

Eminem & D12

"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 gotta 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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