

Flaw

"Bring Our Boys"

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[Bizarre]

Emceeeeeeeees.. RUN!
Or get hit with my, verbal, gun!
This mic weighs a ton!
Dozen battles for fun..
I'll disrespect you, and your crew
Here comes MC.. IQ!

[IQ]

Yo' fakeness is atrocious, post this, deep in yo'
hypnosis
Then focus, roll this and smoke this
like L's of that bomb-ass herb that's guaranteed to rock
bells
A hip-hop ReFugee like Prazwell; travellin cities pimpin
babblin biddies game trump tight to solidify
Computerized to get rid of spies - know what I do to
guys
shootin and spittin lies? I'm banishin existance
Just vanish any instances, brandishin sentences
Provin repentence is the only way to see me, don't miss
these
Me and my crew smoke so many trees that I piss leaves
Never bammer bitch please, but keep smoke in my
system
Roll blunts, it's all tight, on a off night
I still smoke like exhaust pipes
and bust a universal flow to blow your wig back
Like niggaz with toupees, drivin a convertible
And furthermore I run the board; yo' shit is played
And the way you fell off you couldn't bounce back with
a bungee cord

[Chorus 4X: Bizarre]

Bring your boys and, we can bring the noise and
YOU DON'T WANNA FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN!

[Bizarre]

My crew is like amazed, put in fear like ex-slaves
Who wanna step to this microphone and think that they
BRAVE?

Dozen always startin the fuckin beef
I don't give a fuck if you from Kansas, I'm still the
fuckin +CHIEF+
Back the fuck up I'm releasin my dum-dums
Tell your whore stop pagin me, 9-1-1
I'm a star that they call Bizarre
Smokin blunts with Mel Farr in my brand new car
The nigga (?) write rhyme wanna see me
If I was in Arizona, I'd still request iced tea
Bizarre don't give a shit about you
On top of the mountain - ain't nuttin your bitch-ass crew
can do
Sick MC that they call Peter
Treat your crew like an unexpected, meter reader
Talkin more shit than Howard Cosell
Butt-fuckin Jezebels in nasty hotels

[Chorus]

[Proof]

How you think yo' crew sound, compared to this?
It's the team that yo' entire clique scared to diss
Demandin, attentions when the glock sound
Y'all niggaz to be murdered like Jeffery Dahmer's on
lock down
I'm Brown like Bobby, pullin hoes like Whitney
Take your title kill your moms - so you won't forget me
Lips sealed; nigga, I might blow important plots
Whoever front is gettin done like Michael Jordan pops
Yo I'm number one translator, mic famed Dirty D
Y'all niggaz gettin hung like this was 1933
Got word of me now flee, cause you ain't got a chance
Death is three easy steps so now we gotta dance
So look away don't play with the style master
I love killin beef, so I kill a whole cow pasture
Lyrically I'm sick ill, everything but sober
Ny nickel-plate, pack the disc-tray
Jack and fool get fucked over - BRING IT!

[Eminem]

Dirty Dozen is the clique so walk right over and lynch ya
Rip the ass right out ya pants like a Doberman Pinscher
Like the Cobra and Ninja, my intention's to injure
And prevent ya from enterin from an inch of my center
Or get your motherfuckin pants split at the creases
Fuckin you intellectually;
givin you mental sexually transmitted diseases
My duty is to keep a stranger barred
I guard my sector like a Saint Bernard, and this ain't
the yard
Bringin the noise like a trigger happy gun slinger

Droppin your whole clique with one finger 'til none
linger
Beware of my dogs attackin like a pack of Great Danes
Chargin like freight trains through the great plains

[Chorus]

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