

## Hip Hop

Bizarre

Yeah...huh...(hip hop, hip hop, hip hop)  
Turn my mic up a little bit (hip hop)  
Hit some of this Cali guido(hip hop)  
Listen to some muthafuckin'... (hip hop)  
Everybody got a little story they gotta tell  
Niggaz ain't heard my shit...hahaha  
The life of Bizarre...what!

Hip hop, that's the way of life (Word?)  
If you think you're nice, then go grab the mic (Grab it!)  
Let me tell you my story, 'cause everybody got one  
Grab a pen and pad and start to jot some  
Always told myself that I would never be losin'  
Man I ain't had no hood, my mother was always movin' (Damn!)  
From Detroit to Texas, Texas to Detroit (C'mon!)  
God damn, Mama, what's the point? (the fuck?)  
So I would go in my room and pack my little bags (Aughh!)  
Jump in the truck with my step-dad  
When I was ten years old, I started to feel the hunger  
Got a little older, man, the force got stronger (Yeah!)  
And me and my rap partner wasn't seein' eye to eye  
So he picked up and started a group with some other guys (Haha)  
This is hip hop...man, I won't stop  
Yo Big Boi (What up?) Gimme a beatbox

Hip hop, hip hop  
Hip hop  
Hip hop  
Hip hop

From the hip hop shop to Maurice Malone (Uh-huh)  
Ten years later, I'm still in the zone (Word?)  
7 Mile and ??? where a star was born (Yeah!)  
United we stand, divided we swore (D-12!)  
And hell yeah, I lived in my car (Yeah!)  
Bitch, I was homeless, I would have slept in a jar (Hahahaha)  
And Dirty Management, I wish all the best  
But me and my niggas, we had to do what's best (That's right)  
It was a mess, all them taxes and accounts (What?)  
Checks started to bounce, niggas couldn't buy an ounce (Hell yeah)  
And now that we platinum, they diss our name (What?)  
Like we won't go to the car and get them thangs  
And beef, sometimes you don't have a choice  
To the fight with Whitey Ford to the beef with Royce (What?!)  
To the Ja Rules, Benzinos, and niggas in the club  
To the e-dubs and niggas you ain't heard of  
And man, I don't know how to use a gun (Naw)  
But I'll learn quick if the fuckin' beef come!

Man, I thought this was supposed to be hip hop, hip hop  
I'd rather be fishin' in flip flops, flip flops  
Or cross over to country like Kid Rock, did, I  
Can't see no country singers beefin' over some guitar  
Riff that Willie Nelson lifted from Bob Seger  
When I was younger I was so eager  
To have a gun I would do the same  
Couldn't wait to get to the shootin' range

Me and my man Goofy Gary just tryin' to let loose some steam  
Muthafuckas laughin' 'cause I couldn't aim  
So I'd pull the fuckin' target closer and just shoot the thang  
I used to have this theory: keep three bullets in the gun  
It was a mandatory year up here in Michigan  
For each bullet if you got no CCW license  
I tried to apply for one, they said it'd take 5-6 months  
What the fuck am I supposed to do mean time when rivals come?  
Hide that sumbitch in the glovebox or inside the trunk  
Now, back to what my three-bullet theory was  
I'm triple platinum, I ain't tryin' to catch no murder one  
Figured I'd shoot to wound, probably miss with at least one  
But them other two gon' fuck his shoulder and his kneecap up  
Then I'ma say it's self defense, how come I had the gun  
Was because I was at the range, on my way back from  
This dude approached me on some bullshit  
I'd get a year for each bullet at the most  
As opposed to havin' a full clip in that  
That was my idiotic logic, it was basically for safety  
But it gave me power, and it made me crazy  
And psychotic, I just got retarded once I got it  
Thank God it was empty the night that I got caught with it  
What the fuck, man I thought that it was supposed to be...