

## Get Up

DJ Quik

I'm gettin my kicks dirty, I'm blowin my mid-30's  
Niggaz they want me buried but, I'm in no hurry  
Bullets flyin in flurries, my gat don't work  
but I still need one to carry  
And I bring the bereavement, when you hit the ce-ment  
Police picked me up to talk but I wasn't worried  
I remembered the song that was sang from the birdie  
Cause when he whistled he was pushin up that milk thistle, get it?  
These stupid niggaz they ain't playin for keeps  
These niggaz playin for cheaps, they disobeyin the streets  
Never fear the inevitable, death will come  
And when your breath goes numb, you lookin up to the sheets  
I seen it comin and I'm watchin the drama grow  
And stressin enough to break the needle and thread where mama sewin  
I'm slow-flowin, move back and forth like a boa  
Still movin hoes in 2's to the boat, like I was Noah

Get up, cause nigga we'll lay you down  
You don't wanna be six feet underground  
So get up, we don't play around  
You gotta watch your back when you outta town  
Get up, when you hear the sound  
The Compton nigga's comin back for the crown  
So get up, when you feel the pound  
And your rest is short, we'll lay you down

Black Air Force Ones, guns under the Louis Vuitton bomber  
It ain't like I need armor  
I give a nigga one warning, cause if I get you shot  
Then I'm Tupac and that's bad karma  
I came to get my dip on, find me a round-the-way girl  
in Gucci slip-ons, I know what you thinkin  
This ain't another diss song, why they bleep me and Quik songs  
But Snoop and Nate Dogg get they crip on  
The West been gone, I'm from Compton  
I know firsthand Quik been holdin it down for 10 strong  
And Dre got 20 in, all you got to brag about  
is a couple, bitches and spinnin rims  
You wouldn't have a deal if it wasn't no Big  
I did 106 & Park with no vid  
How he get inside MTV with no spins  
No Em, no Dre, I'm the hottest since Jay

AMG nigga, Dirty West Nile  
Any time of the day, you might hear {\*POW\*}  
Fightin up at the club, fightin out on the beach  
Here's a word to the wise, bring heat  
From the Bay to L.A., the S.D.  
Niggaz slingin kilos of yay, pounds of weed  
You niggaz need to catch up, cause I'm bound to speed  
Pick a car, any car, 24's to D's  
And if you like what you see, baby let me know  
I let you play with the D back up at the mo'  
I need a freak like you hoes be needin rent money  
It's 7 days in the week and man they all sunny  
80 degrees, tall palm trees  
Much too many dimes and too many G's

Everybody know about the B's and C's  
Shit cost a chip, nigga bring your cheese and

[Chorus]