

Get 'em Up

Pastor Troy

My niggas (get 'em up)
My bitches (get 'em up)

It's pete baby
You best of recognize
Grab my gold teeth baby
One of the good guys
Say she's a freak baby
Tell me what's up then
U wanna freak
I wanna freak
Then we can freak then
Living this life of sin
Drinking bout everyday
Smoking bout everyday, in that gray escalade
I hit my nigga dre'
Dre' what's the word dawg
I got bout twenty-three ways let's go ball dawg
Help me burn down dis log
This dro' to much for me
It's getting hard to see
But they can't stop a g'
Living delicately
And I'm going put 'em up 2x
And I'm going keep 'em up

My niggas (get 'em up)
My bitches (get 'em up)

Sometimes I feel like I'm going die
That's why I keep a tone
Cause ain't no telling when I might have to prove a nigga wrong
Some nigga ackin like he bad
Now he long gone
I'ma be the one in back laughing and giggling in the funeral home
Cause I just got out the institution cause I'm crazy jone
And a nigga think I'm bullshitting with them masses on
Come on, come on everybody come on
Nigga we ready
So whatever you wanna get on
Breaking niggas off the top what I spit on
Fucking niggas up with the shit they better get on
Boy you don't wanna make me have to pull a get gone
I'ma get to bucking with my muthafucking tone
Leave ya folks crying they gone hate you gone
? ? ? ? with the acapella tone
From memphis to atlanta getting bust in domes
Stick with the niggas in bulletproof it's on
Then shout with the chrome glock to the knock
Another muthafucker test me I think not

My niggas (get 'em up)
My bitches (get 'em up)

See I ride with the chrome
Out of town finna clown
Keep ya phone on wrong

Sideways in the whip
Every time when I dip through the hood it's on
Everything after making the green
I kind of hate when ya hate mine
Irritated when ya waited for the online
Never hard to find
When we all gone shine 2x
Get ya cheese on
My niggas gotta hustle for that, juggle for that
But you better stay strapped with the gat
Everytime when the hugger make contact
Real niggas got push 'em all back
In the mist of dust
Like my guns when we come
This ain't no test execution my son
Nightmares after twelve
They catching hell
Millionaires
So we don't care
Cause all my niggas posting bail, uh
Sometimes I feel like a nut
Sometimes I don't
Thinking that I won't get 'em left on the scene
Like no what I mean
Nigga no what I mean

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My bitches (get 'em up)