

# D12, 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 Artist]

I come to every club with intention to do wrong  
With a prosthetic arm  
And smelling like Boone's Farm  
Hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms  
Kunivin Kon  
Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screamin'  
&quot;Let's get it on!&quot;  
A lust that love the drank  
Drunk driving a tank  
Rolling over a bank  
Cops see me and faint  
It's drastic  
I'm passed my limit of coke  
I think I'll up my high by slitting your throat  
Push a baby carriage into the street  
Till it's minced meat  
Your men's been beat  
The minute I step foot on your street  
This is fight music!

[Bizarre]

You know why my hands are so numb? (No)  
Asked my grandmother to suck my dick  
And I didn't cum (Oh)  
Smacked this whore for talking crap (Bitch)  
So what if she's handicapped (What?)  
The bitch said Bizarre couldn't rap (haha)  
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 hotdog 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 (baw)  
Now go over there and blow off Dru Hill's arms  
Fuck your love songs

[Chorus: Eminem]

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[Proof]

Just bring who you gon bring on  
Who you gon swing on?  
I'm King Kong  
Guns blow you to king-dom come  
Machine gun funk  
Sixteen M-16's  
One pump (click clack)  
Snub in my palm  
Shove it in your jaws  
Have you runnin out this fuckin club in your drawls  
We lovin the brawls, it's nothin to applaud  
But fuck it it's all good  
The hood is up in this song  
It's fight music

[Swifty]

I'm a nigga that love scuffles  
And won't hesitate to sock you again with swollen knuckles  
I'm like that  
Catch a nigga like bear traps  
Blow his head back right in front of the precient  
"Ya 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 pall bearers  
And made them drop his coffin  
It's fight music!

[Kuniva]

These bees I'm swingin is stingin em  
See all these niggaz?  
When I step in the club I'm bringin em  
And any nigga lookin too hard  
We Rodney King'n em  
Malice Green to them  
And gasoline'n 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 with my bare hands and swallow it  
And spit it back in the faces of you racists  
And hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say shit  
You Liberachys, Versaces and you Nazi's watch me  
Because you think you've got me in this hot seat  
You motherfuckers wanna judge me cuz you're not me  
You'll never stop me  
I'm top speed and you pop me  
I came to save these new generations of babies  
From parents who failed to raise them cuz they're lazy  
So they grow to praise me, cuz I'm makin em go crazy  
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me  
And you fugazy if you think I'm a admit wrong  
I'll cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sicked on  
And this song is for any kid who get's picked on

A sick song to retaliate to and it's called

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IT'S FIGHT MUSIC!