

D-12

"Hit Me With Your Best Shot"

Visit "[Hit Me With Your Best Shot](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - Bizarre:]

Who died, what happened? Marshall stopped rappin'
I guess that makes me the captain, hit the mattress,
pistol packin'
sick assassin, bitch to gassin', get to mashin'
D-12 broke up, were you bitches askin'
Our clique relaxin' in the hills of Aspen, poppin' pills
and Aspirin
and I'm the machine that brought Marshall back to life
told him that my rhymes just have to be tight
so I figured that I would grab the mic
like a nigga 'bout to rhyme right after Christ
sometimes we get mad and fight, right back to the lab
tonight
grab an oath in the afterlife, that's only right
living like a rock star is the only life
and we are, 6 grown men, who are old friends
my nigga Bugz, DeShaun Holton
all the way down, I'ma hold them, D-12 nigga, 'till the
world end

[Verse 2 - Swifty:]

A lotta niggas try to underestimate me
'till I come back with vengeance and slice their trachea
Y'all been placed on a contract for hatin'
I'ma waste 'em, one by one, for taintin'
Ability to kill a facility, I'm a sinner of Satan
fast as a child rapist facin'
Life or trifle, Henny has made me in waitin'
they gon' lock me up under the basement
I'm a one man army, marine and navy
you done made me angry
I'm crazy, insane, and maybe
I bite the face off your baby
for anyone who try to diss Proof or Hailie
I'ma break their Halo
put 'em on the reaper's payroll, erase them and hang
their soul
it ain't no hoes here, McVay s got a scroll
With names on it, dipped in blood, man I'm cold

[Verse 3 - Mr Porter:]

I know you thought we were done, we rose up
got a gun to make your whole inside fold up
and hit us with the best shot and we're still standin'
so tell the world it can lick our scrotum
straight soldiers, who wanna stunt

who wanna be the fall guy, who want the punt
who wanna get fucked for lookin' at me sideways
every time I roll up I'ma keep it blunt
where did y'all run when we almost lost Marshall
y'all did it big like Costco
and we back in this bitch like a tampon
still fuck dirty, Em's clean like a bar o' soap
and you were so slick, on some baffoon shit
my hand's on a sweeper, your was on a broomstick
stop lookin' all stupid, I'm rude and abusive
and strapped, don't make me use it

[Verse 4 - Eminem:]

Aight, here's where I come in at...

I came in this game with, bad intentions,
and I ain't budged, not even an inch since then
I'm stubborn, evil, and insensitive
I'm like nothing you ever seen, pencil in
hand, it's like I'm holding the insulin,
so you might wanna button it like Benjamin
I ain't frightened of nothing, I injure men
step right in this mark with my henchmen and
walk, straight to the stage,
I ain't here to cause trouble, get the fuck out my face
fall back, little cocksucker, I ain't A&W
don't get your cold mugs in my way
get 'em? Shattered, fuckin' A
been this way since B.C., what can I say?
I'm stuck in my ways like double stick tape
don't get turned to a vegetable dick face
you ain't Superman, stay in your lane, Lois
D-12 spittin' flames like flamethrowers
spit 'til we get sprained jaws with metaphors
that cut with the same force as chainsaws
hope you're coming with your A game,
'cause things have changed in this game, isn't the
same game, boys
the stakes have been raised, better make lemonade
when they give you lemons, if they want us, let 'em aim
for us

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

