

## Outro

D12

Yeah, I want to thank y'all for coming out  
This is the last song from the Return of The Dozen, part 2  
Y'all haven't heard D12 in a while  
So we gonna give you what you being asking for

Straight out the Halfway House, they let this bastard out  
Check all the doors; there's no way to get out  
I'm far from a pussy, I'm more like a dick  
I'm the pain in your stomach when you're about to take a shit  
Shit, bitch suck everybody dick  
Patch on my eye: I'm the new Slick Rick  
And my boys, we'll call 'em Doug E. Fresh  
All this period blood; clean up all this mess  
If I don't get my record on Shade-45  
I'm going in the building and make sure everybody dies  
Shoot Rude Jude, blast Lord Sear  
Shoot Howard Stern and he don't even work there  
Bizarre gets high, everybody dies  
Even the nigga who drove in the drive-by is gonna die  
Me and Goofy Gary raping Halle Berry  
Say 'Bizarre' ten times like Bloody Mary

I'm a Grenade aimer, applying heat like radiators  
I detonate a concoction; you won't play possum  
I snatch that oxygen out you're biological time-clock  
With one shot between your eyes, now you're a cyclops  
I'm lyrically retarded; I turn your apartment into an icebox  
With a pipe-bomb taped to your hot-top  
I smithereens 'em  
I use my fingers the same fashion as Wolverine  
Go with a pistol, Gilbert Arenas  
If I say it, I mean it. I feed you slugs  
And have you throwing up blood like a bulimic  
Because of me a lot of people died  
Be scared that I will be outside  
Starring through the window like a peeping tom  
With the mind of a Vietnam Vet injected needles in my neck  
With a high, I still haven't came down yet  
I'm not a threat, I'm a promise  
I'm as, crazy as Osama slash Unabomber  
Shoot the llama through your momma! (Bitch)

I take my time with the skill that I utilize  
Ill commit suicide  
Succeed then do it twice  
Whatever happen on gettin' your shoes, coat and hat taken?  
Cheese an pretzel combo  
Super-sizing an ass whoopin'  
I'm too cool but I acted out in a violent manner  
When I am Adam, leave everything but its heimlich shattered  
Who dares to hurt me?  
I'm posted outside 7-Eleven sharin' slurpies with a known whore flarin' Herp  
es  
Lyrical God-king like Xerxes  
Who's hooks bleeds tongue sharp  
I spit in the forests, and split the earth's trees  
You blood pirate I got hatred to get off me chest

An ounce of weed, a 40oz of Milwaukee's best  
I take the rage of the niggas who have faiths  
And you don't want a test like you afraid that you have AIDS  
That bullets have you losing weight like anorexics do  
This ain't a DMX flick when you see the exit wounds

.22 is a sheepskin, .38 is a furry  
Niggas are pussying me out I can tell the way that it burns  
You like cock you female, I can say that you heard  
D12's always a suspect when some shady occur  
Open pill bottles, guns with their safety's broken  
Duncan Heines' nephew giveaway guns when the bakery is open  
Pistol smack your bitch, kiss your shortie  
Ditch the 40 than chain smoke some piff with Gordy  
Different shorties whose bitches like a change of clothes  
Cuz house got a driveway and I need them flames to go  
Back the fuck up like you've never seen goons  
My sixteens is grown up, bitch will be seventeen soon  
She got a fucked up attitude and she mean in a way  
Your team in the way she on Facebook cleanin the keg  
And she's a 20 til you wanna be chance  
Now niggas on Facebook requesting that they wanna be friends

Thank you for having us  
D12, Return of the Dozen Volume 2, It's a wrap  
Young Mase, Shady Records, third album on the way!