

## 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

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