

# D-12, Chance To Advance

[Gun shots followed by screaming]

[Proof:]

Pow-pow! Straight off the corral  
Now, the dirtiest street vet from the mile  
Is vexed without the techs and six shooter  
Body bullet polluter, perverted intruder  
Now who the, fuck wanna buck with the diseased, that's dis-eased  
I got a bitch named trigger, my main-squeeze will make your brain  
freeze  
Dirty D is dope like cane

[Eye-Kyu:]

Remained eased, maintain chill status with no pause  
Hot slugs to your carriages, turn your dome to coleslaw  
My only thought is survival before my arrival  
I'm jumping out on niggas like I'm 5-0  
Smack 'em up like a pack of trifling fly hoes  
Any opportunity to mangle I never pass up  
Fucking your clique with broom sticks - face down, ass up  
Dirty Dozen packing the shit to turn your chest red  
With our dick in ya mouth, fucking everything you just said

[Eminem:]

Yeah yeah bitch, coming to a block near you is Dirty Dozen  
Nasty like a stank, slut bitch with 30 husbands  
When I was 5 I was already fuckin'  
And playing X-rated cassettes in Teddy Ruxpin  
I used to walk up and down the block cussin'  
Locked in youth homes at 6 with glocks bussin'  
I grew up with not ballers, who got dollars  
Shot callers with guns and Rotwillers

[Bizarre:]

By any means necessary I'm on a killing spree  
It's the devil in me, intoxicated with brown Hennessy  
Beware life ain't fair and I don't care  
Cher braids my hair while her kids are in day-care  
Two blunts and I'm out for lunch  
Your whore said I'm here "Sugar pie, honey bunch"  
This Bizarre kid, that ain't the answer  
You're more uncomfortable than an anorexic cat with fucking cancer

[Chorus:]

Here's your chance to advance  
Get in your stance I'll shot the holster off your cowboy pants  
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[Bizarre:]

Back from the studio boy, I don't wanna mingle  
Smoking LSD, working on Lou Roths new single  
Who's the big guy who's quick like Sugar Ray  
Fuck Calgon bitch, Bizarre might take you away  
Give up the pussy cause I know you a freak  
?? in a week, cause my kids got to eat  
Date raping anorexic girls in my beat-up car  
(Hold up Bizarre, you taking that shit too far!!!)  
but I can't stop cause my brains ain't there

[Eminem:]

Bust a nut then drop that bitch in Lake St. Clair  
Your mistakes ain't rare, your rap style annoys  
You rap like a bitch plus I can't stand your voice  
Bitch you suck, you whack as fuck, eat a dick  
You need a brick upside your dome, we be the clique  
Runnin' you down in carloads  
Leaving you smashed down on tar roads, flat line like barcodes

[Eye-Kyu:]

Put up your guard hoes, I'm blazing heat the way we speak  
Not even Nike could cover these amazing feats  
Burning rappers eternally, internally and externally  
For half stepping like one-legged fraternities  
Quickdraw McGraw, AKA Eye-Kyu  
Putting something inside you, leaving holes that I see right through  
For anyone obstructing my view, my art of attack  
Is slugs through your chest, that'll blow your heart out your back  
Making sure you get fed, with a whole lot of led  
And throw you over the Ambassador Bridge and scream "Drop Dead!"

[Proof:]

Largely, I'm out to stack equations, without a tax-evasion  
Make moms say "That's amazing," all the same like black and Asian  
My pack evasion, attack a stage and you blush like a Cadillac,  
I wish your fleet would try to battle rap,  
Or make a man bleed, like a cattle pack stampede  
Front and co-sign my hands leave  
Think to Recognize like Sam Sneed  
My ?? dispose ya, froze ya, another classic closure  
The death-master out to blast ya  
My team runs shit, from from the D E side, down to last ya  
Past the, norm, my crew swarm, molest the children of the corn  
Dirty D 'till infinity, now bring it on

[Chorus:]

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