

Eminem & D12

"Keep Talkin"

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Yeah, Detroit, motherfucka
DJ Green Lantern, D-12, 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
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Come on, 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 a gat

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 Mosberg'll take your back, liver, ribs and all

Kuniva's a street talker, heat sparker to beef starter
Packin' guns when I'm sleepwalkin', bitch, keep talkin'
Throw a firebomb 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 left 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 you, you'll probably sue
Next week, this shit'll be out on DJ Clue
(Exclusive)

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
(One nut)
And I ain't sayin' shit 'cause it rhyme
I got colon cancer, I'm dyin'

Yayiyay, rest in peace, Jam Master Jay
2-Pac and Notorious B.I.G., 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 Spongebob

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 Chyna White mixed with baking soda
Ya hear me, get crack

Fuckin' crackheads
And this is just mixtape shit, you fuckin' morons
This ain't brains over brawn
This is bullies over fuckin' pussies, come on

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