

## D12

# "Keep Talkin (Bonus Track)"

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Yeah, Detroit, motherfucka  
DJ Green Lantern  
D12, we ain't goin' nowhere  
We still smokin' crack nigga, let 'em know

Bitch, keep talkin', keep on poppin' off  
Flip them jaws because we ain't stoppin'  
We ain't got to prove shit to y'all  
So all y'all can lick the balls and keep walkin'

Keep on poppin' that shit you poppin'  
'Cause we ain't stoppin' 'cause you ain't stoppin' us  
We ain't got to prove shit to y'all  
So all y'all can lick the balls and keep walkin'

Yo, the Derelict's back, I'm blazin' niggaz  
While they up in the Sheraton, 'laxed, I even sold my  
therapist crack  
You niggaz is bitches, straight up, I'm bearin' the facts  
I love pussy with all my heart but I married to gats

And nigga, I'm top pedigree, so don't play with me  
I'll blow your tattoos all over your baby seat  
Kids and all get hit, peers and all  
The Mossberg'll take your back, liver, ribs and all

Kuniva's a street talker, heat sparker to beef starter  
Packin' guns when I'm sleepwalkin', talk, bitch keep  
talkin'  
Throwin' firebombs down your chimney  
While you're eating at Wendy's, I'm in your bushes  
cockin' a semi

Knife with the hands, never bow down to another man  
I was poppin' guns while you was still poppin' some  
rubber bands  
Smother your clan, sever your hand and your legs  
And mail your brother your heart and send your mother  
your head

I'm the only one, you bitch, that touch ya, type of  
brother

That'll fuck your mother wit a fishnet rubber  
A belligerent and rowdy motherfucka  
That'll dump your body and still fly away to Maui on  
Atella

When it comes to beefin', it ain't no explainin'  
I change your language with a stainless  
I'm contained wit an anguish to leave you famous  
I'm a deranged pit, I lift an AK to paint your face with

Niggaz don't say shit, fuck your hype man  
If there's a bystander standin' by, I'm firin' at cha  
'Cause I can, you get squashed like pop cans  
I'll be shooting 7Up in your mouth, man

I'm about to sell your mama bud and lace it  
So when she fire it up she coughin' blood, I love to see  
'em wasted  
I'm made to behave in this case  
You try to be brave in a rage, your legs will be replaced

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Bizzy, come on, I ain't here to talk about Benzino or Ja  
Rule  
I'm here to talk about Lil' Ray Ray and what I'ma do  
Sorry, I ain't gonna mention it, he'd probably sue  
Next week, this shit'll be out on DJ Clue

The first time I had sex, a dirty mattress  
No condom, my grandmother, bent over backwards  
Bizarre been fuckin' raw all summer  
Let's make a trade, my wife for your brother

Psych, I'm not bisexual  
I'm an intellectual, transsexual with one testicle  
And I ain't sayin' shit 'cause it rhyme  
I got colon cancer, I'm dyin'

Yeah, yeah, rest in peace Jam Master Jay  
2 Pac and Notorious Big, c'mon  
I'm widely the best, God in the flesh  
Blow your heart out of your chest

And your chest out of your vest

Leave your body a mess, streets bloody as hell  
Study my 12, I cut him he fell  
A druggie on bail, nutty as well  
With search light bud he revealed, dead or in jail  
They're headed for hell

Together with bells and blonde guy, get your lungs  
hard  
Leave you full of holes like Sponge Bob  
We can take this from your front door to your CEO  
office  
Got the key to your coffin, so bitch keep talkin'  
Leavin' your office, we takin' over or get China White  
Mixed with baking soda, ya hear me, get crack

Fuckin' crack heads!  
And this is just mix tape shit, you fuckin' morons  
This ain't brains over brawn  
This is bullies over fuckin' pussies, come on

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