

D12 ft Eminem, Get My Gun

[Eminem] I'm goin' to get my gun!

[Eminem] This motherfucker wants to disrespect me?

[Kon Artist] Em, Em, what the fuck you doing man? (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

[Eminem] I got something for his ass

[Kon Artist] Calm down

[Eminem] No YOU calm down! (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

[Kon Artist] Man, what's your problem?

[Eminem] Fuck that! The motherfucker wants to pop shit to me!?

[Kon Artist] Man, he wasn't poppin' shit (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

[Eminem] You heard him he was poppin' them shit

[Kon Artist] What shit?

[Eminem] That shit! You heard him!

[Kon Artist] He asked for your autograph! (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

[Swifty]

A mass murderer pack burners to blast further then you can get

My shit be shooting threw bricks

I mix anything together, I done guillotine a nigga

Keep it heated, I pop clips with 17 or better

I'll be severin' heads, I'm in everyone's nightmare

A nigga that can never ever be scared of the feds

And the niggas that'll fuck wit' you

Stab and brass knuckle you

Then have you in the public, there's nothin' that you can do

Enough with your motherfucking tough talk, you're soft

Get your balls blew off, from a sawdof, fa' raw dawg?

Crazier then all y'all, what you like the navy when I'm angry

You'll never catch me hanging in a lops car

All I have is thought of, breathing evil

Desert Eagle's will eat threw people

When I see you I'ma heat your beef slow

Fuck being peaceful, the piece in the vehicle and... (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

CHORUS [Eminem]

This motherfuckers poppin' that shit

Nah fuck that I'll be right back

I'm goin' to get my gun!

Nah motherfucker fuck you

You ain't disrespecting me like that

I'm goin' to get my gun!

Walk to the room, sixteen shot clip

Bitch how you like that?

I'm goin' to get my gun!

Bet you ain't know that I'm strapped

Nice one, bitch this is my gat

I'm goin' to get my gun!

[Kuniva]

I bring it to niggas looking as if they want trouble

I send they body flippin' around like a stunt double

Forget about the fighting, scrapping, squabing, buckin'

I'll squeeze the piece you jumping, dodging, duckin'

Squat under trucks and screaming "that niggas bluffin'"

I cuff my nuts while cussing "don't trust him"

I round up Runyon, Dave, Wood and Nico

My nigga Big I and Mal' lettin' the heat blow

Heat sleep hoes got in your neepo

'cause you keep shootin' at me and missing like Shaq's free-throws

You gotta hit a little closer if you wanna try

Pistol whip a soldier, with a missile on his shoulders

You can fold or blow ya brick house into some tiny boulders

A grimy older cab will leave you with a tiny odor

I'm doggish, you feeling frogish, you leap bitch

My car is right across the street bitch and... (I'm goin' to get my gun!)

[Proof]

My whole outfit count clips

Get your house lit the fuck up

You're spouse shit, and you're mouse clip
Betta watch miscountliss, slugs I'ma send
Watch you hollow when the hollow tips go threw you're skin
I'm in love with the sin, tell Bugz I'ma see him
When I cock back might put the door on you're friends
Make a run, gotta him, bust a slug on his chin
Ain't going no were like the drugs outta Kim
I'm a psycho icon, a mightful might bomb
Get a eye full of lid when I slight you're lights out
With a street cleaner, wipe you're life out
Bullets know at you're ears, like a Tyson fight bout
Fuck the night clout, guns, clips... (I'm goin' to get my...)
Fuck that run bitch!
Hit the streets talks, chumps don't know me
?Ain't no probably be home lonely?
(Chorus fades to background music)
[Eminem]
Dumbass motherfuckers always gotta come to me with some dumb shit!
Fuckin', I don't told this motherfucker
Wassup bitch!? Autograph this! Oh shit
(I'm goin' to get my gun!)
I'm trying to pull the trigger but it's stuck! FUCK!
My shit is all jammed up! UGH!
Come on you cock-sucking, good-for-nothing, motherfucking piece of shit, shoot (Ah!)
Yeah, what up bitch!? Say that shit again
Shot the bullet missed, hit a brick, bounced of it, ricocheted back in his shin
Went threw his bitch on his way back, hit his friend
Payback homie, don't play that shit is spin
To be on I told you to leave this shit alone
Or 'I'm goin' to get my gun'
And it's a shame I'm to drunk to even aim
Denaun stepped in the way and I shot him in his leg
It's like...
[Kon Artist]
Bang, bang, bang, nigga, pop, pop, pop
Everybody busting rounds like they 'Ra',Ra',Ra'
But when you see me in the street I be like 'wassup now?'
They bodyguard be stepping in trying to calm shit down (Chill out man)
Fuck that I got a bone to pick
You said it then have settle like some grown man shit
Then me and you could talk about our problems couldn't we?
Shoot a fair one and handled this situation seriously
I guess not, you wanna' resort to the heater
So I gotta grab my mac and my uzi and my nina
Step in between us and get shot
?But get separated with the squeaza?
You ain't ready for war, Runyon ain't nothing to play with!
Chorus
[Bizarre]
Walk to Rite-Aid for a can of spaghetti
Its been one hour and bitch my photo's ain't ready
Pictures of my dog and my family reunion
It's been two hours and my fucking days ruined
Hey 'Kate' do you wanna get raped?
Have my pictures on fucking Philips 38
That's why I don't be fucking battle rapping
'Cause every time I loose, this is what the fuck happens {*Gun shots*}
Back to these pictures I was trying to get developed
This man tried to get in front of me, I wouldn't let him
I'm ready to blow this bitches brains out
I'm nervous, I farted, some shit came out
Times up, shot her with a gun
Got on my cell phone and called Rev. Run
And all this crazy shit, I regret it
All because I wanted to see Elton John naked

