

Puff Daddy F/ Kelly Price, Mase**"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

Didn't have ta hit ya for the homicide
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 thoin
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

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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