

## We Back

D12

(The Aphilliates-style, motherfucker. Pay attention!)

And just like that, mixtape shit is now official  
DJ Young Mase, AKA Mr. Detroit City  
You know what time it is  
Return of the Dozen!  
Kuniva, Big Proof, Marshall Mathers  
Bizarre, Kon Artist, Swift McVay

We, we, we, we, we, we, we, we, we back  
We back (It's D12, mother-fucker!)  
We back (D12, mother-fucker!)  
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We back (D12, mother-fucker!)  
We back (It's D12, mother-fucker!)

I've been firing up my ounces in Vietnam in houses  
Just the past time, go ask about me in the county  
I am mentally disruptive and untouched, I'm not lying  
I'll snipe you faster than a nigga that's been caught wired  
My thought process is maniacal  
Tylenol threes mixed with Vicodin can make a hella antidote  
Speak irrelevant, there ain't enough medicine  
That can stop me from swelling your mouths worse than pelicans  
I that's with enough force  
To crack the back of their skeletons  
Fuck having remorse  
You'd be better off being suicidal than forfeiting  
You can hide your horsemen, but not they vital organs  
Snitches are foes, and when they see me  
Folks are quick to point their fingers at me faster than ET  
My felonies be changing with the weather  
I'll be the nigga blacker than X-Clan and the Panthers put together

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Back in the studio, back on the block  
Back in St. Andrews, got them hammers cocked  
Nigga I don't get shot, I do the shooting  
Gang member, I do all the recruiting  
Ball till y'all fall, out there in Reno  
Blowing ten thousand, Motor City casino  
They say my group was wanted on some IRS shit  
That's what happens when five niggas sell bricks  
When it comes to beefin', we don't need Marshall  
St. Aubin massacre, call me Tamara Marshall  
Come on your block and get loose  
Shoot niggas for a triple-fat goose, this one's for Proof  
This is for my dawgs  
This is for my peoples  
This is for them niggas, Bacardis and the Regals  
(I see dead people) And it might be you

If you ever, ever disrespect my crew

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Your boys are back in the building, yeah  
We back on the map  
Back to doing them drugs  
Packing the mac in the Ac'  
If you wanna get 'em up, let's make hap' with a scrap  
Niggas be running they trap until the hammer go "clap"  
Bloody you up like a Cotex  
Leave your face big like Rolex  
My guns carry 21 like "three feet, no check"  
The laid-back, bumping James Brown, the big payback  
I don't play that like Pat, so don't say jack  
Shit is real in this killing field, where's your game face?  
Fuck you, your whole family and your namesake  
So step back and observe these little clowns  
Like they running this town, like we don't get down  
In my crib, I got plaques, they hanging all around  
And the only plaque you got is hanging in your mouth  
You're not like us, a million fans overseas  
We can leave for a week and come back with a hundred Gs  
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The dozen: they been all over the country; overseas  
Niggas done laid low for a minute  
But now we back, the streets is ours  
We back like we never left, niggas  
You know what time this is  
Return of the Dozen mixtape, hosted by the general  
The fuck y'all wanna do now?  
All y'all hating-ass niggas get your thongs ready  
We back! D12!