

D-12

"I Go Off"

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(Bust these niggas man!) Yeah
I see y'all bitch ass niggas man (Put hand on these
niggas)
Guess what man? We Baaack (For Real)
Off some freestyle shit man, D12 man
Man you should see the clip on this bitch man
Man touch one of these niggas souls man
Niggers are brave until they cross that gun line
Bust 9s, come through like Jordan in clutch time
Play the streets if we have to that we bust rhymes
Ain't enough stabbin' ...
D-12 criminal operations, no doctor
Sitting high up in the ranks like a booster chair
Wake you up in the morning, ain't no roosters here
Just a nigger with a gun and mask you should fear!
I'll hit in the head with a hammer
Fucking mom's is got her doggy style, adjusting the
camera
Going loco, we tucking the Mac and grabbin' the (?)
Night for the gun, either way is going tragic!
Go and tell my black pack they don't know what rap is
Bullets hit this quick ...
And you throw my mood swings like women on their
menstrum
Tommy gun smoking like an old exhaust pipe
... touch me and you're cross bite
Let a couple shots break you up and your stop light
Don't hang up enough to make it to top...
You and me is like comparing...
... the way you spill the drink in a bar fight
Dirty Dozen back on that bullshit for real
Death to anybody before the clips could seal
The Grim Reaper
Walk streets and apply ...
The street sweeper to pop nigger out of their sneakers
I strangle anybody ...
I sprinkle and bleaching your cannabis sativa
These buck shots can turn your face into a pizza
Leaving them slump like the Leaning Tower of Pisa
I treat my heat like a Visa I never leave without it
I bought heavy metal with steady body countin'

I ... my beat is unforgettable
The niggers I fought young are still in the hospital
I'm conquering the missions that you find impossible
Like breaking in the woman's locker room with my
iPhone
The walls of my nostrils are damaged for crushin'
Oxycontins
Sniff it, walk up the cops an ask them to lock me up
I'm not the type to conversate with the corpse in my
basement
I'm wasted daily, I (?) to my drink
I'll be out there with the shrink, everyday a week
Nigga's hiding until they face look like taco meat
And nothing change with the shell in my chamber in a
(?)
It's Genghis Khan slash satan, nuts dangling
So heavy that I drag bitches on the pavement
I'll saran wrap your family
I'm lyrical no threat, I'm ...
The bitch niggas gotta vendetta ...
You ain't a gangster, you're a lab rat
Mass murder without the mass
A poker night without the cash
A stripper without her ass
Live form Saint Louis Missouri
Two murder cases left ... jury
They ban Bizarre from MTV
Jumping on the stage like little mama did Jay-Z
When I'm gonna get up on stage I'm gonna do the
whole song
Yellow thong with a sign said 'Can we get along?'
When I went to L.A. a hundred niggers tried to jump me
... when tried to fuck me, aha!
Kuniva snuffed me, D-12 dumped me
Fuckin' fag go get ... some company (You Fag!)
Fly down sunset, driving real fast
Watchin' Kim Kardashian gettin' in a sick car crash
That's too fucking bad, someone call her dad
Tell him Reggie Bush is a fag
Raping little girls, taking of their lunches
Hit them in the face with fuckin' ...
A hundred crunches, a hundred punches
Round off kick, hit them with...
Bomb shit, bomb quick
To bitch I'm the bomb, bitch!
I'm gonna bomb on you
Bitch you ain't gonna bomb on shit!
Bomb dick, bomb click
Ever since I've been a bomb
Bitch you ain't been the bomb since
Nonsense, stop this shit

Hey, yo yo stop this shit

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