

# D-12, When The Music Stops

[Bizzare:]

[Echo]

Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference  
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids  
Sike!

[Eminem:]

If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow  
Would you feel sorrow or show love  
Or would it matter  
Can never be the lead-off batter of things  
Shit for me to feed off  
I'm see-saw battlin  
But theres way too much at stake for me to be fake  
There's too much on my plate  
And I came way too far in this game to turn and walk away  
And not say what I got to say  
What the f\*\*k you take me for? a joke? you smokin crack?  
Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back  
I get up 'for i get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out  
I'm tryin-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark  
Ya'll steady tryin to drown the shark  
Ain't gonna do nothin but piss me off  
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off  
See me leap out, pull the piece out, f\*\*k shootin i'm just trying to knock his teeth out  
F\*\*k with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle  
Talk is cheap, motherf\*\*ker if you're really feeling froggish, leap  
Yo slim, you gonna let him get away with that?  
He tried to play you, you can't let him skate with that  
Man I hate this crap, this ain't rap,  
This is crazy the way we act  
When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music stops

[Swift:]

There ain't no getting rid of McVeigh  
If so you woulda tried  
The only way I'm leavin this bitch is suicide  
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with hennesy,  
Got drunk then I finished he  
I'm every nigga's favorite arch-enemy.  
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef  
I spark willingly with a dillinger in the dark dilligently  
I'm not what you think  
I appear to be f\*\*ked up  
Mentally endangered  
I can't stay away from a razor  
I just want my face in a paper  
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighbors for acres  
I murder you  
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of sam, bitch, I'm surgical  
I'll allergic to dyin, you think not? you got balls? We can see how large  
When the music stops

[Kon Artist:]

I was happy having a deal at first,  
Thought money would make me happy but  
It only made my pain worst,  
It hurts when u see ur friends turn their back on u dawg  
When u ain't got nothing left but ur word and ur balls  
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends  
Beggin' with they hands out  
Checking for ur record when its selling  
When it aint, that's the end, no laughs  
No friends no girl

Just the gin u drink till u car spin u then  
[Screech]  
Damn!  
[Crash]  
U slam into the wall and u fall  
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm  
About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol  
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops

[Kuniva:]  
Let's see how many of your men loyal,  
When i pull up looking for you,  
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil  
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust ur head would just explode  
With red stuff i'm hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon  
Braggin about how u shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you  
Niggars, if i was u niggas, i'll run while given the chance  
Understand i can enchance the spirit of man  
Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of dying alone that really  
Irks me, u ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk  
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark  
Hug the floor while we plan to the war with ur life, f\*\*k the tour and the mic  
I'll rather f\*\*k a whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like  
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga ur a gonna at night

#### When The Music Stops

[Proof:]  
Instigators, turn pits in cages  
Let loose and bit the neighbours  
wrist to razors  
Ya'll don't want war, you want talk  
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof  
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof  
Caved in like reindeer hoofs  
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose  
The more ya'll breach, the more I moves  
This hell street, this is hardcore blues  
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)  
Or make the news betcha all ya'll move  
When the uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop

[Bizzare:]  
Music's changed my life in so many ways  
Brains confused and f\*\*ked since the 5th grade  
LL told me to rock the bells  
NWA said f\*\*k the police  
Now i'm in jail  
93 was strictly R&B  
F\*\*ked up hair cut  
Listen to Jodeci  
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike  
Ass cheeks painted white  
F\*\*king Presilla at night  
Flying down sunset smoking crack  
Transvestite in the front  
Eddi Murphy in the back  
MOP had me grindy and griddy  
Marilyn Manson, i dyed my hair blue  
And grew some titties  
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls  
Now i'm in the hospital  
Broken nose and a fractured elbow  
Voices in my head, i'm going in shock,  
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

[Bang]