

Italian Sushi

"Get Up"

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Intro:

Yeah ha ha, I am Big Shot your neighbourhood bawla
baby (Schyeah!)
Puttin it down for these Black Wine pimps, ya hear?
(Cos it's all about the scrilla, stayin on the for realla,
y'knowhutl'msayin?)
And don't nuthin move but the money, so forget what
they tell you,
y'knowl'msayin?
Game is short not tall
(Cos it's all about the money in the land of milk and
money)

Chorus:

Get up off your butt
You gotta get the loot, you gotta get a cut
of that pie because they teared it up
So bad and cheap for the rest, give it up, say what?
(Cos it's all about the money in the land of milk and
money)
repeat

Verse 1:

Well if one times four equals four all mine
It be them G's or them *?creaks?* that begin one line
So find me livin it up as you walk thru that one way-ly
See me in that wild wild west
where shadows aren't wanted so don't even come
cos ain't nuttin but a black thing where I'm from
I see the police and wish they be deceased
So lock your own self up because your just as crooked
as me
Who could it be? The mystery's known so why she say
that
Hoe raped the stick from the vanyard yesterday
They got away, which way? Where they be travellin?
How many sips of the Black Wine'll keep ya babblin
But still managin to do everything fine

And didn't I blow your mind this time
So pack it up, pack in and pick it up, see what it's about
It's BB and a G and a G - BB and I am out, so yeah

Chorus (x1/2)

Verse 2:

I'm hoppin outta bed at a half-past 9
The Sactown sunshine gotta player feelin fine
and refreshed, I'm back into my quest for ends
but when you think it's over then I just begin
You're walkin on a thin line frontin with Black Wine
You imitators covered cos we're genuine
About as real as authentic, G's represented
coast to coast now who got it pocket, West Coast

All you pimps who got dissed, come on in but don't you
fiend
We rock this like some dope now you can scrape it off
your screen
Lord knows how many flows it take
to get you caught up witta mack almost every day
Cos players networkin all around the clock
tryin to move a couple crates of this motherfuckin fresh
stock
of Black Wine, niggas get erbed off mine
So when I hit you with this 40 watch your blindside
(Right)

Chorus

Bridge:

So if you're stackin all the cash and coppin all the
dough
If you're bawlin like a player then let a brother know
(That's right! That's right!)
(Cos it's all about the money in the land of milk and
money)
So if you're stackin all the cash and coppin all the
dough
If you're livin like a bawla and you're outta control
Say that's right! That's right!
(Cos it's all about the money in the land of milk and
money)

Verse 3:

Live out the cellar, Black Wine you can't fade
Niggas bawl then they fall in the game cos they bitch

made
Now we gon' take control of this shit today
You think you're laced up wit crank cos we keep y'all
amped
I try to fold some paper, maintain scrill
Hustle up a mill, put tweed in my grill
(So you can be a hustler like you're s'posed ta be)
Black mobbed down South set constantly
It's for the money man so get this scrilla 'fore it's gone
Niggas slippin in the game, don't get too long
I got to be at dat then an actor to this shit
So when I put it down in your town it's a hit
I stay in ten, I keep it twisted up like braids
And high-powered times, high-powered rhymes get
paid
Black Wine til I die, black mind for life
Do it all for the scrill, stay on point like a knife

Chorus x2

Interlude: *man talking*

Chorus

Get up off your butt...

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