

Fight Music

D12

[Chorus: Eminem]

This kind of music, use it, and you get amped to do shit
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it
It's just some shit, for these kids, to trash they rooms with
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit
The type of shit that you don't have to ask who produced it
You just know - that's the new shit
The type of shit that causes mass confusion
and drastic movement of people actin stupid

[Kon Artis]

I come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm and smelling like Boone's Farm
hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms
Conniving Kon, Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screaming, "Let's get it on!"
A lush that love to drink, drunk driving a tank
Rollin over a bank, cops see me and faint
It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke
I think I'll up my high by slitting your throat
Push your baby carriage into the street, 'til it's mince meat
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street
This is fight music!

[Bizarre]

You know why my hands are so numb? (No)
Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't cum (oh)
Smacked this whore for talking crap (bitch)
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre couldn't rap
I fucking hate you; I'll take your drawers down and rape you
While Dr. Dre videotapes you (hell yeah!)
Satan done got me on this song
eating a hot dog reading the Holy Qu'ran, while I'm on the john
Tired of wearing this yellow thong
Take it back Sisqo, you know where it belongs (thong th-thong thong)
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm
Now go over there and blow up Dru Hill's arms
Fuck your love songs

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Just bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon' swing on?
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to king-dom come
Show you machine gun funk
Sixteen m-16's and one pump [click-clack]
The snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw
Have you running out this fucking club in your drawers
We loving the broads, there's nothing to applaud
But fuck it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source
It's fight music

[Swift McVay]

I'm a nigga that loves scuffles
And won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen knuckles
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps

Blow his head back right in front of the precinct saying, "You hear that?"
I slap your freak, bump you and won't speak
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own drink
I suffocated my shrink just for talking
Came back and fucked up his pallbearers and made 'em drop his coffin
It's fight music!

[Kuniva]

These beads I'm swinging is stinging 'em
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm bringing 'em
If any nigga looking too hard, we Rodney King'n 'em
Malice green to them and gasolinin 'em with premium
Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it at 'em
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him
Blast while you right hooking, right when your wife's looking
Fuck fight music, bitch this is losing your life music!

[Eminem]

If I could capture the rage of today's youth and bottle it
Crush the glass from my bare hands and swallow it
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists
and hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say shit
You Liberace's, Versace's, and you nazis
Watch me, cause you thinking you got me in this hot seat
You motherfuckers wanna JUDGE me cause you're NOT me
You'll never STOP me, I'm TOP speed as you POP me
I came to save these new generations of babies
from parents who failed to raise 'em cause they're lazy
to grow to praise me I'm makin 'em go crazy
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me
And you fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on
And this song is for any kid who gets picked on
A sick song to retaliate to, and it's called..

[Chorus]

It's fight music!