

D12, 6 Reasons

Proof]

You wish that you could bear me black
D12 standing back
No planning that
Def methods, we got a hand in that
Whoever run this shit
You get a jammed knee cap
Make the healthy get sick
And your fam handicapped
You a fan of rap
My clan attack
Your school, home, your bitch house
Pull my nine milli
You gon' die with your fist out
Him an his
It's over with
Venom is this
cobra spit
Agressive dialect with aggressive
Sober bitch
My bionic fires demonish atlonics
Demonic is tainted chronic
Impossible to hold down like vomit
Mics I palm it
You stay to bomb it
Like tourists that's Islamic
I enter your atmosphere like a comet
The new god of rap
Call me nigga Thor
Snap your back
When I slap your ass in a figure four
From miles around they can feel it's lethal
I make hardcore groups like Wu Tang
Look like the Village People (fags)
No sequel
The general let the senistal
Abort your mind state and kill your inner child

[Bizarre]

It's been a while
Since you bitch niggas heard of me
Cuz the last six months
I been doing R&B
But now I'm on some sick shit
Niggas better duck quick
You don't know who you're fucking with
I'll leave you niggas breathless
Seeing me and Bugz rolling in the blue hummer
You a bitch, scared to shoot like Lindsay Hunter
Don't need to be a father
Cuz I'm just to illmatic
I'll probably poison my kids
Like flowers in the alley
Fuck your anorexic neglects it
Fuck a Lexus
I'm doing drivebys on XXX BMX's

[Bugz]

I know a girl who said she's prio
And her sign is a Leo
Bugzy fucked her in a Regal
And then she took me to my P.O.
Fuck rollin' ceelo
I'm down to a c-note

Lost a g' rollin' dice at that punk ass casino
But fuck it (shit) cuz when times get bad
See me and drag with the mags
On unsuspecting fags (bitch)
I gotta shoot
Bitch you got the boot
And hurry up with it
I'm trying to catch this prostitute (I got ten)

[Kuniva]
I'm the nigga that spotted ya
Spit something hot at ya
Rip your Nautica
Saw you backstage and shot at ya
And kill subliminally
You can go on
And spin your group name 25 times in one song
I'll still write about you
Hip hop is better off without you
Blowing niggas outta they bathrobes
And funky house shoes
For the hell of it
I fuck Missy Elliott
Don't give a fuck if her belly gets
In my way, I'm still nailing it
Got this verbal tech nine
Spitting at you for telling shit
Get this dead body off the mic
I'm fuckin smelling it

[Kon Artis]
Fuck it
Let's have a scrub out
Fuck around with us and see what happen
We all got them guns blappin
Got y'all niggas back tracking
Ya, we dump bodies in seashores
Busting DJs over they backs with keyboards
Turn up my levels
Your crew is fruitier than pebbles
Changin you razor back MCs to running trebles
Bust up
Kon Artis, quick to smack your slut up
Keep a pack of rubbers
Just in case I gotta nutt up
Brigade style hold 'em out down
That's how it's meant to be
You kick the same shit
Your whole tape sound like a symphony
Don't say shit to me
It's DP carry your daughter
Talking bitches outta they panties
Dollars and last quarters
Like that horsemen
I'll leave your whack crowns hutless
Watch Defarius come to my show
And leave dreadless
Whoever said this slash rapper and producer
Wouldn't make your head twist
Guard your grill and your necklace

[Chorus]
I got 6 reasons why we keep shit coming
Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover
Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber
As we shout
"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"
6 reasons why keep shit coming
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Yeah yeah bitch (what what)
We'll bring it to your crew
We'll bring it to your crew
Any of y'all
Die bitch
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
Dirty Dozen
Bugz
Proof
Bizarre
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
Da Brigade bitch
DJ Head
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
The saga starts right now
If you ain't down with us from this day on
Then fuck you