

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 aerospit
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 substitue 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