

## D12

# "Everyone Has Been Shot"

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Chorus

Come on hit me with my best...

Come on hit me with my best...

Everyone Has Been Shot, Everyone Has Been Shot

Everyone Has Been Shot, Everyone Has Been Shot

Everyone Has Been Shot, Everyone Has Been Shot.

Come on hit me with my best

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Verse 1 [Bizarre]:

Proof died, what happened? Marshall stopped rappin'

I guess that makes me the captain, hit the mattress,  
pistol packin'

Sick assassin, bitch to gassin', get to mashin'

D-12 broke up, were you bitches askin'

Our clique relaxin' in the hills of Aspen, poppin' pills  
and Aspirin

And I'm the machine that brought Marshall back to life

Told him that my rhymes just have to be tight

So I figured that I would grab the mic

Like a nig\*a 'bout to rhyme right after Christ

Sometimes we get mad and fight, right back to the lab  
tonight

Grab an oath in the afterlife, that's only right

Living like a rock star is the only life

And we are, 6 grown men, who are old friends

My nig\*a Bugz, DeShaun Holton

All the way down, I'ma hold them, D-12 nig\*a, 'till the  
world end

Chorus

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Verse 2 [Swiftly]:

A lotta nig\*as try to underestimate me  
'Till I come back with vengeance and slice their trachea  
Y'all been placed on a contract for hatin'  
I'ma waste 'em, one by one, for taintin'  
Ability to kill a facility, I'm a sinner of Satan  
Fast as a child rapist facin'  
Life or trifle, Henny has made me in waitin'  
They gon' lock me up under the basement  
I'm a one man army, marine and navy  
You done made me angry  
I'm crazy, insane, and maybe  
I bite the face off your baby  
For anyone who try to diss Proof or Hailie  
I'ma break their Halo  
Put 'em on the reaper's payroll, erase them and hang  
their soul  
It ain't no hoes here, McVay s got a scroll  
With names on it, dipped in b\*ood, man I'm cold

Chours

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Verse 3 [Kuniva]:

I know you thought we were done, we rose up  
Got a gun to make your whole inside fold up  
And hit us with the best shot and we're still standin'  
So tell the world it can lick our scrotum  
Straight soldiers, who wanna stunt  
Who wanna be the fall guy, who want the punt  
Who wanna get fucked for lookin' at me sideways  
Every time I roll up I'ma keep it b\*unt  
Where did y'all run when we almost lost Marshall  
Y'all did it big like Costco  
And we back in this bitch like a tampon  
Still fuck dirty, Em's clean like a bar o' soap  
And you were so slick, on some baffoon shit  
My hand's on a sweeper, your was on a broomstick  
Stop lookin' all stupid, I'm rude and abusive  
And strapped, don't make me use it

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Verse 4 [Eminem]:

Aight, here's where I come in at...

I came in this game with, bad intentions,  
And I ain't budged, not even an inch since then  
I'm stubborn, evil, and insensitive  
I'm like nothing you ever seen, pencil in  
Hand, it's like I'm holding the insulin,  
So you might wanna button it like Benjamin  
I ain't frightened of nothing, I injure men  
Step right in this mark with my henchmen and  
Walk, straight to the stage,  
I ain't here to cause troub\*e, get the fuck out my face  
Fall back, little cocksucker, I ain't A&W  
Don't get your cold mugs in my way  
Get 'em? Shattered, fuckin' A  
Been this way since B.C., what can I say?  
I'm stuck in my ways like doub\*e stick tape  
Don't get turned to a vegetab\*e dick face  
You ain't Superman, stay in your lane, Lois  
D-12 spittin' flames like flamethrowers  
Spit 'til we get sprained jaws with metaphors  
That cut with the same force as chainsaws  
Hope you're coming with your A game,  
'Cause things have changed in this game, isn't the  
same game, boys  
The stakes have been raised, better make lemonade  
When they give you lemons, if they want us, let 'em aim  
for us

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