

Legend

D12

I ride for D12, fuck all y'all niggas
Hand on the trigger, I'm from Lansing, Grand River
Yeah I'm off a pill, drunk in the party
Pump in the trunk, I take a nigga Cartis
Yeah I'm with the shit, yeah I'm bout the action
I can make it happen, I ain't just rappin'
I'm a real nigga, niggas gotta feel
On my face, I'll probably get killed
4 in the morning, at the casino
Dirty white bitch, now I'm headed to Reno
Man I be tripping, man I be whilin'
Keep a mean mug, I ain't never smilin'
Just popped a Xan, gone off a Perc
Off in the studio, time to get to work
I be fucking hoes, I be nailing groupies
Holiday Inn, off in a Jacuzzi

Take a long walk inside my shoes
I'll bet your legs give out on ya
What happens when you got everything to lose
Just by standing out on your own corner?
Your fans love you, they watch all your interviews
They're so into you
They want you to be a legend now

We put in mellow, we don't wanna let them guns go
These lil niggas be wolfing off at they gums though
With all that tough talk, I'm so far removed from it
I'll just send some homies down your block to take a cruise on it
Leave your face looking like a case of, "Who done it?"
Throw a few hundred on the floor, looking like, "Who want it?" (I'll take th
at)
Heat your block up, Arizona, we'll Tuc-son it
A play grinning through Bubonic that's true phonics (Real talk)
Don't act too brolic, 22s polished
We are too solid, turning beef into fruit salad
So stick to rappin', you ain't bout the clappin'
When we pull up, you be wishing for shit not to happen
You be throwing soggy punches, you are not for scrappin'
They gon' find you in the bando, and it's not from trappin' (Damn!)
You only roll with tough guys, you are not one
Just because you went to Walmart and bought a shotgun (Fuck outta here!)

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They love you when you hot, then hate you when you not
They turn into something different after drinking concoctions
Soon as you start monopolizing, they end up plottin'
They forgot, I'm much smarter than that, and it ain't a option
To stab a knife in my back
I've been accustomed to amputate associates in a millisec, fuck respect

What is that? That title is wack, cause Dirty Dozen's
The only fellas I'm ever into acting with
I can't walk the streets without niggas babblin'
Marshall that and Marshall this
"Where Porter at?" We all gettin' chips
We all rappin', we still giving daps and hugs
Crackin' jokes, reminiscing on Proof and Bugz (RIP)
We don't give a fuck, bout the haters outside the family
Don't get involved or try to give dap to me, word to Big Sean
I'm a Detroiter that's ducking and dodging pawns
I throw you haters inside the pot holes in my lawn, bitch

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