

## D-12

# "Derelict Theme"

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[Kon Artis]

I damage your neck  
With the butt of the tech  
Vandalous sex  
Cuttin' you ear to ear  
With the razor of my Gillette  
You couldn't get respect  
If you was a captain or a cadet  
Granddaddy, daddy, or uncle who's a Vietnam vet  
I'll battle you 50 deep  
Solo artist shocker dead beat  
Derelicts on the loose  
Wylin' like thugs outta prison with slugs  
While y'all start screaming  
Like grasses in a submission  
(Lay down your pot to piss in)  
Blow up the house you live in  
Believe me, we greedy  
And often you is easy  
Your whole album cheesy  
Because you got platinum artists on it  
Don't make it hot  
We steamroll with real niggas  
And that's something that you not  
I'm vampin what you got  
Then setting up camp at your spot  
Foiling your plot  
Every rhyme that you jot  
I rock to the six like musty twat  
A dead corpses that been cut up  
And left in abandoned lots  
Ya, derelicts theme  
Comparing your team  
To ours is a fucked up dream  
The shit I done seen  
Has turned me to a scandalous fiend  
Sticking your peeps for cream  
Gators or boots, nigga, I'm crushing your dreams  
As foul as it seems  
Dismantling spleens til your whole clique's  
Walking funny like handicapped juggling teams  
I rumble with kings

More humble with seen  
Until it's time for me to kill again  
Sincerely yours, the Kon Artis  
[Chorus]  
Ay yo  
Competition of none's such  
Derelicts the one must  
Let the guns bust  
Brigade one trust  
Untouched  
Martyr a mic  
Slaughter your life  
Runnin avenue soldiers bitch  
It's water and trife  
Competition ain't none such  
Derelicts the one must  
Let the guns bust  
It's Brigade one trust  
Untouched  
Martyr a mic  
Slaughter your life  
Runnin' avenue soldiers bitch  
Smarter and trife  
[Bizarre]  
Who's the fat bastard  
Rapping that mo' master  
Snorting coke that's whiter than Casper  
Better run faster  
I can out-smoke all of you motherfuckers  
And bitch I was born with asthma  
Fuck life, I'd rather track Jack Daniels  
Smoke weed and rape Cockerspaniels  
A peeping Tom, nigga I need Ridalin  
Fuck girls  
Bitch I only date senior citizens  
Your grandma, nigga I'm the one that vic'd her  
Next time you rush me  
You better be a little bit quicker  
Run your streets in the house  
And make full of malt liquor  
I'm lettin' you throw the first blow  
And bring ten of your toughest niggas  
End ya year  
Like the last day of December  
(But did you rape that bitch?)  
I was so drunk I can't remember  
I used to be in a group  
We had an argument who was the hottest  
Now both them niggas is dead  
And I roll as a solo artist  
Chorus

[Kuniva]  
Look bitch you stressed out  
I divide these bullets equally among your crew  
And give you five so you don't feel left out  
Like red the hammer  
I'm nailing niggas in they spleens  
Just to make walking again a sympathetic dream  
Energetic schemes  
Rap vandal and dismantle  
Tackle MC's and wax you  
Like your rap name was Candle  
Grabbing a mic with no handles  
Leaving you dusty  
Like walking the desert in old sandals  
If you weeded or drunk  
Keep your heat in your trunk  
We beat you to lumps  
Swell you up with permanent mumps  
We dangerous playa  
Cuffin' my chews  
Spittin the phlegm out  
Getting at you whether you coming out  
Or you been out  
You never exempt  
From this murderous attempt  
I'm telling you pimp  
Undeniably you are a loss  
Invincible, why you trying to be a mind boss  
If the Kon Artis say it then it's done  
With or without a gun  
Eat a track and spit out a drum  
Bust one  
Trust none  
Playing the game of death  
Take your last breath  
'Til your last name is left  
Chorus

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