

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1  
Ready or not here we come, here comes trouble in the club  
11, 12, 13, pistols big as M 16's  
How the fuck we sneak in with this many heaters in our jeans  
Nina, 2 nina's, a peace and they dont even see us  
Some shit pops off we squeeze each one they gon' think its machine guns  
Vanos vo vano, bananas in our flannels  
Hands around our colt handles, hold them like roman candles  
Vannas vo vannas, banana fanna fo fannas  
Who come back all bananas, banana clips loaded  
Managers, bouncers and the club owners, the motherfuckers dont want us  
To come up and rush in the club and run up in it with a bunch of  
Motherfuckers from Runyan, steady poppin them onions,  
Ready set to go nut up, prepare to tear the whole club up  
Fixin to get into some shit just itchin to choke someone up  
You know we finna loc'n when we mix coke with coke and nut rum up  
Yeah Yeah oh, what up, see my people throw shit up  
See you talk that hoe shit now when you down and wont get up  
And can't sit up your so slit up, the ambulance wont sew you up  
They just throw you up in the trunk once they tag your big toe up  
Heater no heater, automatic no matic  
Mac or no mac it dont matter if I have or dont have it  
You never know what im packin' so you just dont want no static  
And open up a whole can of whoop ass you dont wanna chance to  
Risk it no biscuit, mili mac a mac milli  
Really homie dont be silly, homie you dont know me really  
You're just gonna make yourself dizzy wonderin what the dealy  
Fuck it lets just get busy D Twizzys back up in the hizzy!

[Eminem - Chorus]

Git Up Now!  
Let's get it crackin, Git, It's on and poppin  
It's D12 is back up in this bitch, uh, there aint no stoppin  
We're gonna get it crackalatin  
What you waitin for the wait is over  
Say no more fo tryin to play the wall and quit hatin  
Git Up Now!  
Notice you're sittin, what the fuck is you deaf  
You motherfuckers dont listen, I said,  
We bout to get this motherfucker crackalatin'  
Quit, procrastinatin'  
What the fuck you waitin for get off the wall and quit hatin

[Swift]

I keep a shit load of bullets a pitbull to pull it out  
And automatically explode on motherfuckers until they mouth be closed perman  
ently  
You get burned until i quickly you can not hit me niggas to terrified to com  
e get me,  
Tempt me if you think Swifty won't send a slug, people run,  
When the reaper comes the repercussions gon' equal blood.  
Inglewood, steepin' without a weapon, you leave, you gone,  
I'm still runnin' with stolen toasters while on parole,  
Snatch you out our home, like eviction notices hoe,  
When I unload, I'm known to never leave witnesses to roam,  
When I'm blowed, I'll write the wicked in scroll,  
At the toll, when I'm sober I'm prone to roll up and disconnect your soul, n

igga.

[Kuniva]

Now it's proven it's about to be a misunderstanding  
In furniture moving, bullets flying, lawyers & mothers suing  
Cause niggas don't know the difference, you bitches just stick to fiction  
It's sickening, you can't even walk in my jurisdiction rippin' it,  
Grippin' the pump and who wanna fuck with a walking psychopathic  
Pyromaniac shady cats with 80 gats  
And maybe thats the reason that you gon' get it the worst  
And since you jumpin' in front of everybody you gon' get it first  
I dispurse the crowd with something vigor and versatile  
So go on and record you verses now while you got a mouth,  
And it's not a joke, it's some kind of riddle,  
Kunizzle will lift up a 12 gizzle and throw a party from my equittle,  
And a glock that you stop you from waking,  
Bullets'll hit your liver, I'll even shoot native americans,  
A Indian Nigga, we back in you life and back in your wife,  
Hit you in the back with a knife and get it crackin' tonight.

[Chorus]