

Eminem

"Dumpin'"

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Intro (Eminem):

Ayo, yo, this motherfucken Eminem, Dirty Dozen,
'Bout to show you how we set it when we come through,
Know what I'm sayin', word up, bitch motherfuckers
better raise up,
y'all motherfuckers better raise up, ayo buss it

Verse 1 (Eminem):

Ayo
I'ma pit-bull terrier, triple darin' ya, scarin' ya with a
derringer,
ready to make you wet like a Submariner, tearin' ya
frame out with homicidal lines
Bringin' the drama an the trauma to ya mama's vital
signs (Blaw!)
A verbal shot fired, this mic's been hot wired,
uppercuts to your chin knockin' your snot skyward
Rappers wanna be screenplay actors, so I'm givin' them
spine fractures,
like linebackers on the Green Bay Packers, an roll over
'em backwards
Dirty Dozen, I'm someone you just don't wanna see like
a nerdy cousin
So keep your distance when I get this tense, you see
my fist clench
It's gonna be some bullets dispensed, you besta keep
yo premeditation fixed
Your mistense, any resistance, get you voided like mis-
prints
You'll end up with no teeth left makin' a beef threat
When I look up on your set, don't get it twisted like
Keith Sweat

Chorus (Eminem):

When I get the bussin, you best be get to jumpin'
I'm touchin' somethin', fool I'm comin' through dumpin'
My beat's bumpin', you hear it thumpin', that oughta tell
you somethin'
Bitch I'm comin' through dumpin'
Bullets hit you, your heart stops pumpin', you blood
starts clumpin'

I'm comin' through dumpin'
If you don't know you best make an assumption, I got
you slumpin'
Fool I'm comin' through dumpin'

Verse 2 (Proof):

A proven fact my pact got your whole team movin' back
We never losin' slack, I paid dues in rap
I'm runnin' crews my shoes are tapped
My right is choosin' gats, my thugs ?-use ?-acks
Relax an catch a contact, to an amusin' track, slugs
dispatched
On any street risen? mismatched
My team'll get busy like rednecks on some 6 packs
My fist crack the featherweight, my word's'll never
break
A clever snake'll be forever fake, let me get this
cheddar straight
Makin' dough is a part, so is the heart, my flow is the
art
Me an the mic Gomez like Lois & Clark
Weapons concealed until death, now see 'em, my
chrome shatter bones that lack calcium,
Knockin' domes out the ballpark, your dawgs is all
bark, plus you got a small heart
Now save them corny lines for Hallmark
I wanna the sunny days & money paid in they figures
A microphone fiend an on my own team there's fake
nigga's
Mum's they rocked the cradle, I spot the fable
They made the shop an stable, with grass top the table
The glock enable when I pop the fatal, phonies that I
plot pre-natal wax
The player haters never make it back
I'm dumpin'

Chorus (Eminem):

When I get the bussin, you best be get the jumpin'
I'm touchin' somethin', fool I'm comin' through dumpin'
My beat's bumpin', you hear it thumpin', that oughta tell
you somethin'
Bitch I'm comin' through dumpin'
Bullets hit you, your heart stops pumpin', you blood
starts clumpin'
I'm comin' through dumpin'
If you don't know you best make an assumption, I got
you slumpin'
I'm comin' through straight dumpin'

Verse 3 (B-Flat):

Ayo

We don't say fat, we stay scroll? bizness
The 3rd nigger on the mic, representin Rough
Anopolies?
Ain't shit stoppin' us, old school like Cold Crush
Spice & dice MC's on the mic like cold cuts
Live N direct, comin' straight from the debt? where
nigga's
keep it real an make these girls panties wet
I can't forget the D.J., he play, we say funky type of
shit that make the crowd wanna flip
We don't bust clips, guns is not in us, but when shit
gets deep it's a must that we bust
I'ma lay lead on the head, for afro's and fazaball
head's all the way down to the dreads
40's we drink, endo's we smoke, and the rims that we
ride on, is true these are spokes, tryes
No ally the Micheals? but they don't live on ?Myers?
Bitches pussy tight, here comes the dick pliers
What's my name, call me siah, rewind on the mic like
titty dancers on a fire
When you hear my beats, kickin' live crowds jumpin',
I'm comin' through dumpin

Chorus (B-Flat):

Other MC's like Doug-E-Fresh ain't sayin' nuttin
Bitch nigga I'm comin' through dumpin'
Go to the church, ill have the dick an cold humpin'
Cause my shit be comin' through dumpin'

Verse 4 (Eye Kyu):

When I'm lifted, don't quiz this it ain't worth it to risk it
I'm quick with the gift & twice as swift with a biscuit
Headed back to fresh off a nigga's ass around
Christmas
They know it's what time of year, they be expectin' my
visits
Doin' Ninety on the encil, rushin' to get there to twist
you nigga's like a pretzel
Blows come in three's like Godfather Trilogy
I'm Michael Corleone with this mic, bitch y'all aint killin
me
Let me see some heads and make sure y'all feelin' me
I'm stickin' you up for all props and y'all gone give 'em
up willingly
Rap is my life and that's why everyday i live it
Punchin' holes in the flow of wack rappers like a rivet
mad nigga's in here is bringin' drama this thick
When they try to come up shorter than floods on a
mdget
Shiit, can ya dig it?

Chorus (Eye Kyu):

Crew comin' through with somethin'

Guaranteed to have your whole fucken block jumpin',
we comin' through dumpin'

When we come, we got your knees crumblin', y'all
nigga's ain't sayin' nuttin'

Cause we comin dumpin'

What you talkin', nigga get to walkin', see ya bitch ass
crew halkin'

But we goin' get to dumpin'

You don't want it, go ahead an back up of it, I'ma let
you know how it is

nigga's just be dumpin

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