

Eminem & D12

"Words Are Weapons"

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Y'knahmean shout to Shady Records
My man Eminem, D-12, Paul Rosenberg
Shout to Jimmy Iovine, Steve Stoute
Funk Flex, 60 Minutes of fuckin' funk nigga, 'Volume
Four One'

My words are weapons
I use 'em to crush my opponents
My words are weapons
I never show no emotion
My words are weapons
I use 'em to kill whoever's steppin' to me
My words are like weaponry on a record

My words are weapons
I use 'em to crush my opponents
These words are weapons
I never did show no emotion
My words are weapons
I use 'em to kill whoever's steppin' to me
My words are like weaponry on a record

Yo, the rage I release on a page
Is like a demon unleashed in a cage
Lunatic, soon as I hit the stage
My mind is like a fuckin' stick of dynamite

Once I get behind the mic
It's like the wick is lit you bitches die tonight
My nine is like a guidin' light at night shinin' bright
My fuckin' grip is tighter than my wife's vagina, psych

These cock-suckin' cops got my Smith-N-Wesson
I guess it's time to pick a different weapon, man the
shit's depressin'
But Swift is getting me a new one for a Christmas
present
(Come on Slim, let's go and teach this fuckin' bitch a
lesson)
They managed to confiscate the pistol that I brandish
But my plan is to use this bullshit to my advantage

Shady stay creative baby, hold your head up, don't you
let up
One bit on these motherfuckin' suckers you're a soldier
Get up stand up for what you believe in, long as you
breathin'
They jealous of you man, that's the only reason they
beefin'

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It's that Dirty Dozen renegade
You done pulled the pin out my grenade
.38'sll move your shit up out the way
You niggas won't forget about McVeigh
You got somethin to say?

Let it out today or watch these bullets spray
From these ten black fingers huggin' these deadly
millimeters
That'll make Jeff Dahmer's look like he caught a
misdemeanor
See I'm Dirty, so I ain't gotta buy a pistol cleaner
An official beater, don't let me see you with yo' heater

You gets whipped with it, tell them motherfuckers Swift
did it
You packin' somethin' special in your crib then bitch get
it
I'm physically fitted to run yo' digits, I'm hostile
(Uh-huh)
With this Roscoe pointed up your nostrils

You get splitted and guess what, I'm blowin' up the
hospital
And wouldn't give a fuck if you a cop or a hoe
I'm Hannibal Lector, the spinal cord disconnecter
Findin' whores to lock 'em up in motels to inject 'em

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I'm eatin' crews like I'm Hannibal
There's no way I can be the gay rapper
(Why not?)
I only fuck animals
(Oh)

Stupid trick got my dick startin' to itch
Went to my mother's grave site, called her a stupid
bitch
One on one in this bloodsport
I'm in divorce court, sold my bitch off a pack of
Newports

(Your honor)
Six times I been arrested, how would you feel
If you was a Jehovah witness that always got molested?
(It happens)
I'm smokin' dank, drikin' drank
I can't have any kids 'cause I'm fuckin' shootin' blanks

Don't you know Bizarre don't give a fuck?
Nicole's a whore, I'm glad O.J. murdered the slut
(Uh)
Responsibility, I'm negligent
Bill Clinton's a fag, should be stabbed

Let Richard Simmons be the President
(Ohh, hey)
Call me a weirdo, call me Bi-zarre
While I stick it up yo' ass while you shittin' diarrhea

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Yo

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