

D-12**"12 - Get The Dick"**

Visit "[12 - Get The Dick](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

d

[Hook]

Them niggas tried to rob me
Could get the dick
All them bitches tried to play me
You could my the dick
Niggas tried to jump D
You could get my dick
I'm gon' bang when I see you
So get my dick

[Chorus]

Have you ever seen a show
With fellas on the mic
With one minute rhymes
That don't come out right?
They bite
They never right
That's not polite

[Young Zee]

I got great skills
And if my record sells eight mil'
I'ma still smoke weed, get dusted
Get drunk and take pills
Fast gun play
Gon' get you blast one day
Fuckin' with Zee
It be today motherfucker
Look like a sitcom for no brain
We bum a loop
Jettin' from Roscoe Peco train
Slip a tab and mushrooms in my coffee
With half a forty
Feel like the wall's moving towards me
Ya, till I die from old age
I'll be pulling girls up to suck my dick
Right on stage
So stop talking
Get them old jellies walking
'Fore I call Pace celly walkman

Tell him y'all been
Acting iffy
And it's really starting to piss me
And like popcorn, my niggas be here in a jiffy
With all the mac 10's set beside me
I gon' start wylin' and kill everybody

[Hook]

Tell your fronting ass bitch
To get the dick
And to you booty ass label
To get my dick
To you corny ass rappers
Get my dick
To all you motherfuckers
Get my dick

[Chorus]

Have you ever seen a show
With niggas on the mic
With one minute rhymes
That don't come out right?
They bite
They never right
That's not polite

[Pace Won]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Pace Won, Mr. Perfect
Take a warm shower
Make a condo out of saw powder
Make the sunny clips at the born hour
I'm a wizard at this shit
Like Jowahn Howard
Put my gun up in the ass of crews
And start to spray
Time to pay massive dues
So I take MC's that pass the rules
And fly 'em into space like NASA do
I'm the weed lover
Go in deep cover
Tricking these goofy ass hoes
I need rubbers
Your favorite nucka flow butter
Niggas get mobbed
Leave with their clothes cut up
"When you come?" is what they asking me
You fresh to No Limit like Master P
I be keeping shit milky like cask and cream
Pace Won, lace blunts, get a masking fiend
Motherfucker

[Hook]

And to y'all fag ass cocks
Get the dick
To your bitches on the block
Get the dick
And to the fake weed spots (Fuck that)
Get the dick
And y'all niggas without socks
Get the dick

[Chorus]

Have you ever seen a show
With niggas on the mic
With one minute rhymes
That don't come out right?
They bite
They never right
That's not polite

[Azz-lz]

Your flow is kinda doo doo
I'm more filthier than mic bombs
From Newark to Honolulu
Mowahd to cherry, raspberry
Apple cranberry, strawberry
Motherfucking flows extraordinary
Your bitch ass'll get bodied and buried
By the slick walking talking rhyming dictionary
Give me a mob
Let me champ one
Steadily handsome
Black and like temper tantrums
Spitting like automatic handguns
Can't run
Your style is more garbage than Shirley Manson
You got a platinum single, Roley, and money
I'm bummy but I bet I can get your bitch
To beat my dick for me

[Bizarre]

Doing drivebys in less than two minutes
And I know one of these houses on the block
Got your fucking family in it
And what's the worst is
Is y'all niggas gon' need nurses
I collect money on your block
Like ushers at churches
No matter where your boys go
Nigga I'ma get 'em
You can ask Ponsa's Funeral Home

How much business I be sending 'em
You forgot bitch nigga
I know where you stay
Loaded AK
Move little Johnny out the way
Bet ya these bats
Guarantee your ass won't be walking
I drive '98 Suburbans
While you push cars from the auction
You don't wanna see Bizarre Kid get dumb
I beat bitches' ass when I'm a in a good mood
So imagine I'm in a bad one
You better duck when I pull this nine
I done shot up your block so many times
All I see is 'For Sale' signs
They say these cats only got nine lives
Bizarre done took eight
So tonight you die

[Hook]

Get the dick
Ya ya ya
Get the dick
Yo Bizarre, ya, ya
Get the dick
All you fuckers in Detroit
Get, get

[Chorus]

Have you ever seen a show
With fellas on the mic
With one minute rhymes
That don't come out right?
They bite
They never right
That's not polite

[Yah Lover]

You dummies
The reason bitches want me to spend money
Just to spread 'em like gin rummy
I'm Yah Yah, holier than Roshashana
With baby mamas that's pro-black like DeSada
The Lover large and at peace with his god
Behind bars
Y'all niggas living close with the guards
Fucking with y'all I'll always catch a charts
See Johanas Bach
She wanna run, tell her sarge
Life's short, I play hard
See your crew on the street

Better know I won't hesitate to spray y'all
I keep a wife for killing you
And everybody looking like you fag
It's a never-ending cycle
Can't nobody come and save you when I start shit
My letters like kryptonite to the Clark Kents
I'll rip a crew with dust and liquor too
Too despicable
Toss you off the Terrazone Richaloo
I rise like Christ
The third night on mics
But it ain't Easter
It's only death when I meet ya

[Hook]

So get the dick
Get the dick
Bitches everywhere
Get the dick
All the stupid family affairs
Get the dick
All you O-U-T's in here
Get the dick
We liquid
So get the dick
Motherfucker ya ya ya
Get the dick

[Chorus]

Have you ever seen a show
With niggas on the mic
With one minute rhymes
That don't come out right?
They bite
They never right
That's not polite

Visit [D-12](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.