

D-12, Cock & Squeeze

(bugz)

Gimme some hash

And when I trip nigga gimme ya mask

Then after that lend me your mack and gimme your cash

That precious thing you call a life ill put an end to fast

Get in your ass if you want have to leave and eagle mack (? ?)

You want a see-through class

Dont take much to read you class

Bitch

You broke as f**k and on the bus 'cause your regal smashed

This shit is lethal

Battle me I keep you mad

Put you in a sleeper ,drag your ass to the reaper's pad

Either

Or feel the wrath of my heater that

Lyric punches makin meters blast on your speaker rack

Crib, club or anywhere where theres people at

They love my tape they couldnt care where they leaves yours at

Your girl's a rat

Tell that ho I'm not gonna beep her back

Dont need her black

Got too many other needer-rats

Who heater fat (? ?)

I bet your gal ain't f**kin with my gat

Im holdin lyrics sendin vocals at you locals cat

Gone black

Your more whack

Than a gold sack

You shown dat

When you flowed

That's a known fact

Clone rap

Suck a mc broad

Need to pick another field, go out and find you a job

Or either go out and rob

Because

Rappin' ain't to function

You out of place,

Like a 2 of heart and 2 of diamond in a game of spades

While my innovative ways

Set your lyrics to a blaze

Put a grimace on ur grave

Im in the guinness on a page

Of history

Puttin sucka niggaz out they misery

Its not a mystery

My victories are bodacious

It wouldn't matter if the judge is racist

And I was battling your aces in your bitches bassment

Im un-f**kwitible

Thats literal

Face it, the general

With senses of a senitle

Holdin on my genitals

Right before I send tha fo's (fools)

Down the earth like minerals

Even after centerfolds

In videos, my ego goes

In cagnito hoes

From mosquito rolls

Mean and biter

I hope you niggaz catch a case of arthrita

You ain't no writer

It still don't even have a spider

Idea when you need me , we gonna worst turn into fighters
Yea yea bitch
Ya muthaphukkin biter

Cock and, squeeze, bust
Dirty dozen don't f**k wit us

Detroit niggaz roll deep
Hold heat and talk slick
Yea yea bitch
Stay off my dick

(kon artis)
I should tie you up and keep cuttin u wit a knife
And sit you in the alcohol bath for the night
And watch you strugglin strainin squeal for your life
Dump a radio bumpin your demo when your bad for da life
Thats what I take from you
Meet u in fake humble
Attack your foundation until it crumble
Its me and my dog be on stumble (? ?)
Go but stayin in tha right mind
Just to blaze a track
To or fake individuals that rap
Screamin up your bootleg like they scared and shit

Knowin that tha kon artis come prepared with clips
Fuller then male scriptures
You watch u take pictures
Notes and write down quotes and how I rap and get witcha
Told u niggaz before we got much to gain
Nothin to lose, curuptin the lives of all rules
Tie em' up and put him in situations to hurt him
Tie him up to trees and shoot poisonous darts at him
With venom in it to murder him
Servin' him right
D.p. kon artis, swervin tonite
We rock from state to state
And city to city
You make a siss like a faggot tryin on silicon tities
And nobody wanna size d bra
die wit side shit give it to y'all glit caught raw (? ?)
Raw raw raw raw raw

Cock and, squeeze, bust
Dirty dozen don't f**k wit us

Detroit niggaz roll deep
Hold heat and talk slick
Yea yea bitch
Stay off my dick

(proof)
I turn a hard nigga yellow
And make his ass faster than a cheetah
Don't blaze no blunts
But I blaze them thangs
Amaze ya gang
Wit bullets I rattle your frame
Whos that
Stay suburban tusslin'
Playin dat 3 digits
Before cusslin (? ?)
Bustin twin glocks

On your block
Yellin my name loud puttin rhymes inside your mailbox
Infared dots
Blahw
Caught your dreadlocks
Waitin for tha cops
And tell him that ur ass had beef wit biggie and 2pac
Hot lead to flesh
Shot, bled to death
Like red and meth
You need to hoop up
Soup up
For battlin war
That on the more
I spattle ur horse
Got battle dates on your tour
Show up on you
Battle on ur encore
wit dis shit
On ur mic grip, you might slip
Hang it up
Hit like sonny
Peace to
Rock til the early morn'
This shit is on
I got da problem fiend fiend problems
My crew mugshot d12 uglier than the green goblin
I bring fear too
Horror, near u
A fact why nobody wanna hear u
Your whack bitch!
What the f**k you thought would happen?
When bullets start collapsin your frame
Maintain or bring pain
Freestyle fanatic named pete
Fresh off the paper this one turn ur autovapor meat
Mc the extrordinair
Steppin on ur bunyan
Screamin 7 mile bitch eastside come from runyan
Hold down your fort
Snort like cocaine
Richard pryor
I clap more clips than a liver squire (? ?)

Yea yea bitch what the f**k you thought
Y'all niggaz get caught like saught I'm incredible like the hulk
Why settle for nigga
P-r the letter "o";
My sex is hetero
Cash checks like federal
Yo hedero bitch!