

D12, 6 In The Morning

[Eminem]

Good mornin

Haha, wake your mother fuckin asses up

Yo what is the what?

Well come on then, you know what time it is

Stop sleepin on my roof bitch!

For whatever it's worth it's worth me havin my ass whipped

Cause I'ma have the last lift that ever gets ass squished

I just can't get past these little pissants

That wanna be rauny bad asses so bad

And they so mad they can't stand it

Cause we can and they can't spit (Haawk)

And they can't handle it like a man

And that's when it just happens

And I snap and it's a wrap, and it's a scrap an then it isn't crap is it?

Hip-Hop isn't a sport anymore when you got to go and resort back into that shit

Maybe I'm old fashioned but my pashion

Is to smash anyone rappin without havin a slappin

Believe me I'd much rather pick up a pencil than a pistol but I'm pissed now

But it all depends on just how far it get's took on the mic

Cause I'm tellin you right now your not gonna like it

Cause if I get pushed over the edge then I'm pullin you with me

You poke a stick at a pit bull you get bit B

These words stick to you like crazy glue

When you diss me cause they just bounce off me like bullets do fifty!

I'm the beatiful-est thing and your gonna miss me when I'm gone

Like Kieth Murry when he threw a stool and hit a girl acci-dently (argghh!!)

I do this for Swifty, Kon and Kuniva, Bizzy & Proof are you with me?

[Chorus: Eminem]

Come on an everybody come on an

Kick your shoes off mother fuckers come on an

Cause we get it on an till the break of dawn an

Wake your ass up motherfuckers quit yawnin

Cause we ain't leavin till 6 in the mornin

So have sing along with the words to the song an

If you don't know the words an you can't sing along an

Fake like you know 'em motherfuckin join in

Everybody come on an

[Swifty]

Its in the media pitted me of a beef starter

In a party with heat it's hard to keep me without one

Fuck slugs I'm walkin gloves with a shotgun

Constantly popin slugs they hot son, better not run

The bosses of all bosses a haluocaust to whoever ain't concious

In a house full of dog shit,

I'ma gothic death project, you stop breathin

You die quicker than mach speed without bleedin

It ain't about what you readin

When you meet me better speak like a season's greetins

Either that or we'll be beefin free when

You niggaz need a 'E' just to speak shit!

Your leader is a botique bitch

Keep the heater where you can reach quick

I snipe you with it and we won't even keep it a secret

Nigga I did it from a mind of a mental patient

When glocks wave you can save that conversation for satan

You brave?

[Chorus: Eminem]

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[Kuniva]

Yo yo I heard you niggas don't like us
But so what this beef is like
'What the fuck did he say in his rap Em?'
I can see that he's just a punk
I mean these niggaz squeeze on me
Please I'm seeing guts
I don't need no enemies, as my family a couple trucks
Am I empty seein them white I empty out them white to fight you
In front of every reporter that I don't like
No need for metaphores I get yours across when I write
So emotions enough to say "fuck you bitch, and I don't like you, WHAT!"
I might as well give this up like heavy sales
And just fuck an leave D12 and this blunt
We can't self destruct
I've never felt it this much
Come on fellas, get up
We got to fight like Bugs last night of his life

[Kon Artis]

I walk with a limp, pistol hangin off-a the hip
I'm awkward and quick enough an sick when sparkin a fith
Your carcus is split even the beef is partially thick
We can't take you serious, you a comedy skit
You probaly wish that you could be out shootin them G's
But the only thing you shoot is the breeze
I can't believe you speaking on movin key's
But every time we hear you kick it
The only thing you sellin is wolf tickets
I look wicked cause niggas will test your nut sack
So when they bust you better bust back
And get your guts clapped outa your stomach
And when they want it (yeah)
I bring a hundred niggas from runave
So get your gun and if you comin

[Chorus: Eminem]

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