

# 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 mitteney, 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 Macaully 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}