

I Made It

D12

(This shit ain't funny)
Yeah, Ok!
Y'all didn't know what it is, nigga?

The game has officially changed
That's right
I don't know what you thought [?]
Goon Squad, D12
McVay, crack they heads nigga!

This is the tales of the dark side
I park right in front of your spot
Put a hole in your car right
I never been playing like they told
That I lean over that passenger side
It ain't rovin' while it's golden, I give you hoes a makeover
Pole pose a shit and his arms a break your both of them
And I'm a dash faster than locomotive
I can trespassing a ram shaking
Murder your families and it ain't no closure
I cast snatcher, I stop all type of transactions
When I get back on the block these niggers mashing
I got the world in my palm and I'm a smash it
Sprinkle the ashes in the atmosphere
I'm just an animal, pass it enough to grab the back of your neck
And stuff your face in a half of cake
Force you to take a breath, I could care less about who you be
Or what you do for the community
We taking it over I'm on a shootin' spree

Time and time again I get it, speak your hustling I get it
I get it, what? I get it, what? I get it, yes I get it
Whenever I drop the line they faded
Single top of the world I made it
I made it, what? I made it, what?
Taking over this bitch and Y'all Hate it

It's the return of the aggravated assault-slash-robbery
Possession with intent to deliver federal property
Another assault with intent to great bodily
And I ain't pleading guilty to shit, and won't cope a plea
3 strikes in and motherfuck the 4th
Continue to take the 5th and I ain't going to court
Then life an outlaw on the run, with g-shit to do
I ever get caught I'm a 4th degree habitual
Just for me splittin' and everyday ritual 74 stitches
Just from me trippin' you, your blood bleeds your ass, I'm a a show what Tri
ck Trick'll do
Nigga you don't want it with me and I ain't shitting with you
Up top d cap one and black tees no holster, 30 round clip the black squeeze
Verses smell Proof, looking like black cheese
I'm backing these rap niggers up with a rap sheet

Pacquiao punches, Mayweather swag
Mike Tyson attitude, Ali Jabs (uhh)
Back at the lab, cookin' up shit
Fuck your yellow pages, you ain't looking up shit

Convict lunatic, no gang banger
Throw the towel in like Apollo Creed's trainer (stop the fight!)
Suck everybody's dick you ain't got no choice
I ain't T-Pain but I do something to your voice
Ak47 I shoot up your crib, get your ass in the house like Michael Jackson's
kid
Trick trick and D12, click click and see shells
5 o'clock news catch the details
And fuck weed, nigga I'm on angel dust
I got some talk that makes Rosa Parks get off the bus (Get off the bus!)
And god forbid if I ever get shot
Give me 6 Vicodin and Michael Jackson's doc
Bizarre, Bitch!

It's best to shut your mouth up
Bullets flying through your window
Hit your pit-bull, split your sister and your spouse up
Gotta keep the hustle going, A Shady fuckin' omen
Hollows rip your shirt like Hulk Hogan with his muscles showin'
We on the paper route, if he ain't talking right, take him out
I don't need cameras when I fill your mouth
Get your patron mob, Trick Trick boom squad
D-12 loonie chop, shooting from the roof top
Gotta keep the green up, you can tell I'm seeing stuff
Making mess with you the corner player cleaned up
Do it for the gusto, what up doh
You a bitch you nigger, you can take it how you want like a slut ho
If it ain't about that bread then I ain't listening
If she ain't talking about head then ain't kicking it
Way worse than EST about my dividends
To finish you off in the hospital while I'm visiting