

Eminem

"1 Shot 2 Shot"

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I told ya'll mothafuckas I was comin' back
(Oh shit)
What now nigga, what now?
(What are you doin'?)
What?
Proof, the projects, nigga

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is
gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor,
music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin'
shots off

Security's gone I'm dropped in the club
And I'm tryna run and get my muthafuckin' gun
(Nigga, what about your wife?)
Nigga fuck my wife, I'm tryin' ta run and save my
muthafuckin' life
Oh shit, the shooter's comin'

Bitches hollerin', niggas runnin', people shot all over
the floor
And I'm tryin' ta make it to the St. Andrew's door
That's the sound of the glock
Even DJ House fucked around and got shot
I done messed around and forgot my tec
I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex

(Kuniva you awright)
These niggas is trippin'
(Where's Bizarre at?)
I'm tryna slip through the exit and get to where my car
is at
Bitches screamin' everywhere and niggas is wildin'
Two minutes ago we was all jokin' and smilin'

This chick is clingin' onto me sobbin' and sighin'
Sayin' she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she cryin'
But it's real and it's on and cats is gettin' killed
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
And she got hit now she's yellin'

(Don't leave me)

I told her I'd be right back and the dumb bitch believed me

I squeezed through the back door and made my escape

I ran and got my 38, I hope it's not too late

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots

This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off

Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

(I been tryna call you all day, mothafucka, where you at?)

I'm on seven mile, what the fuck was that

Damn somebody hit me from the back

(With they car?)

With a gat nigga and my tire flat

And I just hit a pole, them niggas some hoes

(Is you hit?)

I don't know but I can tell you what they drove

It was a black Mitsubishi

(Shit, that's the clique we beefin' wit)

Man and I was on my way there

Believe me I'm leavin' a caucus today

I'ma park my car and walk the rest of the way

I'm in the mood to strut, my AK ain't even tucked

I'ma meet you at the club, we gon' fuck these hoes up

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots

This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off

Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

I never seen no shit like this is my life before

People are still camped out from the night before

Sleepin' outside the door waitin' in line

Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform

The fire marshalls know, the venue's too small

People are wall to wall, three thousand and some odd fans

And some cum-wad from out the parkin' lot

Gets in an argument over a parkin' spot

Decides to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off

Missed who he's aimin' for six feet away's the door
Into St. Andrew's hall, now the strays flyin' all over the
place

Sprays one bitch in the face, another one of 'em came
through the wall

Before anyone could even hear the first shot go off

I'm posted up at the bar havin' a mazel tov
Bullet wizzed right by my ear damn near shot it off
Thank God I'm alive, I gotta find Denaun
And where the fuck is Von, he usually tucks one on him

Wait a minute I think I just saw Bizarre
No, I guess not, what the fuck, oh my God it was
I never saw him run so fast in my life
Look at him haulin' ass, I think he left his wife

There she is on the ground bein' trampled
I go to grab her up by the damn hand but I can't pull her
Goddamn, there just went another damn bullet, I'm hit
My vest is barely able to handle it, it's too thin
If I get hit again I can't do it, I scoop deep
Follow Bizarre's path ran through it

And made it to the front door and collapsed on the
steps
Looked up and I seen Swift shootin' it out
But I can't see who he's shootin' it out with
But Denaun's right behind him squeezin' his four fifth

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It's Friday night came to this bitch, right
Big ass to my left and Desert Eagle to my right
I ain't come in this bitch to party, I came in this bitch to
fight
Although I can't stay here to fight 'cuz I'm poppin'
niggas tonight

That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge
Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryna check when I get in
Swift told me to meet him here so it's clear that the
schmuck that
Shot out the back of his truck is up in this mothafucka

So one shot for the money, two's to stop the show
Third's for the bartender
(There's plenty of shots to go)
(I just wanna know who's drivin' a black Mitsubishi)
He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee wit a three
piece

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