

# D12, Words Are Weapons

[Funkmaster Flex]

Y'knahmean shout to Shady Records  
My man Eminem, D-12, Paul Rosenberg  
Shout to Jimmy Iovine, Steve Stoute  
Funk Flex, 60 Minutes of fuckin Funk nigga, Volume FOUR!  
ONE!!

[Eminem]

My words are weapons  
I use 'em to crush my opponents  
My words are weapons  
I never show no emotion  
My words are weapons  
I use 'em to kill whoever's steppin to me  
My words are like weaponry on a record

My words are weapons  
I use 'em to crush my opponents  
These words are weapons  
I never did show no emotion  
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[Eminem]

Yo, the rage I release on a page  
is like a demon unleashed in a cage  
Lunatic, soon as I hit the stage  
My mind is like a fuckin stick of dynamite  
Onen I get behind the mic  
it's like the wick is lit you bitches die tonight  
My nine is like a guidin light at night shinin bright  
My fuckin grip is tighter than my wife's vagina, psych  
These cock-suckin cops got my Smith-N-Wesson  
I guess it's time to pick a different weapon, man the shit's depressin  
But Swift is getting me a new one for a Christmas present

[Swiftly McVeigh]

Come on Slim, let's go and teach this fuckin bitch a lesson

[Eminem]

They managed to confiscate the pistol that I brandish  
But my plan is to use this bullshit to my advantage  
Shady stay creative baby hold your head up, don't you let up  
one bit on these motherfuckin suckers you're a soldier  
GET UP  
Stand up for waht you believe in, long as you breathin  
they jealous of you man, that's the only reason they beefin!

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[Swiftly McVeigh]

It's that Dirty Dozen renegade  
You done pulled the pin out my grenade  
.38's'll move your shit up out the way  
You niggas wont forget about McVeigh; you got somethin to say?  
Let it out today or watch these bullets spray  
from these ten black fingers huggin these deadly millimeters  
that'll make Jeff Dahmer's look like he caught a misdemeanor  
See I'm 'Dirty, so I ain't gotta buy a pistol cleaner  
An official beater, don't let me see you with yo' heater  
You gets whipped with it, tell them motherfuckers Swift did it  
You packin somethin special in your crib then bitch get it  
I'm physically fitted to run yo' digits, I'm hostile (uh-huh)  
with this Roscoe pointed up your nostrils  
You get splitted and guess what, I'm blowin up the hospital  
and wouldn't give a fuck if you a cop or a hoe  
I'm Hannibal Lector, the spinal cord disconnecter  
Findin whores to lock 'em up in motels to inject 'em

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[Bizarre]

I'm eatin crews like I'm Hannibal  
There's no way I can be the gay rapper  
(Why not?) I only fuck animals (Oh! Ha-ha)  
Stupid trick got my dick startin to itch  
Went to my mother's grave site, called her a stupid bitch  
One on one in this bloodsport  
I'm in divorce court, sold my bitch off a pack of Newports  
(Your honor!) Six times I been arrested; how would you feel  
if you was a Jehovah witness that always got molested?  
(It happens) I'm smokin dank drikin drank  
I can't have any kids cause I'm fuckin shootin blanks!  
Don't you know Bizarre don't give a fuck?!  
Nicole's a whore, I'm glad O.J. murdered the slut (uhh!)  
Responsibility, I'm negligent  
Bill Clinton's a fag, should be stabbed  
Let Richard Simmons be the President (ohh HEYY!!)  
Call me a weirdo, call me Bi-zarre  
while I stick it up yo' ass while you shittin diarrhea

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Yo!