

## **Big Fat Hen**

### **"Get Up Get Down"**

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Verse One: Malika

Steppin up out the shadows I comes equipped to wreck  
Hold up just a sec Coolio I'm on deck (Malika)  
Yeap the diction is on point  
Causin, friction when I flex up the jaw to hit the joint  
That can actually give a blood mob like Gotti  
Like the body cool, keep the strap up by the naughties  
Niggie trippin why you beam us I don't step up with no  
bullshit  
See that there it's clip for this stickup on the hip  
Peep the correct way to get your pimp on  
Let me hit the bong oh and my mind's quite strong  
Wreck it nice and proper if it's on I'm finsta to stop her  
If I'm swingin for the knockout, best believe I'm fits to  
drop her  
Ninety-five's on poppin, representin I keep stompin  
Throw up my fists just like this when I'm mobbin

Verse Two: Shorty

I killed the last, killed the ass, with my ninety-five drive  
I'm deep like Denzel with my Crimson Tide, nigga  
Like Chaka Khan, I tell you something good  
I'm Hi-C like Spike Lee within Tales From the Hood  
You need it, I'll feed it, baby check the size  
Have you Goin' Down like Mary J. Blige  
When it's poppin like this, you can't be a coward  
Shorty freaks fuckin beats like Adina Howard  
My squad is hard, with players, and hustlers  
No toleration, for fakers and busters  
Fuckin with me with all honesty  
You get bombed rap songs comin constantly  
Bumpin G-15's, Westside scene  
Killin the competition, while making a fuckin green  
So ring, around the rosie, and mosey to the Rosie  
And I want you to know G

Chorus:

We bust and cuss and kick up dust

Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us  
So what's the time? It's time to get real  
Why you bust your rhyme? Cause I got skills

We bust and cuss and kick up dust  
Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us  
So what's the time? It's time to get real  
Why you bust your rhyme? Cause that's how I bail

Verse Three: Leek Ratt (of 40 Thevz)

Watch me, swallow this nickel and shit five pennies  
I'm the loc'est of them all though the rat is kinda skinny  
How many linny and squidgy think they can see me?  
I'm from Compton where even in the summer niggaz  
wear beanies  
Bustin lyrics sharper than razor blades catch it from  
head to toe  
if you're shocked, then amazed, when you see me at  
my stage show  
For my stage show beat em up  
40 Thevz gettin busy rockin coast to coast  
Dogs the most rap the hoes then rocks em up  
Givin it up for hip-hop vicitims how should I drop em  
and then pop em  
for poppin like to get what I got, and I ain't got a whole  
lot of nuthin  
cuz I been ruffin and scuffin so give it up when I'm  
bustin or get to duckin  
cuz I ain't given em nuthin  
Fools can't get none, so fuck em!

Verse Four: PS

Let me rock the motherfuckin mic  
Smoke a whole stick of dynamite, then fight all night  
I got jabs like a welterweight champion  
The pocket-pincher purse-snatcher pistol-packin  
quick to get it crackin  
Went from jackin to rappin to runnin with a pack of mad  
men  
Pull a trick out my sleeve like Aladdin  
Some fool tried to play me for a punk I had to have him  
like  
lunch or dinner, he's just a beginner  
Fuckin with a winner, number one contender top dog  
Head nigga in charge runnin with a group of hogs  
40 Thevz, MAAD Circle, Cat, and Crowbar  
Best to put your daughter  
Wack ass rappers get tossed up  
Trying to come in here with that garbage

My crew see the dopest and the hardest  
So clear the path or get your punk ass Bogart-ed

Chorus 1/2

Verse Five: Ras Kass

I peep game and get recognized, buyin all the hard  
liquor  
toothpick and beedy-dyin  
Bitch you got dealt, peeled your cap the other way  
like a reversible Louis-Vitton Gucci belt  
And ain't nothin crackin  
For them niggaz steppin up with the funk I'm packin  
Tinactin  
Cause I be earnin stripes in tight bunches  
All the homies carry nines I carry rhymes in sucker  
punches  
What? Tootsie, my knees don't bend  
Just like that actor Hoffman I be Dustin off men often  
Jaywalkin over your coffin with an eleven shot loss and  
John wrecked that Austin won't soften you're lost and  
see arson, to exterminate the flyest nigga like Orkin  
Stalkin lofts men to New York and in between  
so take caution, leave the flossin for dental hygiene  
Mental plus my gene equals nasty young bastard  
The raps be lung mastered takin vinyl's virginity  
Coincidentally I run shit like Walter Payton  
Niggaz player hatin cause I spoke like a Dayton  
I kick the bass like Ron Carter at the Carter when  
C and B came strollin  
Blowin niggaz up like when Mookie's stupid ass got  
caught smokin  
Figure, your stigma is lack of enigma  
So bitch-ass niggaz better step, like the Delta Sigma  
Thetas

Verse Six: Coolio

We don't give a fuck, fools better duck  
39 deep in the back of Wino's truck  
Like robbin in the paint, fool think I ain't?  
Your crew is on stank, that's why I'm pullin rank  
I rev like a motor float ON like a boat to  
kick a style like Tical from here to North Dakota  
The ambassador of funk with amps in the trunk  
And when it's time to rock a mic I won't be no punk  
I bring death to the evil and power to the people  
My name ain't Steve Miller but I Fly Like an Eagle  
Don't play me for a chump, I get around like Gump  
And I, got more con in my verse than Chuck

And you don't want no motherfuckin problems here  
Cuz I can round up a posse like Paul Revere  
Your whole crew'll get took out, turned out, shook out  
Burned up like a cookout, so fools better look out

Verse Seven: WC

Fresh out the penalty box  
Sportin a stockin cap, cut off dickies, and some high-  
top striped socks  
The freestyle finatic psychosomatic back at it causin  
static  
with lyrics still as tight as a straight jacket  
The last in line but one of the first to get wit cha  
bringin more terror to MC's than a Michigan militia  
Click click boom, nigga fuck your crew  
It's the chunky hip-hopper, takin over pissin in your  
stage monitor  
socket you think that you can fuck with mine in your  
wildest dreams  
You best to wake up and apologize  
Niggaz penitentiary yearn me cuz I, burn like Parker  
but anyway, half of y'all couldn't see me with a pair of  
Blu Blockers  
The lyrical night stalker stalkin at night in a pair of  
creased Khakis  
Chuck Taylors, my pistol grip tight  
Dub-C, that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle

Ay man! Ay ay.  
What's up Wino?  
Uh like loc, it's like late, let's get the fuck up out of here  
Are we out?  
Yeah yeah fuck it  
Fuck it, MAAD Circle bitch!

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