

# D12, High

{\*&quot;Yo yo, yo yo yo yo yo-yo&quot; repeated in background throughout the whole song\*}

[Swifty McVay]

Yo.. uhh, where your mom at? Uhh, uhh

Watch these motherfuckers macks like Guilian, a hooligan  
Niggaz see my face and be like &quot;OH MY GOD, IT'S YOU AGAIN?!&quot;  
It don't matter what crew you in  
I let loose and sent slugs, all in your face like hallucigens  
(ahh!) You had no clue to what the fuck we do to men (uhh)  
Smash 'em heads with aluminum (yeah), bats if I ain't shootin 'em  
(take that!) I collect the loot you spend, to whom it may (bitch)  
concern, you learn not to fuck wit Swifty McVay  
You'll burn nigga, I get into ya  
Like Drew Barrymore wit clamedia, I'm gettin rid of ya  
Now all the witnesses be (uhh, yeah, uhh) pointin fingers I'm serial  
When I bomb first, it's gon' be worse than bicentennial  
(haha) All ya appear when expected like cold soars  
When in World Wars, puttin slugs through whore's doors  
The chance is all yours, so motherfucker take it (uh-huh)  
Treat ya life like it's sacred or get robbed butt-naked (uhh)

[Bizarre]

Guess who's back, it's Mister Fuck-All-Y'all (what!?)  
Ya niggaz get my balls, quick to break all ya laws  
(yeah) I'm smokin hashin green wit the mayors  
Smack the mic out ya hand, quicker than Lawrence Taylor  
(haha) I shoot up ya whole block for no apparent reason  
Niggaz ain't comin back like Barry Shunder's next season  
(ya down!) Bizarre from the Outsidadz, smoke like easy riders  
(haha) Hindu niggaz off like a plate of appetizers  
Your girl talk trash (shut up!) nigga I'ma buck her  
(That bitch got AIDS) What that gotta do wit me fuckin her?  
Disrespect my squad, watch me start swarmin (uh-huh)  
You hear so much stuff you just think Kurt Franklin was performin  
Bizarre half dead, full of dough and bread (what?)  
Make opponents fit with your local crackhead (uhh)  
I'm doing a promo, live at the (?) (yeah)  
with some homos drippin wit the electrifyin mojo

[Chorus]

Cause the only motherfuckers that'll die tonight  
Smoke weed and cocaine just to get you high  
Motherfuckers come prepared cause they startin to fight  
Stab you dead in your back wit a rusty kniiife!  
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[Kuniva]

Aiyyo, talkin shit will only get you fags high (uh-huh)  
You gon' get your dad shot, take his portable labtop (gimmie that)  
(hey!) You probably heard that you now we stealin halves  
and food stamps, dining room sets and gold lamps (uh-huh)  
I'm drunk as hell cussin out old tramps (shut up!)  
Like the boy scouts did up camp and hit more licks than stamps  
I'm quick to crash, let the shottie blast  
Grab the dolly and drag the bodies of niggaz that lolly gagged  
Finish; you might as well climb in this body bag  
so the E.M.S. won't waste time puttin your ass in it  
(hey) I'm out cold like bums and frost bite in blizzards  
Dirty Dozen be payin rappers, run freely, visit {\*PUNCH\*}

A big portion passed a normal artist with a deal (uh-huh)  
I'm heartless, comin outta battles scarless wit the skill  
For real, I feel I was born to lyrically kill at will  
Wit the power to sell wheel I'm killed (I'm serious!)  
Damn my man is ill, so don't you get caught  
Kuniva, obliterate rappers with just a meare cough  
I'm fierce, hungry on the prawl so you're aloud to run  
before I drop the mic and jump in the crowd with a gun  
{\*PUNCH\*} Shootin blind, hittin turntables and speakers  
DJs and bouncers be catchin bullets through they beepers

[Verse Four]

Yo, yo, uh-huh  
I embrace violence (uh-huh), loud mouth to hate silence  
(yeah) A grace tirent to encourage kids to go rob (?)  
(smoke weed) A bus driver that's near-sighted  
I could see ass but not people  
I'm supposed pick up from stops cause I ride passed it  
(hey stop!) Who the hell you know jump in a lake of piranas  
Go to church just to slain ganja and driven off drama  
Fuck ya mama, I'd kill her for stackin shit that high  
Your nose got shot cause I missed your eye  
A wise guy who get high off his own supply  
Zombie fire ya own family and make you verify  
The corpses, had his horsemen and'll leave your stage torchin  
Screamin "Beat" as soon as I show, ya niggaz fault then  
(let's leave!) Beats bang, got ears bleedin throughout this  
That's why people ignore you, like you ain't even talkin  
You chit-chatted and got splatted by disease  
Be attict and spits spontaneous like Greg Maddux  
I cut 'em off crooked in ganja green  
Ya mans is high, get ignorant, or beats, by loosin his spleen  
Your troop'll be seen as soon my team get on  
We ruinin citys like "Godzilla" through Hong Kong  
You ding-dong dummys ain't dumb enough to try and dodge bullets  
As soon as I pull it, I douse 'til you're full of it  
I love beef, I'm mackin lit wit the heat  
My technique is well spoken even when I don't speak  
I sent a nigga twistin wit heat  
so many times that when he knownful he facin the back of his feet

[Verse Five]

I'ma fall to those sworn, I split your capricorn  
and forewarn your first born and forms a snow storm  
I flip caps, like Kittins on gym mats and get under your skin fast  
Battle me, I'm Slim (?), I crack brains like egg shells  
and scramble your brain cells and shatter your veins well  
The fatter the pains well (hahaha)  
Who wanna jump, plainly rob with this pistol? (what?)  
Step back, drew heat without heal like I was Sisqo  
(ahh!) Sicko, individual, from the get go (uh-huh)  
Stab you wit the pencil just to watch the blood trickle  
Tickle you to death then I rhyme like Don Ripples (hahahaha)  
Crack you in the back with an ax, I hide sickles (AHHH!)  
I got three dimes in my hands and three nickels (uh-huh)  
Leavin a bad taste ya mouth like sweet pickels (haha!)  
I'll ask to borrow ya car then drive through a police station  
Jump out then start shootin like a bunch of crazed Haitians  
Plus I'm too skinny cause my attitude is shitty  
Plus my record label shifty, it's enough to make me pretty  
(what?) I'll make you mother hate me, you could place ya car bets  
(what?) Call me a vigilante like my man Benard (?)

[Chorus]

[Verse Six]

The only things missin is for me to shatter these bastards  
Cause I breathe toxic fumes and spit battery acid  
and had to be a drastic  
situation for you to step through the ghetto snort size gun powder  
and pounce fortys and jet fumes, NECESS FUEL!  
We make the shit shake, to break the break  
to tearin rappers out the brain, like ex-bitches picture  
(ha) So look when I'm tore up off liquor  
I'll steal ya mics and beat your DJ down with his own muh'fuckin mix uhh  
(bitch, stay down!) The name is Don I spit on rappers and they wifeys  
Bang yo' bitch when you ain't home and walk out wit yo' Nikes  
(your lyin) Yeah I might be (what?)  
Just ask her where she got them bruises on her ass  
cause all 'em knucks stay on the night (shut up bitch)  
The mighty whitey, I drive you rappers fuckin crazy  
You wonderin "How the hell my lady had this white baby!"  
(what?!) In the richest city, the crew and 'em suit me name  
Leavin you (?) like J.F.K. and juniors playin

[Verse Seven]

I'm nasty, I hack a loogy in your face {\*HACH\*}  
Then dig in my ass crack before I fix your dinner plate  
(eat this) For evil sakes, I kill man for penny weight  
What plenty hate, I took out my many dates (bitch)  
I'm the addition that make you fled pissin  
If you stay there they'll find your body with your head missin  
(AHH!) You're dread dissin, so it wouldn't be wise too  
You know you biggers fuck but they make coughers in your size too  
Trespass, and you will get your chest mad  
The Lord's prayer, it would keep you outta (?) well  
(Our father, AMEN!) I love drama, I make fems like Madonna  
(Like a Virgin!) I'm fuckin ya moms, granny, and great grandmama

[Chorus]

Yo, hahaha, what? Hahaha, yo yo yo, Da Ruckus in the house  
I thought ya KNEEEW! Hahaha, haha, Bizarre - ill or not  
Detriot City Y'AALL! Yeah, Swifty McVay, don't stop boy  
The game, hahahaha-ha, D-12, where your mama at?  
Da Ruckus, PEEIN, I'M PEEIN ON YOU, I'M PEEIN ON YOU!  
What the f.. I'M PEEIN ON YOU! Yo we out, hurry up

[Chorus 2X]