

## 6 Reasons

D12

[Proof]

You wish that you could bear me black  
D12 standing back  
No planning that  
Def methods, we got a hand in that  
Whoever run this shit  
You get a jammed knee cap  
Make the healthy get sick  
And your fam handicapped  
You a fan of rap  
My clan attack  
Your school, home, your bitch house  
Pull my nine milli  
You gon' die with your fist out  
Him an his  
It's over with  
Venom is this  
cobra spit  
Agressive dialect with agressive  
Sober bitch  
My bionic fires demonish atlonics  
Demonic is tainted chronic  
Impossible to hold down like vomit  
Mics I palm it  
You stay to bomb it  
Like tourists that's Islamic  
I enter your atmosphere like a comet  
The new god of rap  
Call me nigga Thor  
Snap your back  
When I slap your ass in a figure four  
From miles around they can feel it's lethal  
I make hardcore groups like Wu Tang  
Look like the Village People (fags)  
No sequel  
The general let the senistal  
Abort your mind state and kill your inner child

[Bizarre]

It's been a while  
Since you bitch niggas heard of me  
Cuz the last six months  
I been doing R&B  
But now I'm on some sick shit  
Niggas better duck quick  
You don't know who you're fucking with  
I'll leave you niggas breathless  
Seeing me and Bugz rolling in the blue hummer  
You a bitch, scared to shoot like Lindsay Hunter  
Don't need to be a father  
Cuz I'm just to illmatic  
I'll probably poison my kids  
Like flowers in the alley  
Fuck your anorexic neglects it  
Fuck a Lexus  
I'm doing drivebys on XXX BMX's

[Bugz]

I know a girl who said she's prio  
And her sign is a Leo  
Bugzy fucked her in a Regal  
And then she took me to my P.O.  
Fuck rollin' ceelo  
I'm down to a c-note  
Lost a g' rollin' dice at that punk ass casino  
But fuck it (shit) cuz when times get bad  
See me and drag with the mags  
On unsuspecting fags (bitch)  
I gotta shoot  
Bitch you got the boot  
And hurry up with it  
I'm trying to catch this prostitute (I got ten)

[Kuniva]

I'm the nigga that spotted ya  
Spit something hot at ya  
Rip your Nautica  
Saw you backstage and shot at ya  
And kill subliminally  
You can go on  
And spin your group name 25 times in one song  
I'll still write about you  
Hip hop is better off without you  
Blowing niggas outta they bathrobes  
And funky house shoes  
For the hell of it  
I fuck Missy Elliott  
Don't give a fuck if her belly gets  
In my way, I'm still nailing it  
Got this verbal tech nine  
Spitting at you for telling shit  
Get this dead body off the mic  
I'm fuckin smelling it

[Kon Artis]

Fuck it  
Let's have a scrub out  
Fuck around with us and see what happen  
We all got them guns blappin  
Got y'all niggas back tracking  
Ya, we dump bodies in seashores  
Busting DJs over they backs with keyboards  
Turn up my levels  
Your crew is fruitier than pebbles  
Changin you razor back MCs to running trebles  
Bust up  
Kon Artis, quick to smack your slut up  
Keep a pack of rubbers  
Just in case I gotta nutt up  
Brigade style hold 'em out down  
That's how it's meant to be  
You kick the same shit  
Your whole tape sound like a symphony  
Don't say shit to me  
It's DP carry your daughter  
Talking bitches outta they panties  
Dollars and last quarters  
Like that horsemen  
I'll leave your whack crowns hutless  
Watch Defarius come to my show

And leave dreadless  
Whoever said this slash rapper and producer  
Wouldn't make your head twist  
Guard your grill and your necklace

[Chorus]

I got 6 reasons why we keep shit coming  
Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover  
Hiding behind your lovers  
Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

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"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

Yeah yeah bitch (what what)  
We'll bring it to your crew  
We'll bring it to your crew  
Any of y'all  
Die bitch  
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen  
Dirty Dozen  
Bugz  
Proof  
Bizarre  
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen  
Da Brigade bitch  
DJ Head  
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen  
The saga starts right now  
If you ain't down with us from this day on  
Then fuck you