D-12, Slow Your Roll

[Intro] [Eminem]

Guess who, New shit!
D12 World, D-Twizzy!

[Chorus] [Eminem]

You don't got a reason to want no beef
You ain't got no ends to justify the means
You don't got a cause, you better put it on pause
You don't got the balls to fit in them draws
So whatever it is you thinking that's got you gassed
You better start rethinking and thinking it fast
Ain't nobody told you, homie, ya wanna ask
You better put them brakes and let off the gas
And Slow Your Roll

[Verse 1] [Swifty]

??? a menace to many, I'm not friendly you get shot in da kennedy fast
You popped willingly you walkin around with Pac's identity
I'm a mockery you bout to watch what its fin to be
I'm not mentally focused but lyrically we got it locked
And its not about droppin albums, I'll sock a nigga on da spot
You cant help it but to imagine this walkin massacre
A madman strapped with a magnum blow that spasm out ya back
And just stand there and snatch your medallion
See I cant fear any nigga that can not happen
The immaculate Mack handler
That got this wrappin by the back of his neck
A scavenger I'm a threat then you fear me like a hand full of syringes
I'm ill enough to scream at your front do', blow it off the hinges
I'm marksmatic to press marksman outta walkin
Cause soon your body can catch me shootin up your carcus
So dont provoke shit, I wish the whole mankind was a neck so I can choke it,
Furocious and you aint gonna be knowin where ya folks is
F**k the milk cartons and posters its over, they ghosts

[Verse 2] [Proof]

Niggaz is bitch instead of diggin a ditch
I'ma see how fill this river can get even bitches get hit
I'ma walk a dog on all fours embark 'em with long claws
Just fight for the wrong cause your boss with thong drawers
You aint in my racket bitch followin faggots wit wanksta tats on their ass
Eminem: Magic Stick If I get hit once you get hit twice (backwards)

These thugs need to do what he love and just play the back
Before I'll Put A Sword On Ya Head Like A Raider Cap
You bust I'm sprayin back, leave your hood layin flat
Now what you gonna say to that?

[Chorus] [Eminem]

[Verse 3] [Bizarre]

Pull up ??? truck, throw up, blow up, beat a handicap bitch up
F**k butter I kill the DJ
I dont need you bitch I got a instant replay
Lay down bitch get butt naked
And f**k the viagra I'm tryna nut in two seconds
All around the world, f**k wit different cliques
You aint got no weed get the f**k out my room bitch

[Verse 4] [Kuniva]

I'm calm but I steal on niggaz like I was Clepto
Put that chrome shit to ya head like you was Destro
Why stop niggaz, why not pop niggaz, we cop figures
Keep them toast like I hop nigga, we breathe dirt so be alert
Or get them guns on ya chest like a welcome to the hood T-shirt
Let's go back before throw backs, before I dro sacks
I used to blow gats, bullets'll find you like a low jack
I'm hopeless, a ferocious dosage of dope shit
A culprit of culture a chaotic comotion
Kuniva will blow shit off the map I post it
Knock you off your penny load so f**k that cold shit

[Chorus] [Eminem]

[Verse 5] [Kon Artis]

I point my fingers to the ground, throw my waist to left of me
To knuckle should ship like a Em upside down and you best be
On your p's and q's people we sees to use
No one see's your views, so now you see's exclusives
And put it in your little magazine, but you should
Know that was the most desperate thing that you could
Pull out of your crotch you faggots all owe us much
Start doing herion lines for as much as you gossip
Like bitches with Oscars, ya'll actresses
45's make bodies flip like flabby tits
Bullets coming at your doom like a buck up 6th
Now what the f**k you gonna do to get up out of this shit?
Your record was released 17 years ago you dumb bitch
Do the math, you'll never have a shady / aftermath ring
And that kind of staff to back that ass up so back that ass up
Before we clap that ass up ...

[Chorus] [Eminem]

[Outro] [Kon Artis]

Nigga you better ask somebody
These niggaz think they can just put shit out on their own, F**k 'em ..