

Proof, Westwood Freestyle

yo flash back to my forgotten past
high off my rockin hash
i put my face inside a stocking mask
i put a gun in a purse
and run in a church
rob a piece one and the first
to come with the worst
now for a piece a bit scarier
than a pit terrior
camoufalge an assassin's well lit area
i'ma die at the flesh
conducting your death
killing that bitch ass noise just thumping my chest,yo
when your dad come blast a magnum and rob 'em
call him a tigeress(?) psychiatrist with problems
i need help and i'm ready to leave hell
having deep felt nightmares and still sleep well
i'm the beginning like sex and sperm
seduced by ??
and affects his germ
a lesson learned
with these stress filled nerves
stand in hell but naked while my fesh just burns
to the bone
don't stop when it's on
microphones without the metradome
watch me stretch your dome
easily it's done D12 we do this we flow like water
slaughter your granddaughter
you can't end this particular brand water
vehicler man slaughter
my dick's in your granddaughter
i'm back to tell y'all
how we spell y'all
expell these D12 one-to-the-dozen
slim shade made good
came back in hood
i almost messed up on my and slurred to the judge
said i don't care about your court room
i snort shrooms
yeah i crush em up like motrin(?)
devoting
tear your life abortion
a portion of my freestyle brain cells
make it rain hell
and tim westwood
put your best foot
forward and get f**ked up by this clique
it's d12 and we make more noise than hell!!!