

D12, Cock And 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 fuck and on the bus cuz 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 im not gonna beep her back
dont need her black
got too many other needer-rats
who heater fat (??)
i bet your gal aint fuckin 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' aint 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-fuckwitable
thats literal
face it, the general
with senses of a senile
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 aint no writer
it still dont 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 dont fuck 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 ties
and nobody wanna size D bra
die wit side shit give it to y'all glit caught raw (??)
raw raw raw raw raw

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[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

infrared 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 fuck 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 fuck you thought
y'all niggaz get caught like saught im incredible like the hulk
why settle for nigga
P-R the letter &"O&"
my sex is hetero
cash checks like federal
yo hedero bitch!