

D-12**"14 Emcees"**

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I go by the name of DJ Young Mase
Good 2 be back, but this time
I brought 14 friends
Matter fact, 14 Emcees!
Fat Father dunn showed up
And a couple boxes of doughnuts
No time for stunts, I'm one militant grownup
Crunk, willing to hold up chumps
To get exposed. Fat Michigan soldier
Cats hit you in the?
Trapped in this ridiculous culture: fuck Oprah!
No hope, my brain is broke, I'm bipolar
You microwave shit? I pop trunks with the toaster (3Six)
Beef with ya beef, Guarantee the whole crew will ride
And we make the homicide look like suicide
So nigga, you decide!
Either you run with the squad
Or you can keep playing God and get crucified
Use the 9, I don't ride when it's Valentine
Send you to the angels like you been traded to
Anaheim
Bring the caskets out whenever I'm spazzing out
Fire in the woods somewhere, like? house
Bodybag em, toe-tag em
Lyrically, I beat these beats up like a Magnum (Get 'Em)
You getting fucked tonight, you better grab something
Fuck boy, I can hire you to go bag something
My money long, I don't even need a bank account
Big bank take little bank, what your bank about?
Mine read whole numbers plus six zeroes
I be turning 16s into a pocket full of Euros
(Kid Vishis)
[Kid Vishis]
Yeah, Kid Vishis the Prince
Sickest in Michigan since
I've been spittin', rippin' niggas is a tradition
I spaz, I can box, but I ain't jabbin'
Imma pop his light bulb like a good thought gone bad
Give her the hit stick like Madden
Fly as Aladdin, higher than Saturn with stilts
Every time I hit your white bitch twat, it's a gift

Call that shit my Cracker Jack box
Shim Bango, F.K., the boy is me
My goal is to be as high as Charlie Sheen
Its hard to take MCs seriously on screen
When they prancin' dancin' harder than Ben Vereen
Ill skills, I spill fo'real, one shot put him in the chair like
chill
I'm in the sky rollin' up cuz he be like æbllill, I
know your momma won't but yo' man would
Become a drug mover and a rider, big wheel blata
Beef like Kobe I'm the shooter
Shoot ætill you see straight through your garage
Then slide off feelinæ like Hakuna Matata
I donæ hide lady drama, stick her with 7 pounds 6
ounces like baby mama
.380 Llama, yeah I even got one wit me cuz I ainæ t
tryna let æem do me like they young beef
I'm blowinæ ganja smoke,
packin' all kinds of toast
Thatæ ll make you change your lifestyle like the
condom broke
Give her the work, I'm on the turf move slabs often
I'll push your shit back like a bad barber
I lines æem up well, aim sharp Steve Harvey
I'm Cheech and Chong blowinæ hong like three
Marley I know they hate me
I ainæ t in low definition so I'mma be the first one to
do murders in HD
Damn! There you have it 14 Emcees
You know what time it is, Pay Attention!
We Back muthafuckers!

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