

D12, Bring Our Boys

[IQ]

Your fakeness is atrocious
post is deep in your hypnosis
then focus
roll this
and smoke this
like L's
of that bomb-ass herb thats gaurenteed to rock bells
a hiphop refugee like Praswell
Travelin citys
pimpin babblin biddys
game trump tight and solidified
comuputerized
to get rid of spies
know what I do to guys
shootin and spittin lies
I'm banished in exisdenace
vanishin any instences
brandishin sentences
proovin repentences
the only way to see me, dont miss these
me and my crew smoke so many trees that
I piss leaves
never my bitch please
but keep smokin my system, roll blunts it's all tight
on an off night
I still smoke like exaust pipes
and bust a universal flow
and blow your wig back like niggas with toupe's
drivin a convertable
and further more
I run the board
your shit is played and the way you fell off you coulnt bounce
back with a bungee cord

[Chorus]

Bring your boys in
we can bring the noise in
YOU DON'T WANNA FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN
[repeat 4 times]

[Bizarre]

My crew is like a maze
put fear like ex-slaves
who wanna step to this microphone and think that they brave
dozen always startin the fuckin beef
I don't care if your from Kansas I'm killin the fuckin chief
back the fuck up I'm releasin my dumb-dumbs
tell your whore stop pagin me 9 1 1
I'm the star
that they call Bizarre
smokin blunts with Mel Far (??)
in my brand new car
wanna see me
even if I was in Arizona I'd still request iced tea
Bizarre don't give a shit about you
on top of the mountain ain't nothin your bitch-ass crew
can do
sick emcee that they call Peter
treat your crew like an unexpected meter
reader
fuckin more shit than Howard Corsell
Butt-fuckin Jassabells
in nasty hotels

[Chorus]

[Proof]

How you think your crew sound compared to this
it's the team that your entire clique scared to diss
demandin attention when the glock sound
y'all niggas to be murdered like Jeffery Daumer on lock down
I'm brown like Bobby, pullin hoe's like whitney
Take your title, kill your moms so you won't forget me
lips sealed nigga I might blow important plots
whoever fronts is gettin done like Micheal Jordan's pops
sure I'm number one translator my fame dirty D
y'all niggas gettin hung like this was 1933
got word of me
now flee
cause you don't got a chance
death is 3 easy steps so now we gotta dance
so look away
dont play
with the style master
I love killin beef so I kill a whole cow pasture
lyrically I'm sick, ill everything but sober
my nickle plate pack the jackin fool get fucked over

[Eminem]

Dirty Dozen is the clique so I ran over and lit cha
ripped the ass right out ya pants like a Dovermin Pincha
like the cobra and ninja
my intentions to injure
and prevent ya
from enterin from the edge of my center
or get your muthafuckin pants split at the creases
fuckin you intelectually givin you menatly sexually transmited diseases
my duty is to keep a strange abard (??)
I guard my sector like a Saint Bernard
and this ain't the yard
Bringin the noise like a trigger happy gun slinger
droppin your whole clique with one finger
til none linger
beware of my dogs attackin like a pack of Great Danes
chargin like freight trains
through the great plains

[Chorus]