

# Get Up

## Crucial Conflict

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