

# D-12, Bad News

[Chorus]

Brigade jump on a couple of punks  
Nigga, we bad news  
(We bad news, nigga)  
To beef for real  
If you step our way it's on  
Anybody, everybody (Oh shit)  
Come on  
Brigade jump on a couple of punks  
That's how we're moving it moving it moving it  
To beef for real  
If you step our way it's on  
Anybody, everybody (That's right)  
Come on

[Kon Artis]

We breaking every rule in the book  
Illegal crooks that got your mind shook  
Kon done with spells up  
Poisonous cook  
The Kon Artis  
Make way for the hell raiser  
Mysterious neighbor  
Cuttin throats with broke Coke  
Bottles and rusty razors  
I ain't the one to save you in a crisis  
I kick you while you're down  
Snatch you up and ask you who's the nicest  
Better say me  
Or I'll put your next to some vice crips  
And squeeze until they lifeless  
I stayin confidence with my mind  
About being good or evil  
I'm deceitful  
Lethal when I leave you  
Dead inside your blood brother  
When your hand for help reaches out  
We just chuckle  
Now where the fuck of how we is as individuals  
We raise wrong  
Politics and poverty got us head strong  
You dead wrong  
If you think you'll make it out with all your limbs  
Grab your camera  
So we can put this on film

[Kuniva]

Hey  
Don't get cut into hundreds over some dumb shit  
I advise you to run quick cuz we run this  
Guns click on the reg reg  
Put MCs on they death beads  
Either that or leavin' 'em walking on peg legs  
In various locations  
I'll be wylin' out at places  
I'm why they're running out  
Of handicap parking spaces  
Intense dreams  
You want suspense? It's endless  
How I massacre crews  
Leave you solo and friendless  
Contact lens less then lifeless  
The trifest MC  
You never wanna fight with

Or rock a mic with  
Carry a knife with  
Da Brigade on the night shift  
Pack this big dick that I use to fuck your wife with  
You ain't the nicest  
Derelicts with intelligence  
Leaving your grill wide open like pelicans  
Just wait  
My words penetrate through your vertebrate  
Til it snap your neck brace  
And crack your chest plate

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

You studies wanna job like assets  
Rough is ready to start teaching niggas  
In ass whippin' classes  
Breaking glasses  
Damage crews by the masses  
Shit talking like Cassius  
Get in your E-Class and dash bitch  
Kon Artis  
The only man that can expand the cervix  
With the tip of my bone  
Get in your girl and keep fucking  
Until she starts screaming "Leave me alone"  
Walking predacone  
Looking for weak grade to set it on  
From dusk til dawn I bomb  
Went through hell and remain calm  
The devils to stir us to fight me  
Just to see what type of shit that I was on  
Those bastards is why they got burnt  
And turned into crisp XXXXX  
With lyrics hotter than lava comes  
It's urgent  
That she splurge with  
Before I merge with  
Kuniva will make ya nerves emerge and split  
Heard me bitch  
You weren't worthy with the mic  
Is why I snatch it  
And people think and praise with words that I like  
With things that I say on you  
You need someone to spar with  
Put you in the back of my trunk  
Get in my car trick  
Running with nothing but thugs  
With the fug  
We more dangerous than L.A. cops with big clubs  
Who's arresting you when you're drunk  
You sick munk  
Spitting up bills scriptures and gumps  
Till you punks get the picture  
Get it?  
If rap was a whore you couldn't hit it  
I make it my business  
Twenty four seven to try and stick it

[Kuniva]

Gotta get it  
I gotta give it to you non-stop  
Bombs drop lyrical warfare we onslaught  
Dead bodies rot

We making your body rock  
Licking them off like lollipops  
That the shotty pop  
Kuniva snatch rolex chains, watches and anklets  
Dissin' the stank bitch  
Packing heaters to make you thank quick  
Now ain't this  
Something you don't want a piece of  
Don't worry about waiting these ones  
Chillin' with me buds

[Chorus]