

Bizarre, Nuthin At All

Swift (Ha)

My Forty-Fo be givin liposucion
I blow a hole through your stomach open it up you be spillin your own guts
I'm a mad man, a walkin trash can
You get beat with my bare hands, fuck a last chance
A mac-milli to slap you silly
The epitamy of what really can be the definition of misery
I'm never missin, I'm hittin it
I murder mitteneys, curb stompin and puncturin kidneys
And put a nigga on Ripley's, bitches i ain't workin I'm on sick leave
I'll take your ability to breathe
And what that nigga need is a millimeter to eat
And have'em kissin on millipedes in the street

Bizarre

In a fight, I'm first to throw a brick
First to load the clip, first to talk shit
But the last one to split, when shit get dip
Stupid bitch get hit with the four-fifth
I'm a ex-con who fought in vietnam
Every night, I'm thinkin about a bomb
I've been so many places, all I do is laugh
Big hoes, fat hoes, even baby giraffes
I'm on fear factors, eat worms and broccoli
Tomatoes, mustard, mixed with guatamaccoli
Started a group with Flava Flav, the funny pack
I DJ and scratch while he smoke crack

Chorus: KonArtist

Now who want it with (Us)
Please don't forget (That)
If you don't give it up we takin it
'Cuz we don't want y'all o get it twisted at all
D12 don't give a fuck about nuthin at all
Now who fuckin with (Us)
Please don't forget (That)
If you don't give it up we takin it back and
We don't want y'all o get it twisted at all
D12 don't give a fuck about nuthin at alllllll

Kuniva

I'm sure ya mama told you, nigga that drugs kill
If karma doesn't catch up witchu, then slugs will
Now everybody sayin they real and they hug steal
Til they find'em layin dead in this tub with blood spilled
All over the floor, the carpet, the wall
You can call your peoples, my nigga, I'm sparkin'em all
Barkin, the dog is bitin for real
Starvin and fightin for meals, Bizarre got vicodin pills
Swift and Denaun ain't likely to chill, they hot headed
You a bitch, yeah I said it
I'll bet if God let it happen, then it's over Kuvina's out of his will
I just shot through his crib and knocked the snot out of his kids

Kon Artist

Mr. Porter, Brigade, sideways to next life
You in the range, you subject to be one with this knife
I clear up a bitches sight, straight lasik surgery
Y'all run to the emergency with an achin urgency
Yeah I'm nice courtesly escort you to the imfermary
7 mile, Ruyon ave. 'Till they straight up bury me
You expect us to believe that you a scrap and then it cost
When you pound a ?? 44 dog you lost
And i ain't talkin bout a dog he lost

I'm talkin bout a fuckin puppy when I'm sayin by the dog he lost
I scatter cries when I'm haulin off
Mozzeltov a nigga'll cross his head with a bottle of scotch

Chorus

Proof (Don't get it twisted nigga, ya hear me?)
Who ever said Scrapping isn't a sport
Got me and bizzy in court, shadowboxing an invisible assault
Proof gon give it to ya raw like O.D.B.
Homey please who better than D-twease and Obie T.
Phony G's walkin and talkin,
Never cocking a cock gun Macauly Caulkin, actors we droppin ya coffins
When my mac speak, you have an R.I.P. list
Tatted sewn all from ya neck to ya ass cheek
And actually when murderers ??? my glock heated
Your life is like fat people legs, it's not needed
See how high P is, steamin in the snow like how pee is
D12 we got this bee-yotch

Chorus

Ending: KonArtist leading chorus in moans}