

## D12

### "Dumpin'"

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[ Intro ] [ Eminem ]

Ayo, yo, this motherfucken Eminem, Dirty Dozen  
'Bout to show you how we set it when we come through  
Know what I'm sayin', word up, bitch motherfuckers  
better raise up  
y'all motherfuckers better raise up, ayo buss it

[ Verse 1 ] [ Eminem ]

Ayo, I'ma pit-bull terrier, triple darin' ya, scarin' ya with  
a derringer  
ready to make you wet like a Submariner, tearin' ya  
frame out with homicidal lines  
Bringin' the drama an the trauma to ya mama's vital  
signs (Blaw!)  
A verbal shot fired, this mic's been hot wired,  
uppercuts to your chin knockin' your snot skyward  
Rappers wanna be screenplay actors, so I'm givin' them  
spine fractures  
like linebackers on the Green Bay Packers, an roll over  
'em backwards  
Dirty Dozen, I'm someone you just don't wanna see like  
a nerdy cousin  
So keep your distance when I get this tense, you see  
my fist clench  
It's gonna be some bullets dispensed, you besta keep  
yo preescence fixed  
Your mistense, any resistance, get you voided like mis-  
prints  
You'll end up with no teeth left makin' a beef threat  
When I look up on your set, don't get it twisted like  
Keith Sweat

[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ]

When I get the bussin, you best be get to jumpin  
I'm touchin' somethin', fool I'm comin' through dumpin  
My beat's bumpin', you hear it thumpin', that oughta tell  
you somethin  
Bitch I'm comin' through dumpin

Bullets hit you, your heart stops pumpin', you blood  
starts clumpin  
I'm comin' through dumpin  
If you don't know you best make an assumption, I got  
you slumpin  
Fool I'm comin' through dumpin

[ Verse 2 ] [ Proof ]

A proven fact my pact got your whole team movin' back  
We never losin' slack, I paid dues in rap  
I'm runnin' crews my shoes are tapped  
My right is choosin' gats, my thugs ?-use ?-acks  
Relax an catch a contact, to an amusin' track, slugs  
dispatched  
On any street risen? mismatched  
My team'll get busy like rednecks on some 6 packs  
My fist crack the featherweight, my word's'll never  
break  
A clever snake'll be forever fake, let me get this  
cheddar straight  
Makin' dough is a part, so is the heart, my flow is the  
art  
Me an the mic Gomez like Lois & Clark  
Weapons concealed until death, now see 'em, my  
chrome shatter bones that lack calcium,  
Knockin' domes out the ballpark, your dawgs is all  
bark, plus you got a small heart  
Now save them corny lines for Hallmark  
I wanna the sunny days & money paid in they figures  
A microphone fiend an on my own team there's fake  
niggas  
Mum's they rocked the cradle, I spot the fable  
They made the shop an stable, with grass top the table  
The glock enable when I pop the fatal, phonies that I  
plot pre-natal wax  
The player haters never make it back  
I'm dumpin

[ Chorus ] [ Eminem ]

When I get the bussin, you best be get the jumpin  
I'm touchin' somethin', fool I'm comin' through dumpin  
My beat's bumpin', you hear it thumpin', that oughta tell  
you somethin  
Bitch I'm comin' through dumpin  
Bullets hit you, your heart stops pumpin', you blood  
starts clumpin  
I'm comin' through dumpin  
If you don't know you best make an assumption, I got  
you slumpin

I'm comin' through straight dumpin

[ Verse 3 ] [ B-Flat ]

Ayo, We don't say fat, we stay scroll? business  
The 3rd nigga on the mic, representin Rough  
Anopolies?  
Ain't shit stoppin' us, old school like Cold Crush  
Spice & dice MC's on the mic like cold cuts  
Live N direct, comin' straight from the debt? where  
niggas  
keep it real an make these girls panties wet  
I can't forget the D.J., he play, we say funky type of  
shit that make the crowd wanna flip  
We don't bust clips, guns is not in us, but when shit  
gets deep it's a must that we bust  
I'ma lay lead on the head, for afro's and fazaball  
head's all the way down to the dreads  
40's we drink, endo's we smoke, and the rims that we  
ride on, is true these are spokes, tries  
No ally the Micheals? but they don't live on ?Myers?  
Bitches pussy tight, here comes the dick pliers  
What's my name, call me siah, rewind on the mic like  
titty dancers on a fire  
When you hear my beats, kickin' live crowds jumpin',  
I'm comin' through dumpin

[ Chorus ] [ B-Flat ]

Other MC's like Doug-E-Fresh ain't sayin' nuttin  
Bitch nigga I'm comin' through dumpin  
Go to the church, ill have the dick an cold humpin  
Cause my shit be comin' through dumpin

[ Verse 4 ] [ Eye Kyu ]

When I'm lifted, don't quiz this it ain't worth it to risk it  
I'm quick with the gift & twice as swift with a biscuit  
Headed back to fresh off a niggas ass around  
Christmas  
They know it's what time of year, they be expectin' my  
visits  
Doin' Ninety on the encil, rushin' to get there to twist  
you niggas like a pretzel  
Blows come in three's like Godfather Trilogy  
I'm Michael Corleone with this mic, bitch y'all aint killin  
me  
Let me see some heads and make sure y'all feelin' me  
I'm stickin' you up for all props and y'all gone give 'em  
up willingly  
Rap is my life and that's why everyday i live it

Punchin' holes in the flow of wack rappers like a rivet  
mad nigga in here is bringin' drama this thick  
When they try to come up shorter than floods on a  
mdget  
Shiit, can ya dig it?

[ Chorus ] [ Eye Kyu ]

Crew comin' through with somethin  
Guaranteed to have your whole fucken block jumpin',  
we comin' through dumpin  
When we come, we got your knees crumblin', y'all  
niggas ain't sayin' nuttin  
Cause we comin dumpin  
What you talkin', nigga get to walkin', see ya bitch ass  
crew halkin  
But we goin' get to dumpin  
You don't want it, go ahead an back up of it, I'ma let  
you know how it is  
nigga's just be dumpin

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