

D-12

"40oz"

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D12 Lyrics

40oz (Pour Your 40 Out)

What! What!

[Intro: Kuniva]

Yeah nigga!

D12 up in this movafuc*in

you know how it gets

We wilin' in the club

Everybody get drunk

Detroit too nigga

So wile the fuc* out!

[Chorus:]

Pour your 40 out (Dozen) [x 8]

Bitch!!!

[Bizzare]

We fuc*ed up

let us in the club

One of y'all niggas gon' catch a slug

I'm so drunk i could hurl for a month

Any nigga pop's, go to the trunk

D12 start shit, nigga come get us

7 Mile Runyan, wild niggas wit us

cause all my niggas is talkin' that shit

Ain't got no problem, with smackin no bitch

I'll have my wife, cut your throat

Blunts, gans , that's all we smoke

Wile the fuc* out, stab you with a knife

It's D12 nigga, we ready to fuc*in' fight

[Repeat Chorus]

[Eminem]

Who tryin' to be the first one to catch this blade in their
throat

You know the po-po don't let me hold them toasters no
mo'

I just clapped three people, you gon' be number four
If you don't back the fuc* up, and get the fuc* up off
the flo'
My crew is takin over as soon as we hit the do'
You hit the door then we comin' in and you goin' home
Security that can't even stop us because they know
Runyan Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go
Suckin on our 40's and holdin up .44's
We come with toasters like we just opened saving's
and loans
And we don't need your brew tonight homie we brought
our own
So grab whatever you sippin on and let's get it on!!!!

[Repeat Chorus]

[Kuniva]

We deep as a muvafuc*er, we 'bout to get it crunk
you just another punk in the club about t

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