

D12, Fight Music(Audio)

Chorus: (Eminem)

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

Kon Artis:

I come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm
And smelling like Boone Farm
Hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own mom
Kuniving Kon
Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screamin'
"Let's get it on!"
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 fo sho
I want you ?? the minute I woke
Push your sulfur carts (?) 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)
My grandmother {sucked my dick}
And I didn't {cum} (Oh)
Loosers, let me talking crap
So what if she's {handicapped} (What?)
The chick said Bizarre couldn't rap (haha)
I freakin' hate you
I loved you, I wannna date 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} them love songs

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Proof:

Just bring who you gon bring on
Who you gon swing on?
I'm King Kong
Kings blow you to king-dom come
King of this range punk, duck
Sixteen for just swing
And one Bugz (click clack)
Snubbing my paw
Shove it in your jaws
Have you runnin outta here in nothing but your drawers
We lovin the brawls, it's nothin to applaud
But pumpin' it it's all good
The hood is up in The Source
It's fight music

Swiftly:

I'm a villain that love scuffles
And won't hesitate to box you again with swollen knuckles
I'm like that
Catch a hater like bear traps
Blow his head back right in front of the rebel ring (Get Out!)
I slap your freak
Bump you and won't speak
If you step on my feet
You get drunk in your own drink
I eliminated my shrink just for talkin
Came back and whopped up his pall bearers
And made them drop his coffin
It's fight music!

Kuniva:

These beads I'm swingin is stingin em
See all these people?
When I step in the club I'm bringin em
Anybody lookin too hard
We double taining 'em
Bits creaming 'em
From the very moment we seein 'em
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
Turn fight music quick
Into 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 Liberaces, Versaces and you Nazi's watch me
Cuz you think you 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 grow to praise me, 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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