

## **Man Method**

### **"Get It Up Remix"**

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Is y'all ready to go up in here?

Aight, pull the black mask down

We bout to rush the door

(Ah shit, hide your jewelry)

I told y'all we was coming

Yo everybody watch out

Word up

[Chorus]

Get it up, huh

The ice on ya wrist player pick it up, huh

My killers in the cut go stick em up, huh

Ladies grab your shirts and lift em up, huh

Lemme see your ass baby back it up, huh

My soldiers on the front line actin up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh

Lemme see your guns, what throw em up, huh

Yo Sticky Fingaz, word up

I told y'all niggaz (black trash)

Yo come on

[Verse 1: Sticky Fingaz]

Who made black folks slam and throw they guns?

Who made da world bacdafucup in '91?

Who made niggaz go out and shave they head bald?

Who beat Dr Dre for a soul train award?

Who da first rap star u seen dive into da crowd?

Who originated that screamin grimey sound?

Who had da last verse u were always waitin for?

Well he's solo now u aint gotta wait no more?

STICKY FINGAZ! my life is like an action flick

My solo album coming out february da 6th

I got a question whats it all about in here?

I got a question who got da hottest album this year?

I brought everybodys album who came out this year

And I want my money back I got the hottest album this year

Do u know how much universal paid russel simmons to buy me

Even interscope was havin biddin wars tryin to sign me

Do u think its all about da monney nah, nah, its more than that

Its real shit when thug niggaz want ya autograph

There's only 3 hot rappers thats out no lie

Lets see theres me, myself & I

I might flip out & bug once da la gets in me

And go stab a nigga like Ja Rule did fifty

When I rhyme, I put rappers on da spot

Recording in da same studio, 2Pac got shot

Bringing to da game new ideas

I cop more respect than u, I aint dropped an album in 2 years

[Chorus]

Black Trash

Yo kick that old real shit

That green shit

[Verse 2: Xzibit]

Came to change, smoke, provoke da whole shit to bouncin

Announcing ya name to loud might get u shut down

I vitallity cut down after da club close

Wettin up ya sunday clothes, with a snub nose

That's how it goes, Xzibit give a fuck what u thinkin

Everyday for me is a week in a blast of da mohcians

You bastards is tweekin, I came to get some pussy & skate

I never debate, fake featherweights catch a nikel plate

Me & my niggaz seen da moves u feelin mate

And all da bitches seen da dick that they should've ate

We multilate then vacate in da golden state

Home of da place where niggaz usually make there last mistake

So pop ya collars & enjoy ya drinks

Cos u aint tryin to see death & I aint tryin to see da clink

With the flick of a wrist, send you deep into the abyss

I don't pop Cryst', but will pop a nigga with this

[Chorus]

Word Up!

Yeah we takin all ya money

takin all ya bitches

[Verse 3: Method Man & Redman]

Yo Yo Im so hot to def

I'll probably get shot to death

Y'all niggaz wanna rock wit Meth?

Not on ya best day

Stoppin ya breath da M.E.F Way

Lets say we get this off our chest

Let da tec spray

S.I. back up in da joint I must confese I

Burnt down da muthafuckin house before I left I

These ladies on da dance floor showin butt

My niggaz in da bathroom throwin up

Carrying a black shottie walkin up da club

Pick out ya dirtiest crew I can stomp in da mud (Who  
Want It?)

Cos when I scream when im pumpin a slug

Start airin out da room like im vaccuming up

Doc u know da rukcus gonna get brung tonight

Killa Bees says somebody gonna get stung tonight

Hit me, hit em up, stick me, stick em up

If we cant live it up, somebody gotta give it up

[Chorus]

## Black Trash

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