

## Census Bureau

DJ Kay Slay

Yeah, we straight from the census bureau  
Haha, Runyan Ave  
We lookin for yo' momma  
D-12 - where yo' momma at?  
Miko - where yo' momma at?  
Young Zee, hey Dame - where yo' momma at?  
I wanna fuck that bitch, her stankin ass  
Hey Em where yo' momma at? (Ohhhh-ohhhh)  
Yo...

You know me, Denaun the same ol' nigga  
I spray paint your car up like Rain-O nigga  
See me and you are sorta like the same I guess  
We both rock mics but yours is into our chest  
You can't do nuttin to me, Runyan Ave's unruly  
And truly this ain't a movie, you get slapped with the tooly  
So pass the slimmy and the Hennessy, I got the energy  
To steal every car in this vicinity, you feelin me?  
Take it back to when Das EFX was sayin niggity-wiggity-wild  
Piggity-pow, nigga be out  
You don't really want war, I'm chillin at your door  
This uzi will have you bloody windmill-ing on the floor  
I can't be a punk, my daddy wasn't none  
I lose a fight after school and I came home and got one  
You reap what you sew, that shit you oughta know  
I keep it on the flo' under the seat - I ain't a ho!

You know it's been a while but we feelin it now  
(The rough sound muh'fucker, niggas killin it now)  
Goddamn! You don't want no problems B  
(Get your name in the obituary column sheet)  
It's that same ol' shit, niggas back again  
(Yo yo, you fallin off, goin back to smokin crack again)  
Hit the weed (guzzle your Corona) pass the Gin  
(Better duck cause they back bustin gats again)

A basket case indeed; stronger than a can of mace  
Slap you in the face while you patty-cakin witcha seed  
I'll be makin all these niggas wanna take a beam  
And put it right on my head  
You don't be takin heed, you probably idol the Feds  
Havin meetings to recite what I said  
Liable to have you in a medical room  
Walk in that bitch with a cell phone then turn it on  
"You fittin to die holmes!" [\*explosion\*]  
Got a chrome that be fuckin up shit worse than I  
You would swear that I'm a Gemini  
I kill a guy for nothin - eye to eye  
And I ain't gotta touch them niggas face soon as I say somethin  
Got a pump that'll tear your arm quick, when I leave a carcass  
You would think you in Death Row's office (AHH!) [\*gun clicks\*]  
(Hang a nigga!) I'm I'll enough to fall in the middle of moshpits  
Survive and I'm gettin up high without a flaw bitch!

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I'm a dog on the mic that'll brawl out with Christ  
Get to cappin at your captain 'til he fall outta life  
I'm all outta nice, nigga tuck your chain  
Put holes in your head and finger-fuck your brain  
Fool fuck this game, I'm poppin at coach  
Momma dropped me on my head and knew that somethin was broke  
I ain't feelin nothin you wrote so I'm stompin your throat  
Show up at the hospital and start punchin your folks  
I'm a uzi with arms and legs  
Duty calm your man, before my tooly bomb his head (WHAT!)  
You wanna take what my 40-cal since you bitch-made  
Spittin the right game so yo' ass can get laid  
The fuck down, I don't give a fuck now, whassup?  
Talkin bout "Clappin" - quit actin, you barely bust nuts  
Don't get it twisted at the gates, the name is Proof  
And I'mma kill every man that came with you

Yeah, yeah - KNOCK KNOCK! Guess who showed up?  
44-mag and tear your whole door up  
Pink shower cap and, yellow drawers  
My dick's so small, I can pee on my own balls (hahaha)  
When it comes to pussy, Bizarre goes to work  
That's why my mouth smell like hot dogs and yellow Persh (eww!)  
So tell your momma hit me on my cell phone  
I ain't home, I'm so wet gettin stoned with Norah Jones

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Yo, I chuck niggas daily, a six-man crew that's born crazy  
A triple O.G. like Tray Deee (whattup Loc?)  
I stay sparkin, bitch I got a attitude  
I step on your shoes and won't say pardon - be cautious!  
Hidin from the one-time, nutty as I wanna be  
Wild and disorderly, pissin on your toilet seat  
Nigga now you know it's me, I got a.44 with me  
Bitches all over me, "Sayin Yes" like Floetry  
Homie you wanna be a G? Go toe-to-toe with me  
It ain't no ho in me dawg, I shoot out where your colons be  
Wave the people-mover, crowd-controller  
Rob niggas 'til my pockets look greener than Yoda  
And you know that I'm the "Shady" type, the crazy type  
That's probably why promoters never pay me right  
We a bunch of hooligans, my hands is on the tool again  
I'm bout to bust a Huey and spray up a fuckin school again

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Yeah... D-12  
Devil's Night... part two...  
The drama... continues...  
KaySlay... hahahaha...