

## D12 "Get My Gun"

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*[Eminem]*

I'm gonna get my gun!

*[Eminem:]* This motherfucker wants to disrespect me?

*[Kon Artis:]* Em, Em, what the fuck you doing man?

*[Eminem:]* I got something for his ass.

*[Kon Artis:]* Calm Down

*[Eminem:]* No YOU Calm Down!

*[Kon Artis:]* Man. . what's you're problem?

*[Eminem:]* Fuck that! The motherfucker want's to pop  
shit to me!?

*[Kon Artis:]* Man, he wasn't poppin' shit.

*[Eminem:]* You heard him he was poppin' them shit

*[Kon Artis:]* What shit?

*[Eminem:]* That shit! You heard him!

*[Kon Artis:]* He asked for your autograph!

*[Swiftly McVay]*

A mass murderer pack burners to blast further then  
you can get

My shit be shooting threw bricks

I mix anything togetha, I done guillotine a \*\*\*\*\*

Keep it heated, I pop clips with 17 or betta

I'll be severin' heads, i'm in everyones nightmare

A \*\*\*\*\* that can never ever be scared of the feds

And the \*\*\*\*\*s that'll fuck with you

Stab and brass knuckle you

Then have you in the public, theres nothing that you  
can do

Enough with you're motherfucking tough talk, you're  
soft

Get you're balls blew off, from a sawdof , Fa' raw  
dawg?

Crazier then all yall , what you like the navy when i'm  
angry

You'll never catch me hanging in a lops car

All I have is thought of, breathing evil

Desert Eagle's will eat threw people

When I see you i'mma heat you're beef slow

Fuck being peaceful, the piece in the vehicle and. .

*[Chorus]*

*[Eminem]*

I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!  
This motherfucker's poppin' that shit  
Nah fuck that i'll be right back  
I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!  
Nah motherfucker fuck you  
You ain't disrespecting me like that  
I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!  
Walk to the room, sixteen shot clip  
Bitch how you like that?  
I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!  
Bet you ain't know that I'm strapped  
Nice one, bitch this is my gat  
I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!

*[Kuniva]*

I bring it to \*\*\*\*\*s looking as if they want trouble  
I send they body flippin' around like a stunt double  
Forget about the fighting, scrapping, squabing, buckin'  
I'll squeeze the piece you jumping, dodging, duckin'  
Squat under trucks and screaming "that \*\*\*\*\*'s  
bluffin'"  
I cuff my nuts while cussing "don't trust him"  
I round up Runyan, Dave, Wood and Nico  
My \*\*\*\*\* Big I and Mal' lettin' the heat blow  
Heat sleep hoes got in you're neepo  
'Cuz you keep shooting at me and missing like Shaq's  
free-throws  
You gotta hit a little closer if you wanna try  
Pistol whip a soldier, with a missle on his shoulders  
You can fold or blow ya' brick house into some tiny  
boulders  
A grimey older cab will leave you with a tiny odor  
I'm doggish, you feeling frogish, you leap bitch  
My car is right across the street bitch and . . (I'M  
GONNA GET MY GUN!)

*[Proof]*

My whole outfit count clips  
Get you're house lit the fuck up  
You're spouse shit, and you're mouse clip  
Betta' watch miscountliss, slugs imma send  
  
Watch you hollow when the hollow tips go threw you're  
skin  
I'm in love with the sin, tell Bugz i'mma see him  
When I cock back might put the door on you're friends  
Make a run, gotta him, bust a slug on his chin  
Ain't going no were like the drugs outta Kim  
I'm a psycho icon, a mightful might bomb  
Get a eye full of lid when I slight you're lights out

With a street cleaner, whipe you're life out  
Bullets know at you're ears, like a Tyson fight bout  
Fuck the night clout, guns, clips...(I'M GONNA GET MY...)  
Fuck that run bitch!  
Hit the streets talks, chumps don't know me  
?Aint no probably be home lonley?

*[Chorus fades to background music]*

*[Eminem]*

Dumbass motherfuckers allways gotta come to me with  
some dumb shit!  
. . .Fucking. . . I don't told this motherfucker. .  
Wassup bitch!? Autograph this!. . .oh shit  
(I'M GONNA GET MY GUN!)

I'm trying to pull the trigger but its stuck!...FUCK!  
My shit is all jammed up!...UGH!  
C'mon you cock-sucking, good-for-nothing, mother-  
fucking piece of shit, shoot...AH!  
Yeah!, wattup bitch!? say that shit again!  
Shot the bullet missed, hit a brick, bounced of it,  
ricocheted back in his shin  
Went threw his bitch on his way back, hit his friend  
Payback homie, don't play that shit is spin  
To be on I told you to leave this shit alone  
Or...(I'M GONNA GET MY GUN)  
And it's a shame i'm to drunk to even aim  
Denaun stept in the way and I shot him in his leg  
Its like . . .

*[Kon Artis]*

Bang, Bang, Bang, \*\*\*\*\* , Pow, Pow, Pow  
Everybody busting rounds like they "Ra',Ra',Ra'"  
But when you seee me in the street I be like wassup  
now?  
They bodyguard be stepping in trying to calm shit  
down (Chill out man)  
Fuck that I got a bone to pick  
You said it then have settle like some grown man shit  
Then me and you could talk about our problems  
couldn't we?  
Shoot a fair one and handled this situation seriously  
I guess not, you wanna' resort to the heater  
So I gotta grab my Mac and my Uzi and my Nina  
Step in between us and get shot  
?But get seperated with the squeaza?  
You aint ready for war, Runyan ain't nothing to play  
with!

*[Chorus]*

*[Bizarre]*

Walk to Rite-Aid for a can of spaghetti  
Its been one hour and bitch my photo's aint ready  
Picture's of my dog and my family reunion  
It's been two hours and my fucking days ruined  
Hey "Kate" do you wanna get raped?  
Have my pictures on fucking Philips 38  
That's why I don't be fucking battle rapping  
'Cuz everytime I loose, this is what the fuck happens  
(Gun shots)  
Back to these pictures I was trying to get developed  
This man tried to get in front of me, I wouldn't let him  
I'm ready to blow this bitches brains out  
I'm nervous, I farted, some shit came out  
Times up, shot her with a gun  
Got on my cell phone and called Rev. Run  
And all this crazy shit I, regret it. . .  
All because I wanted to see Elton John naked

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