

Throw em Up High

D12

Welcome back to Detroit city
It feel good to be back in effect; Dirty Dozen is here once again
That's for sure; we still in here, baby
Nigga Swifty is fresh out. Welcome home, my nigga
We still out here doing 'em, man; we still struggling and surviving
So we still here. It's a blessing, baby

From the first moment you take a breath, you start dying
The music stops, you see the hearse, start crying
May the Lord have mercy on our worn-out soul
Cause we feel like our heart has been torn out slow
But we still living, still ripping
Still sipping, still tipping with that .44 steel chrome gripping
Even though we got a few missing
We one a new mission, got a new vision
Dude, listen: it's the rebirth of Proof and Bugz
We're known as Dirty Dozen, doing what the Dirty does
And that's struggling, surviving by any means
In fact, we'll probably bring it to you on the big screen
A lead single can't describe our life
Cause our life is full of cold nights and violent fights
The beginning of a new era
The true terrors of the industry; write it down in your news letter

So one time for Proof; one time for Bugz
Forever till we gone, we rep that Dirty Doz'
Throw 'em up high, cause we live this shit
Throw 'em up high; the true meaning of "sick"
One time for Proof; one time for Bugz
Forever till we gone, we rep that Dirty Doz'
So go on and give it up; homie, it's all love
We gave you our city, our story, our blood
Throw 'em up high

We tight-knitted like crochet
Brothers with blood thicker than paint; there's nothing tainted
Consider this relationship unbreakable; there's no way we're stopping
Not an option; you hoes can tell us 'bout our problems
Keep bobbing and respect what [?]
Stop opinionating, try'n'a act like Simon
We never stop shining; profit's been sharp climbing
Platinum my diamond; when the Lord shows a sign
For me to keep my eyes wide; I'm riding
Ready for whatever He's designing
The spirit of P; we will forever be some wise men
And Bugz is still watching over us
This love is being showered from the power above

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I've been to Hell and back, and back to Hell
Back in the studio; Swift fresh out of jail
I'm fresh off the plane, straight from Atlanta
Flip-flops and socks; talking my country grammar
Cause ain't no party till I touch down
You know me - [?:]
Throwing rap battles, tryn'a keep the city crunk
But every week, somebody get jumped
Oh well, I'mma keep on writing
We lost two soldiers; I'mma keep on fighting
And this is for [?], [?] and Mrs. Pitts
D12 for life; we live this shit

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"Dirty Dozen"

"Won't be the same since we touching the game"