

D-12, Desperados

(Proof)

Yo,(AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA) ay yo turn the heads and the mics up
We got the Dreadknights, you know what I'm sayin (AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA)
Super MC, you know what I mean
Bugz (AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA), Dirty and all that, all that shit
You know what I'm sayin, Desperados with the cars, Eminem
(Eminem)
Chauvinist pig, drove in this Big Lincoln
Till it went over the bridge
Jumped out and dove in the ditch
Broke in a mobile home and stole a stove and fridge
Kidnapped the parents and left the ransom note for the kids
I'ma go for your mids
Here's a body blow for your ribs
While you're clutching your stomach and bleeding all over your bitch
I know where you live, your girl showed me your crib
Unless she told me a fib
Then I'm gonna have both of ya get did
Burning incense, facing a murder sentence
Under intent, for investigation for killing infants
While I sit in padded rooms doing 'shrooms
Having visions of dead pregnant women with brooms jabbed in their wombs
Slit your carpet and rugs, and f**k your apartment up
Sticking up all the drugs, and jumping in garbage trucks
I'm from the shitty slums that look like the city dumps
Give you a kidney punch, and mug you to get me lunch
See me every summer, layin up against the dumpster
With a one hundred dollar jumper, smothered in southern comfort
Got my Slim Shady sticker on your mother's bumper
She came home screamin a bunch of motherf**kers jumped her...

(Proof)

Ay yo
Proceed to list em, there's no need to diss em
The Herry Heathen, destroy your whole breathing system
Twist em like beer caps, who wants to hear that
Rap, murder rates, and I snap vertebrates
Collapse further states, my track preserve tha grave
Your pack deserve a crate, in fact the word is fake
i'll kill you slow like AID's infested nuts
I'm holding vendetta like seven great-molested sluts
Calling me your bitch nigga? you need to stop
Reality, one on one how many times you got dropped
I'm cut throat when any track runs, conscious when i smack nuns
It's the rough neck that makes Muslims run and pack guns
I'm volcanic (VOLCANIC!), the sermon preacher
Burning MC's most wanted by Herman Kefa
You tried to get a squad, they was like "money? oh no!"
Leavin you brain dead, hittin trees with Sonny Bono
I kick without a dojo, D-12 slow flow
Shoot down your mother ship and pimp smack mojo (*smack* yea!)
No pro wanna go knuckle blades with the renegade
Nigga tried to go pop, and plus they minute made
My lieutenant sprayed your brigade, and trampled your flow
Big P, the reason MC's canceled their shows
The truth will hurt, see Proof will work your shame in it
The best part of your show is when you put my name in it
My squad be, godly, fearin shit hardly
So I hope when I'ma die, I dope like Chris Farley
F**k that

(Bugz)

Who run shit, watch these drums hit
You dove head first into some old dumb shit

Here's a can of ass whip, for you to come get
Your clique made their trip, I made them hoes submit
Ask your girl, she knows the scoop "don't f**k with Bugz bitch"
I'll chop off her titti, have you sucking one tit
Them pink belly niggas is who you run with
Making half ass songs, shitty snares and one kick
I hate your damn sound, don't like it one bit
You can make a double album, won't have one hit
Your entire outfit is on some bullshit
And there's not a damn one that I can't out-wit
I admit, that my style is unfit
For mamma's baby boy because I'm on some dumb shit
Like I commit arsony, get harm quick
You pull the alarm switch, I'll stab you in your armpit (BITCH!)
Now who the nit-wit wanna come get with
This egotistic, hip-hop fundamental-istic
Don't risk it, you'll get your shit split
Now keep your distance, and keep existence
I'm persistent when it comes to bent shit
I smoked a blunt with my judge before my sentence
I'm relentless to deny you're senseless
Yo bitch! pay my bill that's where the hell your rent went
F**k that

(Almighty Dreadknaughts)

I killed competition, with no way out as an opposition
Execute the passengers on the flight by executive decision
Then reminisce on how shady the business
Terrorists axed by Israelis when they visit
Bombed in the senate
World war 3 in the making, murdered the exhibition team finish
Beat the ref senseless
No timeout extended play papers over your intermission
And increasing the battlefield with the blood of Christians
Cryin for the messiah, but he don't listen
I pop my wig when I top the stove frame boil sizzling
A pyromaniac cook, I do damage to kitchens
F**k Home Depot, I demolition
When I home improve, I'll be there to fix it
For my school is supervision, for down finical aid smoked up my intuition *inhales* *COUGHS*
Only hang out with rappers with explicit lyrics
And pistol grip punks with a beef, bitch do you wanna get eaten??

(Almighty Dreadknaughts)

I got a mind full of troubles
Everythings in doubles
I buy my guns in couples
No time to replace fumbles
Cause MC's come and MC's go, we both flow
Injured from head to toe
No fit a model, we full throttle
You stuck in low, incapable to master flow
Everything is tactical, living mathematical
Watch master flow, unleash and let go
I shit like lava, original designer, married to marijuana since a minor
Making it a chance to see my battleship could get you wet like fibs, what
Applying death-defying feats, maintain to keep my peace
Flow like to see, when I release these beats over concrete

(Almighty Dreadknaughts)

My presidential transitions has taken place
As I spread vocally on the M-I-CR-O
Power he's cyphin not equality, I deal unless the
the track and made it real, I know my people feel it
Keep their heads bobbin, and the emotional sobbin

Plus a cultural cipher after show, hoes slobbin
Knobs, love the f**kin flavor of the icing
Plus I'm precision, my double edge continue slicin..