

## D-12

# "Activity As Phuctivity"

Visit "[Activity As Phuctivity](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Check it out

This is my shit fo real

Its gunna be off tha hook

Peep this out

The Kon Artist nigga

[Kon Artist]

The Kon Artist born liar

Lie to your pops and moms

Tell em Im a good kid

Catholic raised

Knowin i went to public school

And swears and got blazed

Even weed when i got a whole two

And that bitch I did do it

Steal cars Ive been through it

Done that

Played buddy buddy and rob ya like nigga run that

Bum cat, and bone hood rats till they bleed on my floor  
mat

Nasty nigga, make ya beleive that im a classy nigga

But im far from that average joe that you know

Use people for sheilds at shoot outs

That i started, cold hearted

Runnin reckless peep out your shorty till my neck twistin

Infectionist, poisonus bug we all ruff

Showed your daddy love or slugs

Could have tortured him, told me that he didnt wanna  
die

We still forced him

Fuckin peeps has his bat, when we brawled they fled

Now we layin dead with his chicked head like Dirty  
Fihed

Come battle us with your heat and stabbed, nabbed  
and gagged

Jabbed and dragged and thrown inside of a bag

Your fans been had, bamboozle, run em up

But you loosing credibility the miniute \_ and up

So fuck that stank bitch with the saggy ass titties

Fuck all the niggas that dont represent our city

Fuck JLB they dont play none of my shit

Fuck all them niggas that be suckin our dicks

[Kuniva]

Sicker the tuberculosis  
Pack a cannon with a focus  
Thats killin all the players and the coaches  
Embarrass you in front of company like dirty roaches  
Approach this and get served the situation, hopeless  
Wrote this, jot it down 'cause Kuniva wrote this  
The wild animal rhyme colprut  
Ferocious, closest  
Nigga walkin behind you with a dosage  
Of teffifyin tales that be stompin small soldiers  
The grim reaper dipped in all black like folgers  
Packing four heaters and carrying five holsters  
Suppose if i was to let you put up all your posters  
Let everybody think you was the dopest  
I'd rather strike you quicker then the cobra  
Box you up and sold ya  
Take you underwater and hold you until its over  
I told you once you dumb \_ with a blunt  
That be pullin off the dope fiends sellin tha \_  
Get your ass kicked quicker then punts  
Im sick of you punks  
Cock it back now Im upset  
Yo' niggas next  
Im blowing smoke outta ya chest when it connect  
Creepin like insects and ridin with ten techs

Ahh fuck any D.J that dont play Bizarre's shit  
Fuck your sister I dont like her she dont suck dick  
Fuck that nigga that talk shit to my crew  
Fuck all yall niggas who say I dont like you

[Bugz]

Im a brand named guy  
Who loves to stay high  
Got a ten inch dick and the gun the same size  
A bitch named bitch  
Whos thick with grey eyes  
Who loves to suck dick and get hit by eight guys  
Its Bugz bitch, you the fuck you thunk it was?  
Gettin drunk with drunken thug  
Too fucken numb to feel the buzz  
Yall niggas know the image  
No gimmicks, No timids, no manners, and no limits  
This time, bitch, Im goin all out  
Whippin the four out  
Like get the dough out  
Im miss crime, sick individual  
Ask my peers in middle school

If you walk my way home gettin robbed is like a ritual  
Lyrical giant, tyrant who lies \_  
Just to get you to do what I want  
And bitch you will  
Sit you still, tie you up  
Begin to ill  
And destroy you face, Im with some shit that u can feel  
Fuck all yall niggas who say dirty dozen's dead  
Fuckin your new wife in your brand new bed  
Fuck your chicken head she suck dick anyway  
Fuck anybody who say crime dont pay

[Proof]

Heard enough garbage to make a glad bust  
Add just my magnum beef I had enuff  
Snuff the sweetest mc in this camp tribe rivulry  
To be as live as me keep em quiet like a library  
My rhymes are virgin tight  
And not fuck-with-able  
You find the mic suckable  
Without chicked pox, untouchable  
Peep my \_ aint to be tested  
Ill test the globe and rip through your domestic  
Majestic warrior to rap to win  
Knock the \_, and slap the chin of the aggresor  
Thinkin that they fresher  
Wanted conquest holdin down the one sided contest  
That explosive rappin nigga  
The fans wear a bomb vest  
Style be a eliquit  
A fellow pimp to mant with clips  
Fuck \_ kicks and being skinny with zits  
Im the shhhhh, \_  
Like cane in a crack pot  
I thinks its best you act right  
Ill confirm your death, left the morgue \_  
D-12 is blowin up like the fourth \_  
I whisper far well to my granny  
Till I push her down the stairwell  
And im sendin her care mail  
Like get well you old hag  
Ill bring the pain like a blow fag  
Staplin one his gonads to his sock  
Doin jumping jacks  
Once we put you down bitch their aint no comin back  
Remember that

[Bizarre]

Its the big guy, quick to get on you  
Battle? I'll be glad to shit on you  
Come against my crew and see who gets destroyed

Fuck I'll let you bring bats and brawl some of my boyz  
Shady ass niggas wether drunk or sober  
Bizarre that was demo tape you just recorded over  
I dont give a dam bitch Im just to ill  
Gimme ten pills y'all run across the Lambo Field  
Like bitches \_ , \_ \_ , think of the illest line know  
And I bet you i already said it  
Just forget it, 'cause you niggas pathetic  
Pop shit, yall niggas go and get it  
Beat your ass hang ya with this fuckin mic cord  
Fuck the sword, I quote my raps in billboard  
Suck my dick while I laugh like its funny  
And drive off while she yell  
"Where's my money"

Fuck any body who beef with d-12  
Fuck all yall momma their pussy's smell  
Fuck anybody that wanna bring tha beef  
Fuck all yall hoes that say my feet stick  
Fuck them niggas that dont give us radio play  
Fuck takin a bath i dont wash anyways  
Fuck anybody tryin to be on our team  
Fuck all yall niggas with them weak ass dream  
Fuck all them niggas watchin videos to be rappers that  
their not 'cause they cant rock the fucken spot  
Fuck all yall niggas with them dirty ass shoes come in  
the club like your dope and your singing the blues  
Fuck anybody tryin to kiss our ass  
Fuck all yall niggas who wont cut my grass  
Fuck all them niggas who aint getitn no money  
Fuck all yo' hoes who wont let me stick their honey  
Fuck all the girls who aint givin up the sex  
Fuck all you niggas and im askin whos next  
Fuck anybody wanna battle my crew  
Fuck, Fuck you, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck you  
Fuck anybody wanna get down with \_  
Fuck all yall niggas sayin you cant feel my mommy  
Fuck you mommy  
Fuck your daddy  
Fuck your grandma  
Fuck his caddy  
Fuck your people  
Fuck everybody  
Fuck his girlfriend  
Fuck John Gotti  
Fuck the Mafia  
Fuck \_  
Fuck New York  
Fuck Detriot  
Fuck New Jersy  
Fuck California

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.