

## D-12 "Pour Your 40 Out"

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Yeahhhh Nigga  
Its D12 up in this motherfucka'  
you know how we get crunk and wild in this  
motherfucka'  
everybody get crunk in detroit too nigga  
so wild da fuck out

[Chorus]  
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)  
(8x)  
Bitch!!!

[Bizzare]  
We fucked up  
Let us in the club  
One of y'all niggas gon' catch a slug (Yeah)  
I'm so drunk I could hurl for a month  
Any nigga poppin shit go to the trunk  
D12 start shit nigga come get us  
7 Mile Runyon, 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  
Wild the fuck out stab you with a knife  
It's D12 nigga we ready to fuckin' fight

[Chorus]

[Eminem]  
Who tryin' to be the first one to catch this plate in the  
throat  
You know the po-po won't let me hold them toastas' no  
mo'  
I just cut three people, you gon' be number fo'  
If you don't back the fuck up and get the fuck 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,  
Runyon Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go  
Suckin on our 40's and holdin our 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!  
[Chorus]

[Kuniva]  
We deep as a fuck, we bout to get it crunk  
you just another punk in the club about to get jumped  
I settle my vendettas with AK's, Berettas  
We don't 'posed to be in here with our weapons but still  
they let us  
Switchblade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckle  
Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell  
trouble  
Elbows flyin, niggas crying, niggas bleeding, you  
retreating  
Run into your car and skatin off, We G'ing  
We make example out of you haters runnin' your mouth  
You the reason why your peoples is pourin they 40's out  
Dirty Dozen 'wildin, beatin niggas bloodied  
And you gon' have to pour out a keg for all your homies

[Chorus]

[Proof]  
I was raised by drunks, so I became a drunk  
80 Proof on this vodka that's the name I want  
I'm in the club to beef you gotta murder me then  
Only talk to a bitch with burgundy hair  
On the Isle in the Vette bumpin' seven deuce  
See the top on that 40 you know it's comin' loose  
See me on the Ave. daily we runnin' this shit  
If your chick get loud I g-money that bitch  
Packin mags and clips I'll smash your clique  
Because of Proof they put the "G" in the alphabet  
Smoking weed drinkin' Henny, Remy, in that Jimmy  
Don't worry if we run out the corner store got plenty

[Chorus]

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