

D12 "Art Of War"

Visit "[Art Of War](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Proof]

Tired of niggas rapping the same
Talking the same, ya, hah
Living in the same place
What style is Proof gonna do this time?
Ya really wanna know, huh?
What is he gonna do?
You got niggas who said,
"I'm out, I'm out the door this year"
Fuck, all them niggas
Fuck *Einstein*
Nigga said me and Bizarre hate each other
Fuck you
Fuck Low Key
Fuck that nigga
Talking 'bout he battled me and beat me
Fuck you
And when I see you on the streets
I'm in your grill
Ya know what I'm saying?
Listen
By the age of aquarius
My mind state was gugarious
Various opponents whose stature was hilarious
Like you
Throwing fairy dust
Then frowning hard on whack chorus
Proof was on the scene before Nat Morris
Cold as a black forest in these starving streets
A garbage heap that was brought
Stars could eat
The nerve of haters
Diss us perging gators
So I spit venom at you through your serve in vegas
The primitive fool again
None can match that
Blast at your rib cage
Making your spine hatch back
You lack fat tactics
And thoughts of Dexatrim
Whippin' my dick out on nuns
If they say sex is sin

Next to Slim
I'm Shady as a Tetris win
Dirty Dozen solo are respected men
Get known for craft
Irritate me like infected skin
The future ain't lookin' the same
Like a neglected twin
Some test the scary
That's unnecessary
To kill your crew, family, your friends
Your tech can carry
Knock your paws off sync
Left you flat like a soft drink
Got more styles than Diana Ross swing
Zone like Rick James when he smoke crack
You and Charli Baltimore
Got something in common
Y'all both whack
Proof the king P-I-N
If I ain't the best this year
The motherfucker be my twin
[Bizarre]
Who's the bitch ass nigga
That's mentioning my name?
No one to blame
I just cock back your name
None of y'all bitch ass niggas wanna test
'cause five minutes or less
I'll be at your assets
You're just a bitch
And I wanna test you
And the niggas you was with
They already left you
So duck down 'cause Bizarre Kid's comin' here
Shootin' at you and your peers
And cousins you ain't seen in years
Hope you believe in God
'cause nigga you better pray
Pull your kids from the window
And duck from this AK
And already done called the Proof and Denaun
And even if I want to
I can't change my nigga's lines
'cause you on the shit list
These bullets are relentless
And ain't no way in hell that you avoidin' this
Ain't no apologies
Yo I see your number on my caller ID
Bitch, stop callin' me
Fuck the truce
Nigga I pull the deuce deuce

And my niggas go wild
Like a bunch of rats that got loose
I'm comin' for you nigga
So hide behind your door
'cause all my niggas believe in the Art Of War
Chorus (x4)
What you startin' for?
Is you on for war?
Trife assassins
Bringing you the art of war
[Kuniva]
Straight wylin'
Burying bodies right on top of each other
So when somebody ask
I just say you under the weather (Killer Eel)
No matter what the problem
Revolvers can solve 'em
Keep a nigga breathless
The tech whips regardless
Heartless
Walking you punks right to the edge of darkness
We're way beyond that
When I pull me out a cartridge
I bank shots
Wettin' up your white tank top
While my nigga Bugz is stickin' up
Your nearest gang spot
Just another scarred liar retired
We make niggas pass out like fliers
Flossin' my teeth with barbed wire
Leavin' a bloody mess
Then harass kids
And buy 'em a candy bar
So they can tell me where you live
[Kon Artist]
Highly dangerous
Spraining my wrist
Lickin' off this black tech
With my eyes flossed bitch
Look up the Art of War
In the ghetto dictionary
And see Bizarre holding your kids
Hostage for their Crunch Berries
My pump stay hot
Coat stomachs like Malox
Run away spots
Setting it off with the guns that Dre got
Ghetto sÃ©ance
But ass backwards
Fuck bringing you back to life
Nigga we putting you in your caskets

Running off with the mop like you got somethin'
But in my mind I'm thinking
Blast soon as I spot somethin'
And when you fall
I know damn well I done shot somethin'
And I'm cleaning your brains
Off my windshield for frontin'
D-12 is
Your local weed sellers
Throwing pipe bombs in your church
To kill your elders
The men on bitches like tracks
You notice these
Banging clits and ovaries
Till they drop the sheets
Niggas'll die from these
Blows we inflict
You supposed to be in some shit
'cause you the underdog bitch
Chorus (x2)
[Bugz]
Bugz'll murder you
In less than a word or two
Bring the art of war to your door
Call me Sonny Zoo
Nigga don't be mad 'cause your broad is a trick
Always dialing 976-need-a-dick (bitch)
Niggas like you
I'm known to smack, stab, and spit on
Kick at, hit on, you hear me bitch? It's still on
Calling through my crib
Like your bout it with your shouts
Ain't you the same nigga
Who was crying on his couch
Apologize on site boy
If you like your life boy
(Yo Bugz, leave that nigga alone
You know he just a white boy)
Fuck that
I smack him off the wheels
And take his bleel
Or bought a royal mope
And destroy him with my steal
You pussy ass
How you figure it will linger
Take your bitch on Jenny Jones
Then beat your ass on Jerry Springer
Don't fuck with it
Or get your head split and mouth bruised
That's a promise
Fuck *Hal Shoes*

Chorus 'till fade

Visit [D12](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.