

D12, Rap Game

[Bizarre]

'The Rap Game'

Hip-hop 1-0-1

The hardest 9 to 5 you will ever have

You can't learn this shit in no history-book

You ready to rap motherfucker?

You ready to sell your soul...

gheh-gheh-gheh

'The Rap Game'

Motherfucker

[Swifty]

I'm a disruptive nigger

You made me crazy

You should a slayed me as a baby

Behavin' shadier than Wes Craven

And you ain't even gotta pay me

I take pleasure of layin' a nigga down daily

You face me drunk of sober

You'll faint fast

I'm never fucked up to where I can't whoop your ass

Your neck will get snapped wit bear hands, fuck music

Is he rappin' is cool but fool don't confuse it

What happens these dudes get rude and then I lose it?

I'm scandals

I blow your two kids off the atlas

With a gat that's bigger

Then Godzilla's back nigga

You are not real and in fact

Your fruity effect of a crack dealer

Y'all president sends me smack

Den got a mack 10 with it

So I ain't gotta rap

But I'm thankful for that

Don't mistaken me black

Or you be stankin' in back of a fuckin' Cadillac

[Eminem]

I'ma get snuffed

Cause I ain't said enough to pipe down

I pipe down when the White House is whipped out

When I see that 'lil Cheany dike get snipped out

Lights out, bitch, adios, goodnight

Now put that in your 'lil pipe and bite down

Think for a minute cause the hype has died down

That I won't go up in the oval office right now

And flip whatever ain't tied down upside down

I'm all for America, fuck the government

Tell that C. Doloris Tucker slut to suck a dick

Motherfucker, duck, what the fuck, son of a bitch

Take away my gun and I'm a tuck some other shit

Can't tell me shit about the tricks of this trade

Switch blade with a 'lil switch to switch blades

Switch from a 6 to a 16 inch blade

Shits like a samurai sword, a sensei

Shit just don't change to this day

I'm this way still

'Til I utslay itchbay

Ucksay my ickday

'Scuse my igpay atinlay

But uckfay a igpay

[50 Cent]

This Rap Game

This Rap Game
I ain't sellin' my soul for this Rap Game
I ain't diggin' a whole for this Rap Game
Man I'm tellin' ya, no it ain't happenin'
This Rap Game
This Rap Game
I ain't sellin' my soul for this Rap Game
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This Rap Game
This Rap Game

[Kon Artis]
I bet you rather me
Drink and drown in my own iniquity
But fuck that, I'ma rap 'til you all get sick of me
And clutch my nut sack and spit on who pick on me
I'm hittin' a rock next, fuck a dogg who sickin' me
I'm sayin' you motherfuckers don't know and quit playin'
If I'm broke then I'm brakin' open the place where you layin'
You know, same shit every nigga done in his life
I lived it, that's why I speak on what I want when I write
So why... should I... ever fear another man
If he bleed like I, bleed, take a piss and he stand
Ok, you win... you can say we can't rap
But no source never mean we ain't buyin' on what they say is wack

[Kuniva]
I walk in the party and just start bustin'
Right after I hear the last verse, I'm self-destruction
This liquor make me wanna blast the chrome
To let you know the time without Morris Day and Jerome
I'm low down and shifty, quickly, called Swifty
To do a drive by on a 10-speed with "50"
You feelin' lucky? Squeeze
I catch you outside of Chucky Cheese
Well, just see, who be an unlucky G
My life style is unstable, a partyin' attic
They said no fightin' in the club so I brought me a matic
Coughin' ecstatic, I jump niggas, call me a rabbit
Popin' a tablet, and guns that saw you in half

[50 Cent]
Believe me
We run this rap shit fo shizzie
Make makin' millions look easy
Every where ya turn you see me
You hear me
Believe me
For ya see my pistol in 3-D
No time to call a peace treaty
Dial 9-1-1 cause you need de
Police to help you, believe me

[Proof]
I snatch the tongue from the sidewalk and piss on the curb
This is absurd
These street niggas twistin' my words
We finally could
Say goodbye to Hollywood
Cause Proof and Shaun
Share nuttin' in common
The nastiest band
With gats in each hand
We never bomb down to be a flash and a pan
No remorse

Fuck you stature, dogg
Nuttin' to do with hands when I clap at y'all
Put your jaw on the ground
With the 4 and a pound
I'm goin' out of town
For the long come around
So we can battle with raps
So we can battle with gats
Matter fact, we can battle with plaques

[50 Cent]
This Rap Game

[Bizarre]
I'm too fuckin' retarded
I don't give a fuck about my dick
That's why I'm datin' Loraina Bobbet
My crew had an argument
Who was the largest
Now they all is dead
And I'm rollin' as a solo artist
Plus I made all the beats and wrote all the raps
Well, I really didn't
But I did accordin' to this contract
I was stoned in the snow
With no where to go
Freezin' 20 below
Forced to join bail tip Dafoe
My little girl, she shouldn't be listenin' to these lyrics
That's why I glued the headphones to her ear to make sure she hear it
If rap don't work, I'm startin' a group with Garth Brooks (hahahaha)
50, sing the hook

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