

The Set Off

D12

D12, back in the building
Grimy dirty, nasty, filthy shit
This what the industry been missing, man
Sorry for the delay, man, hahaha
Shout out to all our fans, man
We about to get busy though
No more time to waste
Ayo McVay, yo, get busy nigga!

Takin' niggas, get up out of my face
You now tuned in to a basket case
Swift McVay, still holdin' the cake
In broad daylight for the world to see
Painted white, me and Satan tight
Burning every motherfucking thing on sight
I'm the type to do pointless crimes
Y'all don't like me, then join in line
My mind state's full of concrete
A hard-hitting nigga with a metal spine, fuck with mine
You'll be pouring out liquor in the middle of the street with the corn on hi
nd
Putting up pictures in front of they shirts
With dirty teddy bears laying on the curb
Rest in peace is all they see
My mama was cursed on the day I was birthed
See, I'm the worst nigga to squabble and dirt with
Prison to me is like a goddamn circus
Blow my fuse, I got nothing to lose
Touching my crew is like a short circuit
Percocet, I'm a nervous wreck
Still walking in Million Man March with a Tec
You disrespect, I'll snap your neck
Like Schwarzenegger in an army flick

We be making shit happen, you glare at the news
Fuck you up on camera, stare at their views
Take a look at the hardware, get pretty loose
An ADHD kid and his terrible tools
Yeah, we back on that shit again, back for them Benjamins
I'll put your whole squad back on their injured list
Split your shit, my folk to ignorant, plus they sold militant
My advice, duck if you witnessing, bang, bang
Dirty Dozen hit them where it hurts
Flip a nigga skirt, 'till he washed up
Leave him in the dirt, bring your chick over here until I squirt
Then it's onto the next, just another day at work
Stay alert, play your part and role [?]
I'm the worst, they throwing the white towel
And get the wavy shirt, they can't hold us
Them boys is the truth hit
Smack a nigga up like the homie big Proof hit

Your crew get ate up, who you, you ain't us
I blew an eighth, fuck, but true is my gang's stuff
It's true I blaze blunts, and shoot and rape sluts
My goons'll come through with tools and take drugs
You fools just anxious to lose, I'm flamed up

Your blues are ancient history, mystery, man
You should thank us for breaking your face up
Get pissed at me, sentence me then, 'cause I'll hold the stage up
No bay cuts, wait, you say what? Man, you lame
Bitch, I'm Bruce Wayne with a mask, and wait up
With two things, having some mood swings
Two to the brain, tell 'em 2 Chainz to get 'em chains up
A motherfucking assassin, fucking dumb slut
Suppin' they asses, come new like molasses
Shove a gun up their bum, she's looking puzzled bedazzled
When I fuck and I'm laughing, I be puffing and passing
An outlaw, rob a stagecoach, I'm straight dope, southpaw
You niggas can't throw, I break bones, I can't go
No more, my mouth is so sore, I may choke from ass
Looking to eating out Dej Loaf, murder some
King Gordy and Dirty Dozen
Don't worry because we coming in the flow to hurt your woman
If throw offing is eternal, is something you couldn't stomach
I'm loving the blood gushing, and fuck it, I think I'm coming
Your mother I heard she has a new husband
Well, let me fuck it, I'ma put it on her stomach
'Cause I make that pussy suffer, I ain't putting on no rubber
I ain't have an undercover, tryna (whoo!) dick
All you six swing bitch I land right to left
You damn right you stretched her ass tight
And you can't take it cause your moms get naked
Get raped and faded by the king of Van Dyke

Yeah, D-Twizzy in this motherfucker
Was that enough, motherfuckers?
Hahaha, we just getting started, nigga
Fuck yeah!