

D-12 "Desperados"

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[Proof]

Yo, (AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA) ay yo turn the heads
and the mics up

We got the Dreadknights, you know what I'm sayin
(AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA)

Super MC, you know what I mean

Bugz (AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA), Dirty and all that,
all that shit

You know what I'm sayin, Desperados with the cars,
Eminem

[Eminem]

Chauvinist pig, drove in this Big Lincoln

Till it went over the bridge

Jumped out and dove in the ditch

Broke in a mobile home and stole a stove and fridge

Kidnapped the parents and left the ransom note for the
kids

I'ma go for your mids

Here's a body blow for your ribs

While you're clutching your stomach and bleeding all
over your bitch

I know where you live, your girl showed me your crib

Unless she told me a fib

Then I'm gonna have both of ya get did

Burning incense, facing a murder sentence

Under intent, for investigation for killing infants

While I sit in padded rooms doing 'shrooms

Having visions of dead pregnant women with brooms
jabbed in their wombs

Slit your carpet and rugs, and fuck your apartment up

Sticking up all the drugs, and jumping in garbage
trucks

I'm from the shitty slums that look like the city dumps

Give you a kidney punch, and mug you to get me lunch

See me every summer, layin up against the dumpster

With a one hundred dollar jumper, smothered in
southern comfort

Got my Slim Shady sticker on your mother's bumper

She came home screamin a bunch of motherfuckers
jumped her...

[Proof]

Ay yo
Proceed to list em, there's no need to diss em
The Herry Heathen, destroy your whole breathing
system
Twist em like beer caps, who wants to hear that
Rap, murder rates, and I snap vertebrates
Collapse further states, my track preserve tha grave
Your pack deserve a crate, in fact the word is fake
i'll kill you slow like AID's infested nuts
I'm holding vendetta like seven great-molested sluts
Calling me your bitch nigga? you need to stop
Reality, one on one how many times you got dropped
I'm cut throat when any track runs, conscious when i
smack nuns
It's the rough neck that makes Muslims run and pack
guns
I'm volcanic (VOLCANIC!), the sermon preacher
Burning MC's most wanted by Herman Kefa
You tried to get a squad, they was like "money? oh no!"
Leavin you brain dead, hittin trees with Sonny Bono
I kick without a dojo, D-12 slow flow
Shoot down your mother ship and pimp smack mojo
(*smack* yea!)
No pro wanna go knuckle blades with the renegade
Nigga tried to go pop, and plus they minute made
My lieutenant sprayed your brigade, and trampled your
flow
Big P, the reason MC's canceled their shows
The truth will hurt, see Proof will work your shame in it
The best part of your show is when you put my name in
it
My squad be, godly, fearin shit hardly
So I hope when I'ma die, I dope like Chris Farley
Fuck that

[Bugz]
Who run shit, watch these drums hit
You dove head first into some old dumb shit
Here's a can of ass whip, for you to come get
Your clique made their trip, I made them hoes submit
Ask your girl, she knows the scoop "don't fuck with
Bugz bitch"
I'll chop off her titti, have you sucking one tit
Them pink belly niggas is who you run with
Making half ass songs, shitty snares and one kick
I hate your damn sound, don't like it one bit
You can make a double album, won't have one hit
Your entire outfit is on some bullshit
And there's not a damn one that I can't out-wit
I admit, that my style is unfit
For mamma's baby boy because I'm on some dumb

shit

Like I commit arsony, get harm quick

You pull the alarm switch, I'll stab you in your armpit
(BITCH!)

Now who the nit-wit wanna come get with

This egotistic, hip-hop fundamental-istic

Don't risk it, you'll get your shit split

Now keep your distance, and keep existence

I'm persistent when it comes to bent shit

I smoked a blunt with my judge before my sentence

I'm relentless to deny you're senseless

Yo bitch! pay my bill that's where the hell your rent went

Fuck that

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]

I killed competition, with no way out as an opposition

Execute the passengers on the flight by executive
decision

Then reminisce on how shady the business

Terrorists axed by Israelis when they visit

Bombed in the senate

World war 3 in the making, murdered the exhibition
team finish

Beat the ref senseless

No timeout extended play papers over your
intermission

And increasing the battlefield with the blood of
Christians

Cryin for the messiah, but he don't listen

I pop my wig when I top the stove frame boil sizzling

A pyromaniac cook, I do damage to kitchens

Fuck Home Depot, I demolition

When I home improve, I'll be there to fix it

For my school is supervision, for down finical aid

smoked up my intuition *inhales* *COUGHS*

Only hang out with rappers with explicit lyrics

And pistol grip punks with a beef, bitch do you wanna
get eaten??

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]

I got a mind full of troubles

Everythings in doubles

I buy my guns in couples

No time to replace fumbles

Cause MC's come and MC's go, we both flow

Injured from head to toe

No fit a model, we full throttle

You stuck in low, incapable to master flow

Everything is tactical, living mathematical

Watch master flow, unleash and let go

I shit like lava, original designer, married to marijuana

since a minor
Making it a chance to see my battleship could get you
wet like fibs, what
Applying death-defying feats, maintain to keep my
peace
Flow like to see, when I release these beats over
concrete

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]
My presidential transitions has taken place
As I spread vocally on the M-I-CR-O
Power he's cyphin not equality, I deal unless the
the track and made it real, I know my people feel it
Keep their heads bobbin, and the emotional sobbin
Plus a cultural cipher after show, hoes slobbin
Knobs, love the fuckin flavor of the icing
Plus I'm precision, my double edge continue slicin..

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