

MotoLyrics
Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

D-12 "6 Reasons"

Visit "6 Reasons" on MotoLyrics.com

[Proof]

You wish that you could bear me black

D12 standing back

No planning that

Def methods, we got a hand in that

Whoever run this shit

You get a jammed knee cap

Make the healthy get sick

And your fam handicapped

You a fan of rap

My clan attack

Your school, home, your bitch house

Pull my nine milli

You gon' die with your fist out

Him an his

It's over with

Venom is this

cobra spit

Agressive dialect with agressive

Sober bitch

My bionic fires demonish atlonics

Demonic is tainted chronic

Impossible to hold down like vomit

Mics I palm it

You stay to bomb it

Like tourists that's Islamic

I enter your atmosphere like a comet

The new god of rap

Call me nigga Thor

Snap your back

When I slap your ass in a figure four

From miles around they can feel it's lethal

I make hardcore groups like Wu Tang

Look like the Village People (fags)

No sequel

The general let the senistal

Abort your mind state and kill your inner child

[Bizarre]

It's been a while

Since you bitch niggas heard of me

'cause the last six months

I been doing R&B

But now I'm on some sick shit

Niggas better duck quick

You don't know who you're fucking with

I'll leave you niggas breathless

Seeing me and Bugz rolling in the blue hummer

You a bitch, scared to shoot like Lindsay Hunter

Don't need to be a father

'cause I'm just to illmatic

I'll probably poison my kids

Like flowers in the alley

Fuck your anorexic neglects it

Fuck a Lexus

I'm doing drivebys on XXX BMX's

[Bugz]

I know a girl who said she's prio

And her sign is a Leo

Bugzy fucked her in a Regal

And then she took me to my P.O.

Fuck rollin' ceelo

I'm down to a c-note

Lost a g' rollin' dice at that punk ass casino

But fuck it (shit) 'cause when times get bad

See me and drag with the mags

On unsuspecting fags (bitch)

I gotta shoot

Bitch you got the boot

And hurry up with it

I'm trying to catch this prostitute (I got ten)

[Kuniva]

I'm the nigga that spotted ya

Spit something hot at ya

Rip your Nautica

Saw you backstage and shot at ya

And kill subliminally

You can go on

And spin your group name 25 times in one song

I'll still write about you

Hip hop is better off without you

Blowing niggas outta they bathrobes

And funky house shoes

For the hell of it

I fuck Missy Elliott

Don't give a fuck if her belly gets

In my way, I'm still nailing it

Got this verbal tech nine

Spitting at you for telling shit

Get this dead body off the mic

I'm fuckin smelling it

[Kon Artis]

Fuck it

Let's have a scrub out

Fuck around with us and see what happen

We all got them guns blappin

Got y'all niggas back tracking

Ya, we dump bodies in seashores

Busting DJs over they backs with keyboards

Turn up my levels

Your crew is fruitier than pebbles

Changin you razor back MCs to running trebles

Bust up

Kon Artis, quick to smack your slut up

Keep a pack of rubbers

Just in case I gotta nutt up

Brigade style hold 'em out down

That's how it's meant to be

You kick the same shit

Your whole tape sound like a symphony

Don't say shit to me

It's DP carry your daughter

Talking bitches outta they panties

Dollars and last quarters

Like that horsemen

I'll leave your whack crowns hutless

Watch Defarius come to my show

And leave dreadless

Whoever said this slash rapper and producer

Wouldn't make your head twist

Guard your grill and your necklace

[Chorus]

I got 6 reasons why we keep shit coming

Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover

Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

6 reasons why keep shit coming

Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover

Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

I got 6 reasons why we keep shit coming

Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover

Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

Yeah yeah bitch (what what) We'll bring it to your crew We'll bring it to your crew

Any of y'all Die bitch

Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen

Dirty Dozen

Bugz

Proof

Bizarre

Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen

Da Brigade bitch

DJ Head

Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen

The saga starts right now

If you ain't down with us from this day on

Then fuck you

Visit <u>D-12</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.