

D-12, We Live This Shit

(Proof)

I'm bout as crazy as Mike Tyson is
A fallen raspler from out the raspers that bounce twice a live
Rollm blindfolded on the Eisenbridge
And dom driveby's on slice this
Dwellm from police, vice and pigs
Sphk the Mellow bitch from out the vice with trigs
Tell Shyne that nigga ain't as nice as BIG
And I'ma jab at his like some spicy ribs

(Swifty)

Well it's you true ganz man
This is yo last chance to test yoself
Vou get dumped in a trashcan Bitch, how's ya doe
I'll be lurkm like second hand smoke
I'm snatchm throats as soon as I find that rollt
Vou get drug like that nigga from Texas
Twelve noon in the subdivision
In the back of Lexus
So you can get this message
Bitches wouldn't listen
See I shitted on that cop when the nigga caught me pissm
i

(Kon Artist)

Yo, yo, you came to ball with me
Nigga please get on yo six back
Started of smgm and personally you should switch back
Or get hit with a brick in your back
Find your button jabbed, cut up in the back of my Pomtiac in a nap-sack
Denaun don't be bullshittm with y'all
I hang with fellons and all I gotto make is a call
They lether witdrawl
Blast from a nigga with guns
Watch grabble crawl and and hide the body behind the drywalls
r r i v M .M

(Kuniva)

Vo, yo I'm a walkm timebomb
With a destructive radius
Packm guns with nucleair tempbullets and stadiums
Streetsmart, runnm you over with shopping cards
Coppm darks, fill em up with amonia and started off
I'ma said it, hcken off more shots then diabetics
Even shootm the paramedic for bem sympathetic
(I bring at you) Known for wreckless dnvm and carcraashm
(Ey yo we mashm) Takm your momma's car without asking

(CHORUS)

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(Bizarre)

Let me begin
What? Where? Why? or When?
Bizarre f**k around and blast you and your friends
See I'm not insane, in fact I'm kmda lyrical
If you live past twelve, it'll be a miracle
Niggaz wanna diss me in they f**km whack rhymes
We spy back, your mother's dead by lunchtime
Ask the last rapper who tried to diss me
Vou won't be able to cause his f**km life is history
Better bring your army if you plan on gettm me

They takm shit of
 (Kon Artist)
 Eh yo, I'm know for dnvm drunk boppm my head with a drivemile
 Hittm for destiny's f**km hoes till they pass out
 My idea of a romantic evening is dayrape
 , on the run for police hoppm of of your momma's fire-escape
 Ten stories high
 Land on a hmo
 Kill the chauffer then skirt off bumpm my new demo
 My life's on lease
 Get a piece of your gandneece and tell her my real name's Reece
 (Swiftly)
 I throw a fourty on the gouvernor's grass
 Cover yo ass in crap
 Quick to get out of line cause I be drunk ridm wraps
 And no punks fighting back
 I get high in crackcranium
 You see a nigga up in Signapour painin him
 Throwm grenades inside of stadiums
 Smack yo lady and then advice you niggaz aching we brigadm em
 You can call the national guards bitch I'm paym em
 Blast yo squad then I'ma get the f**k away from em
 I ain't got shit to say to them but get the dick
 Quick to f**k pohceofficer's wives with nightsticks, motherf**ker
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 (Kuniva)
 Eh yo, I slit throats
 Walk in a diner and order French toast
 Take a flight to Littleton (Bitch gimme back my trenchcoat)
 I strike back, don't even ask for this mic back
 Vou better of askm Debal for your bike back
 Vou make the era of inviting niggaz who like fighting niggaz
 Like Mike Tyson, the murderous trife titan
 I make a statement, rippm your truck up on your pavement
 Lookm for something hark enough to hit you in your face with
 (Proof)
 And then I grab you by your neck
 And dom my bullet loose
 Trapped in a soundproof and rapped in bulletproof
 Holdm SSO's to naked twin babies
 Dirty Dozen the reason y'all don't f**k with Slim Shady
 Receive more hits than a baseball stadium
 Run up on the Temptation and waste all eight of em (every last one)
 We can battle with yo command
 Snatch the spine out your back and make you fold like a bad hair
 (Bizarre)
 All you big niggaz
 I like that knowledge flow
 I'm to old to be rastlm
 And f**km up my clothes
 Now you by yorself on the ground by yourself
 While your boy yells (Hey somebody get some help)
 F**k a treuce, ain't no apologies
 I shoot so much I got funeral homes following me