

# D12, Fight Music(Audio)

Chorus: (Eminem)

This kinda music, use it and you get amped to do this  
Whenever you hear something and you can't refuse it  
It's just some hit for these kids to trash their rooms with  
Just refuse whenever they asked to do {shit}  
The type of hit that you don't have to ask who produced it  
You just know - that's the new {shit}  
The type of hit that causes mass confusion  
And drastic movement of people acting stupid

Kon Artis:

I come to every club with intention to do harm  
With a prosthetic arm  
And smelling like Boone Farm  
Hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own mom  
Kuniving Kon  
Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screamin'  
&quot;Let's get it on!&quot;  
A lust that love the drank  
Drunk driving a tank  
Rolling over a bank  
Cops see me and faint  
It's drastic  
I'm passed my limit fo sho  
I want you ?? the minute I woke  
Push your sulfur carts (?) into the street  
Till it's minced meat  
Your men's been beat  
The minute I step foot on your street  
This is fight music!

Bizarre:

You know why my hands are so numb? (No)  
My grandmother {sucked my dick}  
And I didn't {cum} (Oh)  
Loosers, let me talking crap  
So what if she's {handicapped} (What?)  
The chick said Bizarre couldn't rap (haha)  
I freakin' hate you  
I loved you, I wannna date you  
While Dr. Dre videotapes you (Hell yeah!)  
Satan done got me on this song  
Eatin a hotdog readin the Holy {Qu'ran}  
While I'm on the john  
Tired of wearin this yellow thong  
Take it back Sisqo  
You know where it belongs (thong th-thong thong)  
Now here's a gun  
I'll put it in your palm (baw)  
Now go over there and blow off Dru Hill's arms  
{Fuck} them love songs

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Proof:

Just bring who you gon bring on  
Who you gon swing on?  
I'm King Kong  
Kings blow you to king-dom come  
King of this range punk, duck  
Sixteen for just swing  
And one Bugz (click clack)  
Snubbing my paw  
Shove it in your jaws  
Have you runnin outta here in nothing but your drawers  
We lovin the brawls, it's nothin to applaud  
But pumpin' it it's all good  
The hood is up in The Source  
It's fight music

Swiftly:

I'm a villain that love scuffles  
And won't hesitate to box you again with swollen knuckles  
I'm like that  
Catch a hater like bear traps  
Blow his head back right in front of the rebel ring (Get Out!)  
I slap your freak  
Bump you and won't speak  
If you step on my feet  
You get drunked in your own drink  
I eliminated my shrink just for talkin  
Came back and whopped up his pall bearers  
And made them drop his coffin  
It's fight music!

Kuniva:

These beads I'm swingin is stingin em  
See all these people?  
When I step in the club I'm bringin em  
Anybody lookin too hard  
We double taining 'em  
Bits creaming 'em  
From the very moment we seein 'em  
Light a cigarette flick it at em or spit it at em  
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him  
Blast while you right hookin  
Right when your wife's lookin  
Turn fight music quick  
Into losin your life music

Eminem:

If I could capture the rage  
Of today's youth and bottle it  
Crush the glass with my bare hands and swallow it  
And spit it back in the faces of you racists  
And hypocrites who think the same {shit} but don't say {shit}  
You Liberaces, Versaces and you Nazi's watch me  
Cuz you think you got me in this hot seat  
You {motherfuckers} wanna judge me cuz you're not me  
You'll never stop me  
I'm top speed and you pop me  
I came to save these new generations of babies  
From parents who failed to raise them cuz they're lazy  
So grow to praise me, I'm makin em go crazy  
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me  
And you fugazy if you think I'm a admit wrong  
I'll cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sicked on  
And this song is for any kid who get's picked on  
A sick song to retaliate to and it's called

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