

D12, Commercial Break

Yo, testing.

This thing back on again.

Alright, perfect, God damn good.

Yo, this is Rondell Beene,

I'm back on the motherfuckin' scene,

and I'm upset as a motherfucker.

I mean first I didn't get paid for the D12 shit.

You heard me rippin' on there, they just edited my verse out.

Then I was on Obie's shit, I was in Obie's video,

and that Obie go ahead and I didn't get paid for that shit.

And now they got this bald head weed smokin' mother fucker,
and his name is. . .

[Young Zee]

Young Zee, keep movin' for the macs. Be cubin'.

Hmm? I'll make you sing like big Ruben.

Man, in the hood, I'm the American Idol.

First I fight you, and then run up on your stairs with a rifle.

Bang. Tech claims make you wipe out like X-Games

Next sprain's in your motherfuckin' leg bang?

Tryin' to shoot me like they tryin' to shoot 50.

Either you gon' die or need a new kidney.

Till I drop, I'm a sell to your friends.

Till I get some of that tin, in the federal pin.

I spit better than them.

niggas wanna fight me, better go get in the gym

or the metal'll spin. Since smokes' in 'Nam,

doin' drugs than Eminem moms.

Ten times, Dirty Dozen. All x times.

Bash your ride, crash when you drive,

flip your dumbass out the passenger side.

Uhh

(Car crash)