

## **D12 & Eminem "Pistol Pistol"**

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Yeah, welcome to Amityville  
Detroit, nigga!  
The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols  
Why is that? Ha ha ha!

Slick criminal wit, the shit I spit chews  
Like a bullet came back that just missed and hit you  
I say the type of shit parents slit their wrists to  
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to

Too many enemies on my list to sift through  
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this two  
Sorry officer, I don't care how pissed I get you  
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

Nigga, we violently active, so fuck with us  
See I'm backwards, I slap niggas and punch bitches  
Just for asking, they must've been wanting to meet the  
Lord  
When my parents talk to me they've got mean mugs  
and ignore

They were snooping through my closet, seen drugs on  
the floor  
Shells from the forty-four scattered over their porch  
Bustin' pistols in your windows with intentions to  
destroy you  
Trying to break your neck to conversate? Bitch, I'll do it  
for you

Catch me laughing at your funeral when they lower  
you, you and your ho  
You gots to go, bitches died slow and horrible  
There's no tomorrow for any nigga, we'll shower you  
We're young, black, and powerful and I ain't gotta lie to  
you

Stepped in the door waving the four-four  
Blazing at po-po, escaping and lay low  
They call my tongue yayo, but I spit fire  
I lit five inside a fucking dick rider

The clip slider, love to blast a Mag, you're a fag  
You love being ass to ass  
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat spank ya  
Never say that I'm a gangsta, now that's gangsta

Y'all niggas sound like Jigga but act like Pac  
Yo, my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough  
It ain't nothing to tell, empty shells for the witness  
I'm the hot nigga that's gonna put hell outta business

It won't be the same since we touching the game  
Make the hardest nigga in your crew tuck in his chain  
You think this shit's a game and I'm bluffing for fame?  
I'll squeeze off this tech until nothing remains

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The only time that I'm at peace is when I'm close to one  
'Cause I don't know what's waiting for me when my  
vocals are done  
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works  
These cowardly niggas'll put your fucking life in the dirt

'Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was  
priceless  
Alone in the streets, bleeding, staring, laying lifeless  
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts  
creepin'  
Waking you up with AKs while you lie sleeping

I'd rather pack the heat and not need it  
Tather than need one and not have it  
I married this Glock-matic  
[Incomprehensible]

You know the sound when I'm spinnin' round  
Spittin' these rounds from fo' pounds  
While the whole crowd is screaming as loud  
From they're mouths as they possibly allow

Nothing is parallel to making you carousel  
Arial sommersault from ferris wheels to a pair of shells  
Denaun carry the nine where I go

Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shooting at five-0

Some semi-automatic for static's the motto  
Spitting like from Colorado

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This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock  
It'll make Jehova's Witnesses think before they knock  
It'll make your grandmother come out of her hearse  
It'll make Limp Bizkit get rid of Fred Durst

It'll make Holyfield start fighting  
It'll make Mase say, "Fuck church!" and go back to  
writing  
It'll make Shyne say he sound like Biggie Smalls  
It'll make R. Kelly give respect to Aaron Hall

It'll make Christopher Reeve start walking  
it'll make a dog with no voice suddenly start barking  
It'll make a nun turn into a filthy slut  
It'll make the hardest pitbull turn into a fucking mutt

It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde  
It'll make a redneck start to read the Holy Koran  
It'll make Ike stop beating Tina  
It'll make Slim Shady fall back in love with Christina

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Ha, nigga, nigga, nigga! You better have an aim  
'Cause if you don't, you're finished, flat out, nigga,  
nigga, nigga  
What? Fuck around and get popped with no hesitation,  
straight up

Look who the fuck we stay at  
Nigga, what where the fuck we stay at  
Fuck around with us, you get popped  
Fuck, you get popped

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