

The Get-Up

Little Brother

Yall can't do it like 'Te do it
can't stop won't stop
like a ford explorer without the brake fluid
spinnin out on firestones with the shake to it
leavin all the passenger with scrap bruises
My rap niggas take to it me and Pooh sick of eatin noodles
this year we fitten to add a steak to it
and wil' out with our hands in the air now
and smack these funny niggas givin us the stare down
and get up on those fly honeys with their hair down
lookin like the sweetest candy apples at the fairgrounds
and this just the way we do this
so if you wanna hear some new shit whatcha gotta do is

Get UP (Come on now)

Get Up (Come and)

Get Up (Uh Uh Uh)

This is the Get up (Whatchu waitin on)

"There's something about these hoes . . . "

They think they're better than I
battle states cause I'm a hell of a guy
shit's fly when I kick lines
the most improved when I kick rhymes
not in the prime but ahead of my time
staying sublime to the limelight
yall maggots hagged and don't rhyme right
from being exposed to light
nocturnal cause you chose this life
you fucked up cause you chose the pipe
warning the trucks that Pooh bout to go yard
I'm a couple past Bonds when i face your squad
First smith specialist nobody get the best of us
Pooh and 'Te tag team like we wrestlers
and maintain under pressure bro
on and on and etcera
makin sure the compitition never get ahead of us
and it's so ill the way we do this
so if you waitin for some new shit whatcha gotta do is

[Singing Outro]