

# Get Ya Weight Up

## Inspectah Deck

You know what it is... H.G., U.D.Z's.  
S.I.N.Y., 10304, get big  
Yeah.. Wu-Tang for life

It's like World War IV in the field, daily ordeal  
Wolfpack diggin' claws in your mill  
Ducking blue coats tossin' the steel, it's all real  
My lifetime of crime, I never talk or squeal  
And I move with the coldest around, I be holding my ground  
And I'mma hold it til I'm thrown in the ground  
So I'm blowing rounds and I'm known to carry six  
New Jacks in the City, get "Burned" like "Larry Fish"  
Daddy rich, bitch magnet, I hand you a fix  
Spit bricks on the mix and make the avenues flip  
Cali grips on the regular, beretta's a fifth  
Jumping out, nappy whips, watch ya neck & your wrist  
No question I'm reppin' my click, specialist  
From the young'ns to O.G., checkin' for this  
Play hard on the graveyard shift, cigar split  
Far quick, when the shit jump off, you heartless  
This is S.I.N.Y., Killah Killah Hill  
10304, home to gorillas in the field  
Yeah, what up all my niggaz out there  
10304, home to gorillas in the field

Ya'll wanna ride with us, get ya weight up  
You want it live & direct, get the pay up  
From the projects, blocks, we on our way up  
Animal Ways of Life, you get ate up  
To all my ballers & broad, y'all stay up  
Try'nna make a mil' a day before I lay up  
Hot like the pot you got, you cook yay' up  
I'm with the foulest in town, so play straight up

I hold it with the bolo grip, solo controller strip  
Behold, P.L.O. the click, man, it's over with  
So quick, notice how we bang with the knuckles bare  
House Gang, keep it fresh lik supper ware  
The Jungle, Animal House, gat in your mouth  
Gamble with the wild life, cannibal out  
Give this full course meal in effect, reel to reel or cassette  
Or with the mask on peelin' the tech  
Killah Hill, man, you feelin' my set, feelin' my rep  
Annamette with the top down, wheelin' the 'Vette  
Scoop me downtown, cop the bread and back to the 'victs  
Twist a blunt in front of Jake and still mash on the strip  
Face swift with the rap shit, stacking them chips  
In the pits, stick shit, cats packing them grips  
Bad bitch with the black six after my dips  
She like, this your pussy, and she splash my click  
See my name on the wall, not a fake or a fraud  
Niggaz straight, like an inmate, try'nna make the board  
Make way and dues pay for sure, I lay law, stay raw  
Cause a 'massacre' with no 'chainsaw'  
Have y'all talk about it, but you don't want war  
See my wolves eat the bones and they still want more  
We be foaming at the mouth, even, I doubt we leave without eating

So without reason, pounds are squeezing  
The lifestyle of fiends and beans, big dreams and CREAM  
Bitches ride like the Scream Machine  
Caught a taste of it, the chick strip, clean out the jeans  
Next thing she was smuggling coke between the scene