

# D-12, Cock And Squeeze

[Bugz]

Gimme some hash  
and when i trip nigga gimme ya mask  
then after that lend me your mack and gimme your cash  
that precious thing you call a life ill put an end to fast  
get in your ass if you want have to leave and eagle mack (??)  
you want a see-through class  
dont take much to read you class  
bitch  
you broke as fuck and on the bus cuz your Regal smashed  
this shit is lethal  
battle me i keep you mad  
put you in a sleeper ,drag your ass to the reaper's pad  
either  
or feel the wrath of my heater that  
lyric punches makin meters blast on your speaker rack  
crib, club or anywhere where theres people at  
they love my tape they couldnt care where they leaves yours at  
your girl's a rat  
tell that ho im not gonna beep her back  
dont need her black  
got too many other needer-rats  
who heater fat (??)  
i bet your gal aint fuckin with my gat  
im holdin lyrics sendin vocals at you locals cat  
gone black  
your more whack  
than a gold sack  
you shown dat  
when you flowed  
that's a known fact  
clone rap  
suck a MC broad  
need to pick another field, go out and find you a job  
or either go out and rob  
because  
rappin' aint to function  
you out of place,  
like a 2 of heart and 2 of diamond in a game of spades  
while my innovative ways  
set your lyrics to a blaze  
put a grimace on ur grave  
im in the Guinness on a page  
of history  
puttin sucka niggaz out they misery  
its not a mystery  
my victories are bodacious  
it wouldn't matter if the judge is racist  
and i was battling your aces in your bitches bassment  
im un-fuckwitable  
thats literal  
face it, the general  
with senses of a senile  
holdin on my genitals  
right before i send tha fo's (fools)  
down the earth like minerals  
even after centerfolds  
in videos, my ego goes  
in cagnito hoes  
from mosquito rolls  
mean and biter  
i hope you niggaz catch a case of arthrita  
you aint no writer  
it still dont even have a spider

Idea when you need me , we gonna worst turn into fighters  
yea yea bitch  
ya muthaphukkin biter

Cock And, Squeeze, Bust  
Dirty Dozen dont fuck wit us

Detroit niggaz roll deep  
hold heat and talk slick  
yea yea bitch  
stay off my dick

[Kon Artis]  
i should tie you up and keep cuttin u wit a knife  
and sit you in the alcohol bath for the night  
and watch you strugglin strainin squeal for your life  
dump a radio bumpin your demo when your bad for da life  
thats what i take from you  
meet u in fake humble  
attack your foundation until it crumble  
its me and my dog be on stumble (??)  
go \_but stayin in tha right mind  
just to blaze a track  
to \_or fake individuals that rap  
screamin up your bootleg like they scared and shit  
knowin that tha Kon Artis come prepared with clips  
fuller then male scriptures  
you watch u take pictures  
notes and write down quotes and how i rap and get witcha  
told u niggaz before we got much to gain  
nothin to lose, curuptin the lives of all rules  
tie em' up and put him in situations to hurt him  
tie him up to trees and shoot poisonous darts at him  
with venom in it to murder him  
servin' him right  
D.P. Kon Artis, swervin tonite  
we rock from state to state  
and city to city  
you make a siss like a faggot tryin on silicon ties  
and nobody wanna size D bra  
\_die wit side shit give it to y'all glit caught raw (??)  
raw raw raw raw raw

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[Proof]  
I turn a hard nigga yellow  
and make his ass faster than a cheetah  
don't blaze no blunts  
but i blaze them thangs  
amaze ya gang  
wit bullets i rattle your frame  
whos that\_  
stay suburban tusslin'  
playin dat 3 digits  
before cusslin (??)  
bustin twin glocks  
on your block  
yellin my name loud puttin rhymes inside your mailbox

infrared dots  
BLAHW  
caught your dreadlocks  
waitin for tha cops  
and tell him that ur ass had beef wit Biggie and 2pac  
hot lead to flesh  
shot, bled to death  
like Red and Meth  
You need to Hoop Up  
Soup Up  
for battlin war  
that on the more  
i spattle ur horse  
got battle dates on your tour  
show up on you  
battle on ur encore  
\_ wit dis shit  
on ur mic grip, you might slip  
hang it up  
hit like Sonny \_  
peace to \_  
rock til the early morn'  
this shit is on  
i got da problem fiend fiend problems  
my crew mugshot D12 uglier than the green goblin  
i bring fear too  
horror, near u  
a fact why nobody wanna hear u  
your whack bitch!  
what the fuck you thought would happen?  
when bullets start collapsin your frame  
maintain or bring pain  
freestyle fanatic named Pete  
fresh off the paper this one turn ur autovapor meat  
MC the extrordinair  
steppin on ur bunyan  
screamin 7 mile bitch eastside come from Runyan  
hold down your fort  
snort like cocaine  
Richard Pryor  
i clap more clips than a liver squire (??)

yea yea bitch what the fuck you thought  
y'all niggaz get caught like saught im incredible like the hulk  
why settle for \_nigga  
P-R the letter "O"  
my sex is hetero  
cash checks like federal  
yo hedero bitch!