

D-12

"Chance To Advance"

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[Gun shots followed by screaming]

[Proof:]

Pow-pow! Straight off the corral
Now, the dirtiest street vet from the mile
Is vexed without the techs and six shooter
Body bullet polluter, perverted intruder
Now who the, fuck wanna buck with the diseased, that's
dis-eased
I got a bitch named trigger, my main-squeeze will
make your brain
freeze
Dirty D is dope like cane

[Eye-Kyu:]

Remained eased, maintain chill status with no pause
Hot slugs to your carriages, turn your dome to coleslaw
My only thought is survival before my arrival
I'm jumping out on niggas like I'm 5-0
Smack 'em up like a pack of trifling fly hoes
Any opportunity to mangle I never pass up
Fucking your clique with broom sticks - face down, ass
up
Dirty Dozen packing the shit to turn your chest red
With our dick in ya mouth, fucking everything you just
said

[Eminem:]

Yeah yeah bitch, coming to a block near you is Dirty
Dozen
Nasty like a stank, slut bitch with 30 husbands
When I was 5 I was already fuckin'
And playing X-rated cassettes in Teddy Ruxpin
I used to walk up and down the block cussin'
Locked in youth homes at 6 with glocks bussin'
I grew up with not ballers, who got dollars
Shot callers with guns and Rotwillers

[Bizarre:]

By any means necessary I'm on a killing spree
It's the devil in me, intoxicated with brown Hennessy
Beware life ain't fair and I don't care

Cher braids my hair while her kids are in day-care
Two blunts and I'm out for lunch
Your whore said I'm here "Sugar pie, honey bunch"
This Bizarre kid, that ain't the answer
You're more uncomfortable than an anorexic cat with
fucking cancer

[Chorus:]

Here's your chance to advance
Get in your stance I'll shot the holster off your cowboy
pants
Here's your chance to advance
Get in your stance I'll shot the holster off your cowboy
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[Bizarre:]

Back from the studio boy, I don't wanna mingle
Smoking LSD, working on Lou Roths new single
Who's the big guy who's quick like Sugar Ray
Fuck Calgon bitch, Bizarre might take you away
Give up the pussy cause I know you a freak
?? in a week, cause my kids got to eat
Date raping anorexic girls in my beat-up car
(Hold up Bizarre, you taking that shit too far!!!)
but I can't stop cause my brains ain't there

[Eminem:]

Bust a nut then drop that bitch in Lake St. Clair
Your mistakes ain't rare, your rap style annoys
You rap like a bitch plus I can't stand your voice
Bitch you suck, you whack as fuck, eat a dick
You need a brick upside your dome, we be the clique
Runnin' you down in carloads
Leaving you smashed down on tar roads, flat line like
barcodes

[Eye-Kyu:]

Put up your guard hoes, I'm blazing heat the way we
speak
Not even Nike could cover these amazing feats
Burning rappers eternally, internally and externally
For half stepping like one-legged fraternities
Quickdraw McGraw, AKA Eye-Kyu
Putting something inside you, leaving holes that I see
right through

For anyone obstructing my view, my art of attack
Is slugs through your chest, that'll blow your heart out
your back
Making sure you get fed, with a whole lot of led
And throw you over the Ambassador Bridge and
scream "Drop Dead!"

[Proof:]

Largely, I'm out to stack equations, without a tax-
evasion
Make moms say "That's amazing," all the same like
black and Asian
My pack evasion, attack a stage and you blush like a
Cadillac,
I wish your fleet would try to battle rap,
Or make a man bleed, like a cattle pack stampede
Front and co-sign my hands leave
Think to Recognize like Sam Sneed
My ?? dispose ya, froze ya, another classic closure
The death-master out to blast ya
My team runs shit, from from the D E side, down to last
ya
Past the, norm, my crew swarm, molest the children of
the corn
Dirty D 'till infinity, now bring it on

[Chorus:]

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