

Etta James

"One Shot 2 Shot"

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{*gun shots, crowd screaming*}
I told y'all motherfuckers I was comin back (oh shit)
What now nigga, what now? What? Brewster Projects
nigga

[Chorus: Eminem]
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

[Bizarre]
Security's gone, I'm trapped in the club
And I'm tryin to run and get my motherfuckin gun
(Nigga what about yo' wife?) Nigga fuck my wife
I'm tryin to run and save my motherfuckin life
Oh, shit! The shooter's comin
Bitches hollerin, niggaz runnin
People, shot all over the floor
And I'm tryin to make it to the St. Andrew's door
{hey man} {*chk-chk-BOOM*} That's the sound of the
glock
Even DJ Houseshoes fucked around and got shot
I done messed around, and forget my tec
I don't see nobody, but Fat Five and Hex

[Eminem] Kuniva you aight?
[Kuniva] These niggaz is trippin
[Eminem] Where's Bizarre at?

[Kuniva]
I'm tryin to slip through the exit and get to where my
car is at
Bitches screamin everywhere and niggaz is whylin
Two minutes ago we was all jokin and smilin
This chick is clingin on to 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 caps is gettin peeled
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
and
{*blam* AHH!} She got hit and 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!

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis] I been tryin to call you all day motherfucker where you at?

[Swiftly Mc] I'm on 7 Mile { *gunfire* } what the fuck was that?

[Swiftly Mc] { *gunfire* } Damn, somebody hit me from the back!

[Kon Artis] What with they car?

[Swiftly Mc] With a gat nigga, and my tire flat

[Swiftly Mc] { *crash* } And I just hit a pole, them niggaz some hoes

[Kon Artis] Is you hit?

[Swiftly Mc] I don't know, but I can tell you what they drove

[Swiftly Mc] It was a black Mitsubishi

[Kon Artis] Shit, that's the click we beefin with

[Swiftly Mc] Maaaaan!

[Kon Artis] I swear

[Swiftly McVey]

And I was on my way there

Believe me, I'm leavin a carcass today

And 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!

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

I never seen no shit like this in my life before

People are still camped out from the night before

Sleepin outside the door, waitin in line still

tryin to get inside the club to see D-12 perform

The fire marshalls know, the venue's too small

People are wall to wall, three thousand and some odd fans and some cumwad from out the parking lot

Gets in an argument over a parking spot

Decides to pull his gun and lets a few of them off

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

Grazed 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 mazeltov
Bullet whizzed 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
Nah 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
{*blam*} God damn, 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 D, 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

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

Yo, it's a Friday night, came to this bitch right
Big ass on my left, hand Desert Eagle in 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 cause I'm poppin
niggaz tonight
That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge
Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryin to 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
motherfucker
So one shot for the money, two is to stop the show
The third's for the bartender (bitch bring me a bottle of
Mo')
I just wanna know who drivin the black Mitsubishi?
He tried to run, so Proof shot him in the knee with a
three-piece

[Chorus]

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