

40 Oz.

D12

Yeah nigga! It's D12 up in this motherfucker!
You know how we get nigga we wild in the club
Motherfuckers, everybody get crunk in Detroit too nigga!
So wile the fuck out! Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. Bitch! We fucked up
Let us in the club
One of y'all niggas gon' catch a slug, (Yeah)
I'm so drunk I could hurl for a month
Any nigga pop shit, go to the trunk
D12 start shit, nigga come get us
7 Mile Runyan, wild niggas wit us
Cause all my niggas is talkin' that shit
Ain't got no problem, with smackin no bitch
I'll have my wife, cut your throat
Blunts, gans, that's all we smoke
Wild the fuck out, stab you with a knife
It's D12 nigga, we ready to fuckin' fight
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. Bitch! Who tryin' to be the first one to catch
this blade in the throat!
You know the po-po don't let me hold them toasters no mo'
I just cut three people, you gon' be number four
If you don't back the fuck up, and get the fuck up off the flo'
My crew is takin over as soon as we hit the do'
You hit the door then we comin' in and you goin' home
Security that can't even stop us because they know
Runyan Avenue soldiers hold it down wherever we go
Chuggin' on our 40's and holdin up .44's
We come with toasters like we just opened saving's and loans
And we don't need your brew tonight homie we brought our own
So grab whatever you sippin on and let's get it on!!!!
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. Bitch! We deep as a motherfucker, we 'bout to
get it crunk
You just another punk in the club about to get jumped
I settle my vendettas with AK's, Berettas

We dont supposed to be in here with our weapons but still they let us
Switchblade, brass knuckles, nickel plated belt buckle
Broken beer bottles, when we walk in you can smell trouble
Elbows flying, bitches crying, niggas bleeding, you retreating
Run into your car and skatin off, We G'ing
We make example out of you haters runnin' your mouth
You the reason why your peoples is pourin they 40z out
Dirty Dozen whiling, beat niggas bloodied
And you gon' have to pour out a keg for all your homies Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour
your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. Bitch! I was raised by drunks, so I became a
drunk
Eighty proof on that vodka, that's the name I want
I'm in the club to beef, you gotta murder me there
Only talk to a bitch with burgundy hair
Or the aisle in the back, bump a seven deuce
See that top on that 40, you know it's comin' loose
See me on the Av. daily, we runnin' this shit
If your chick get loud, I g-money that bitch
Packin mags and clips, I'll smash your clique
Because of Proof they put the "G" in the alphabet
Smoking weed, drinking Henny, Remy, and that Jimmy
Don't worry if we run out the corner store got plenty Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40
out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It)
Pour your 40 out. (Guzzle It), Pour your 40 out. Bitch!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>