

# D-12, Fight Music

[Chorus: Eminem]

This kind of music, use it, and you get amped to do shit  
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it  
It's just some shit, for these kids, to trash they rooms with  
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit  
The type of shit that you don't have to ask who produced it  
You just know - that's the new shit  
The type of shit that causes mass confusion  
and drastic movement of people actin stupid

[Kon Artis]

I come to every club with intention to do harm  
With a prosthetic arm and smellin like Boone's Farm  
Hidin under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms  
Connivin Kon, Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screamin, "Let's get it on!"  
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin a tank  
Rollin over a bank, cops see me and faint  
It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke  
I think I'll up my high by slittin your throat  
Push your baby carriage into the street, 'til it's mince meat  
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street  
This is fight music!

[Bizarre]

You know why my hands are so numb? (No)  
Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't cum (oh)  
Smacked this whore for talkin crap (bitch)  
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre couldn't rap  
I fuckin hate you; I'll take your drawers down and rape you  
While Dr. Dre videotapes you (hell yeah!)  
Satan done got me on this song  
Eatin a hot dog readin the Holy Qu'ran, while I'm on the john  
Tired of wearin this yellow thong  
Take it back Sisqo, you know where it belongs (thong th-thong thong)  
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm  
Now go over there and blow up Dru Hill's arms  
Fuck your love songs

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Just bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon' swing on?  
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to king-dom come  
Show you machine gun funk  
Sixteen m-16's and one pump [click-clack]  
The snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw  
Have you runnin out this fuckin club in your drawers  
We lovin the broads, there's nothin to applaud  
But fuck it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source  
It's fight music

[Swiftly McVay]

I'm a nigga that loves scuffles  
And won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen knuckles  
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps  
Blow his head back right in front of the priest sayin, "You hear that?"  
I slap your freak, bump you and won't speak  
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own drink  
I suffocated my shrink just for talkin  
Came back and fucked up his pallbearers and made 'em drop his coffin  
It's fight music!

[Kuniva]

These beads I'm swingin is stingin 'em  
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm bringin 'em  
If any nigga lookin too hard, we Rodney King'n 'em  
Malice green to them and gasolinin 'em with premium  
Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it at 'em  
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him  
Blast while you right hookin, right when your wife's lookin  
Fuck fight music, bitch this is losin your life music!

[Eminem]

If I could capture the rage of today's youth and bottle it  
Crush the glass from my bare hands and swallow it  
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists  
and hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say shit  
You Liberace's, Versace's, and you nazis  
Watch me, cause you thinkin you got me in this hot seat  
You motherfuckers wanna JUDGE me cause you're NOT me  
You'll never STOP me, I'm TOP speed as you POP me  
I came to save these new generations of babies  
from parents who failed to raise 'em cause they're lazy  
to grow to praise me I'm makin 'em go crazy  
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me  
And you fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong  
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on  
And this song is for any kid who gets picked on  
A sick song to retaliate to, and it's called..

[Chorus]

It's fight music!