

## D12

# "Bring Our Boys"

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*[IQ]*

Your fakeness is atrocious  
post is deep in your hypnosis  
then focus  
roll this  
and smoke this  
like L's  
of that bomb-ass herb thats gaurenteed to rock bells  
a hiphop refugee like Praswell  
Travelin citys  
pimpin babblin biddys  
game trump tight and solidified  
comupterized  
to get rid of spies  
know what I do to guys  
shootin and spittin lies  
I'm banished in existdence  
vanishin any instences  
brandishin sentences  
proovin repentences  
the only way to see me, dont miss these  
me and my crew smoke so many trees that  
I piss leaves  
never\_my bitch please  
but keep smokin my system, roll blunts it's all tight  
on an off night  
I still smoke like exaust pipes  
and bust a universal flow  
and blow your wig back like niggas with toupe's  
drivin a convertable  
and further more  
I run the board  
your shit is played and the way you fell off you coulnt  
bounce  
back with a bungee cord

*[Chorus]*

Bring your boys in  
we can bring the noise in  
YOU DON'T WANNA FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN

*[repeat 4 times]*

*[Bizarre]*

My crew is like a maze  
put fear like ex-slaves  
who wanna step to this microphone and think that they  
brave  
dozen always startin the fuckin beef  
I don't care if your from Kansas I'm killin the fuckin  
chief  
back the fuck up I'm releasin my dumb-dumbs  
tell your whore stop pagin me 9 1 1  
I'm the star  
that they call Bizarre  
smokin blunts with Mel Far (??)  
in my brand new car  
\_wanna see me  
even if I was in Arizona I'd still request iced tea  
Bizarre don't give a shit about you  
on top of the mountain ain't nothin your bitch-ass crew  
can do  
sick emcee that they call Peter  
treat your crew like an unexpected meter

reader  
fuckin more shit than Howard Corsell  
Butt-fuckin Jassabells  
in nasty hotels

*[Chorus]*

*[Proof]*

How you think your crew sound compared to this  
it's the team that your entire clique scared to diss  
demandin attention when the glock sound  
y'all niggas to be murdered like Jeffery Daumer on lock  
down  
I'm brown like Bobby, pullin hoe's like whitney  
Take your title, kill your moms so you won't forget me  
lips sealed nigga I might blow important plots  
whoever fronts is gettin done like Micheal Jordan's  
pops  
sure I'm number one translator my fame dirty D  
y'all niggas gettin hung like this was 1933  
got word of me  
now flee  
cause you don't got a chance  
death is 3 easy steps so now we gotta dance  
so look away  
dont play  
with the style master  
I love killin beef so I kill a whole cow pasture  
lyrically I'm sick, ill everything but sober

my nickle plate pack the \_ jackin fool get fucked over

*[Eminem]*

Dirty Dozen is the clique so I ran over and lit cha  
ripped the ass right out ya pants like a Dovermin Pincha  
like the cobra and ninja  
my intentions to injure  
and prevent ya  
from enterin from the edge of my center  
or get your muthafuckin pants split at the creases  
fuckin you intelectually givin you menatly sexually  
transmited diseases  
my duty is to keep a strange abard (??)  
I guard my sector like a Saint Bernard  
and this ain't the yard  
Bringin the noise like a trigger happy gun slinger  
droppin your whole clique with one finger  
til none linger  
beware of my dogs attackin like a pack of Great Danes  
chargin like freight trains  
through the great plains

*[Chorus]*

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