

D12, Fuck Battlin

[Bugz]

You wont last long like weed in brass bongz
Just another fag on sum sad bitch ass songs
I shine sober cuz Bugz is a soldier
Beat that ass like Roy Jones
If ya
Doin the randisco at a disco with a big hoe
But the stupid bitch from Sisqo now she wont let my dick go
Bugz a stupid niggas, take a shower with my pistol
Walk up in you warm brown bag and with sum you
Its simple see Im from the D like Eric Hippo
Sick son of a bitch
Robbin a nigga in his pinto
Got my gun on my hip
Sum in the clip one in the chamber
Its danger Fuckin with this super powered stranger
Fuck a battle we brought knives, niggas and guns
Beat your ass and run
Tryin to catch a case for fun
Bussin at the po-po high off weed speed and cocoa
Pumpin Makaveli, heavy handed with my fo-fo (4-4)

[Proof]

bomb like Sadan, split america in two
The wrap all around your haed like Erika Badu
My issues, miss use, human inatomy
Tearin your flesh and you muscle tissues
Knock em out then check em in
And stand firm hold my nuts waitin on your second wind
The nine shot, punch you in your naval and rip your spine out
Talkin bout you run this shit when u got no legs
Plus you all booty like Jennifer Lopez
D-12 in a , work these
Scratch the skin off your back like fur theives
Grab your thought like a nurse squeeze
Make the earth freeze
Stick you for a lifetime like herpes
Challenge Evil Canivel
jumpin in a Regal
Challange Riggs
and being lethal
Challengin fiends
and stealin aluminum siding
Challenge eminem
smokin dope while hang gliding
Challengin hit field hunkies
To a square dance
And climb Mt Everast blindfolded with my bare hands
Aint no fair chance
Dirty Dozen run the D
If any one want beef
Then Come to me

Fuck battlin we on some gang shit
Duck quick cuz u niggas might get hit
United we stand, United we fall
I swear Dirty dozen we gunna kill all ya [Reapeat x 2]

[Bizarre]

10 seconds kiss you ass good riddance
Tell them niggas i wasnt bull shittin
We could fight like a kung fu flick
Choose you weapon
Shake hands

Knock you ass out in 10 seconds
Bizarre needs a cancellor
I have shitted on so many M.C's
should be my sponser
Have rob ya for your diamonds and pearls
While im in the next room havin my way with your girl
I swear , any mc up in here
My niggas pop so many guns you swear it was new years
You gunna need a when my friend battlin you
Pop shit my gangs on Runyan Avenue
You niggas aint crooks plus you all shook
Have you mom suck my cock while i read playboy books
I aint sayin im the illest mc
But ask 10 outta 10 niggas and 10 gunna say me

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[Kuniva]

walkin
Ass gripper and shit talker
Got a love for dynamite like Jim Walker
Jim bean, and have your missin like Jim Hoffer
Caughin, ill be slittin your tought for thinkin of talking
Love beef thats why half the click
No love for hoes but I shit i fuck em
May as well give em the dick
Shit on em
And when they ask why i aint called em
I just tell em im sick
Same shit i tell every chicken head that i bone
They dont beleive it but they know i got a fetish for chrome
Pushin cats in wheel chairs down flights of stairs
Startin fights with chairs
(Some body died!!)
Like we care
Invite bitches to go hikin with me
Up a mountain
Throw em off
And tell there moms she died from skinny dippin in the fountain
Mr. Porter stay live on wax
While you throw records into crowds just to say you have a hit track

[Swifty]

Im the alcoholic
Bring catastrophe to others
Make you see murder like master p's little brother
Flatterin punks, shattering junk
Get your cavity
With the force of a rim shatterin dunk
Now u wanna be thuggish ruggish
So im a let a slug hit
And call you broken bone
And if u got a crew
Im a name em after you
Fractured bone, neck bone and funny bone
You cant flash when all your moneys gone
Ill give you a 30 minute head start
Fuck that ill even wait till its dark and hunt you down
Swing an axe and watch how many dumb thoughts
Leak out when your head parts
Fuck your automobile to me its just a red car
now for me you ass clean outta existance

In an instant
Ill fire persistant
Shots consistant
terrorizing your block
See all these niggas when i step in the club
Im bringin them
And any niggas lookin to hard
We Rodney King'in em
Malice Green'in em
And gasoline'in them with premium
Light a cigarette flick at him
And spit it at him
Hold up a picture of his family
And kick it at him
Boxin with out gloves
Deeper then glee clubs
While you stand in tha back and look mean like E-Luv (??)
Cant no other crew stand us
Put my hands on you quicker then a nigga playin two hand touch
Yo Kuniva in the ruggedist
Hop in the truck and hit everybody on your block
Jump out and cut a bitch
Another truck i gotaa put a stain on
In the middle of the street screamin bring the pain on

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