

## Freestyle

D12

Whether you rap or you don't rap  
Duck 'fore you get rushed  
Get stuck f\*cking with us  
'Cause....  
We don't give a f\*ck

Oh, we sound like Em clones, huh?  
Where the f\*ck you think he started at holmes, huh?  
Skip the small talk, talking is a risk you take  
Kick yo' face 'till yo' head go through this window and break  
Break to the 1-9, Denaun cause the gun-line  
And collect bank from every weed spot like I'm one time  
I'm ain't the remorseful type, I'll drink and still drive prone to hit anyth  
ing at any given night  
f\*ck leaving my roots, I'm still in cahoots with nincompoops who shoot out l  
ike troops in Beirut  
Pull up in a red hearse with Fred Durst dressed like a nurse  
With a coach purse screaming his throat hurts

On my Harley Davidson, I ride down Main Street  
I speed with my dad's name on my ass cheek  
Gimme your ones and get robbed with a broken gun  
Got you doing more dances than Puffy's son  
All you groupies that wanna get took  
You gotta be 12 years old with a coloring book  
And anyone else who wanna get f\*cked, 'cause  
(Yeah bitch, oh shit!)

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We interrupt your little world of perfectness  
To bring you the shit to murder conservatives with  
To curse and diss, with verses so merciless  
These words can just f\*ck up your high worse than this  
{Police Sirens}  
I've killed for less, and dumped bodies in the motherf\*ckin' wilderness  
I'm a wildebeest, and I've concealed a piece even after I was busted by Warr  
en Police  
You think just because I got caught by these cops once  
I'm not gonna carry shotguns to blow your wigs back like hamburgers without  
any top buns  
So many damn murders I can't even count one  
Two black guns, I don't know maybe they're Magnums  
I don't know what the f\*ck they're called, I just grab them  
12-gauge dumps in a drug-fueled rage, f\*ck age, still goin' through my "f\*ck-  
you" stage  
I'm a 27-year-old eleven-year-  
old, I'mma never grow up, bitch, I ain't gon' ever get old  
I'll be sitting here with a cane and a beard  
Still insane and as weird as the day I came in here, brain in my rear, yeah  
So until I'm wrinkled as Robert Van Winkle, I'mma drop a damn single every g  
oddamn week, people  
It's D12, June 19th, so do like me, and go buy three, with no ID

Kids

Now why you wanna play a game with me, dangerously  
The outcome's hot, once split your brain in three  
Proof with crooked raps, always ask them "What the f\*ck you lookin' at"?

And invite the hook to scrap  
I gave my life to God, nigga, then I took it back  
Move it black, this f\*ckin' gat'll leave your cookie cracked  
Detroit's derelict arrogant terrorist, straight on you aerospirt  
Spit at various people to leave you with a body to get buried with  
Every hit was serious, niggas wanna know how murderous the Dirty Harry is  
When I'm on your front porch with guns about to bust  
'Cause

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When they run into Swift they change directions  
My shit so tight when hoes hear it they catch a yeast infection  
You need protection, you gon' fear it  
I snatch away yo' DNA from existence, with no spirit  
Give up the carats or see the nine  
f\*ckin' with mine is like Farakhan chewin' up swine, on Christmas  
With a white trailer bitch on his arm, chillin' in Europe, havin dinner with  
a Uncle Tom  
I attack killin', f\*ckin' hoes like Matt Dillon  
Stackin' obituaries higher than Michael Jackson's ceiling  
I leaves nobody livin', I got Satan shiverin'  
Hate what I'm deliverin', you know the best then send 'em in, crack you with  
a fifth of gin  
You got your men, but they all wearin' skirts like them niggas from Scotland  
, you hoes are not grim  
Don't make me stop in with a mag, and blow yo feet up out yo Top Tens

I'm the one they call in to torture ya  
Smackin' your bitch and forcin' her in the back seat of an old Corcia  
Kuniva's the silent type, but under the silence is a violent life, usually f  
ollowed by sirens and lights  
Get your throat cut by this tyrant's knife, from high as a kite  
And my get-a-way driver's drivin' right  
f\*ckin' with Hans will get you flipped like a baton, the deadliest bombs  
Wrap around niggas like Camabons, you know I ain't nothin' to play with  
Thinkin' you real like The Matrix, f\*ckin' with niggas drippin' off self-  
hatred  
I'm on some live shit, rappers be on some "Ready To Die" shit  
'Till I put a ice pick, right through they eyelids, f\*ck heaters, I'll knock  
you out instead of shootin'  
I hit hard, break yo' f\*ckin' jaw like Resolution  
Give up the cash and coat, or get your little brother's classroom smoked  
And the substitute gagged and choked  
Nigga

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D12, June 19th

Do 'shrooms like me  
Get ready for it.  
Trouble soon, baby  
You know it  
Tell your mama and your sister too  
'Cause we f\*ckin' 'em