

D12 Feat. Obie Trice "Loyalty"

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Whoa, yeah, ahh, motherfucker's think they know us
Guess whos back? D-Twizze, O-Twizzie
Doc-Twizzie, Shady-Twizzie, slash Aftermath
Fiftycent, G Unit, here we go, free yayo
Mutha'fucker, Benzino, they don't know we finna' blow
Someone betta' tell them so

You don't me, McVay and I doubt if you understand me
Why would I give a fuck about you if we ain't family?
I roll with a chosen few and those of you that's behind
me
Witness the most potest' ferocious niggaz that rhyme

These bitches turn they back on you, actin' like they
ain't did shit
When you rappin', never mix business up with your
friendship
If you lackin' up in this jungle, then what you breathe
fo'?
Niggaz's don't love you, you got habits of breaking
street codes

Far as static, I automatically get medieval
When I'm after people, then I'll explode you bitches
with C-4
These hoe's, have no insurance, bodies get repo'
Making you vanish even when we ain't got our heat
close

Keepin' .44's, where your hoes are swallowing deep
throat
If you owe me dough then you know you falling asleep,
close
Niggaz pupils that's what I do, I'm foolish will shoot you
Cuz' I'm coo-coo but I don't think niggaz be takin' heat
tho'

See, I'm a man and a man gon' do what he gotta do
And he ain't really family if he ain't loyal to you
If they was really soldiers then they would do what we
do
And be loyal to crew and crew was loyal to you

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I don't give a fuck, I'm quick to blaze chronic
Smoke on so much green, use twelves and supa-sonic
Bizarre pack guns and knives, put to dick to 'Nuns and
Wifes
Now who the fuck want to fight?

Ain't nobody fucking with me, ain't nobody fucking with
the D'
They get beat like a M P
You heard about Bizarre taking all them drugs
You heard about Proof wil'ing in the clubs

You heard about that nine that Eminem packs
You diss us, you get you're fucking face cracked
I'm from 7 Mile and stout, I'll shoot up your house
Next day, I'll pee in your mouth

Aiyyo, loyalty's first, all the bullshit second
I showed you on the record, Cheers to who respect it
Most of these niggaz neglect it
Even though it's a known method

From the hectic hood that you slept in
You wanna' be an exception
That's when the weapon is leaving, you're half stepping
With that 'caine in your left hand

Obie from a section that'll stain up your flesh
And have you on bare breast
Questionin' your affection for streets
D-Twizzie no question

One of the best groups that done it
And Obie is their reflection
Lil' homey that know sowly that loyalty is reekin'
D-Twizzie fo' life, Obie Trice is second

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Which one of you niggaz wanna' be 'Boltion' bump
heads
When I got a passion for clappin' with one hand
Talent's on my roster, this mobster's in dump land
Send a gangsta to sleep, two by two like bunk beds

Never leave the crib without packing my black burner
On some T. Ali rapper to merk a have murda
Incorporated, Hitman Herry is at your service
Reach for me one more gain' and that's closed

For life as D12, no ice and spree wells
Every night that I chill in, and I fight by free-will
Knowing I can be killed
Leaving my group, pieces of proof with a reason to
shoot

And a license to ill
We lost Bugz and I'll be damed if we lose another man
from our clan
Without forcing our hand
Estorting your family, I'll torture your granny
For my nigga's, I'm on your motherfucking porch with a
'Cammy

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Yo, it's funny how niggaz get caught along and get
bombed on
Knocking teeth in back of your throat and break your
jaw bone
I'm on ignorant shit, these niggaz is bitch
Pass me a cigarette quick, shit is finna' get thick

Yo' man, I'll get split by a brutal and critical hit
With identical dent or bullets with identical prints

I'm wishing you if you come, your Lutenints a snitch
You teminant fick and we know you ain't finna' do shit

I'll stick with my clique, The Kon Artis Bomb Artist
Kuniva The Rida', shooting through your fucking Long
John garmets
Dirty Dozen, we deep in the street
Unbelievable heat, we'll even lay you out in front of the
chief of police
Muthafucker'

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Yeah, D-Twizzie, D12, Dirty Dozen
Nothing but family up in this motherfucker
Loyal to everything that we do
You ain't neva' gonna' catch none of us slippin' by
ourself

'Cuz we always together
You know what I'm sayin'
Y'all niggaz don't know what family means
Bugz watching over our ass

That's why we still alive know
Knockin' y'all niggaz outta the clubs and shit
Haha, Runyan Av. Baby, Shady Records
Where yo' mamma at nigga?

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