

D-12

"I'll Be Damned"

Visit "[I'll Be Damned](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Proof - Intro]

Yeeeah! This is DJ Seven Deuce, live at
Club Runyan, where all girls with burgundy hair get in
free.

G-Unit in da house! What up baby.

Performin' live tonight live on stage. . .Captain Save-
'em-hoe,

and the fabulous Case y'all. Stick 'em out y'all.

All my Detroit playas, let's go!

[Kon Artis - Chorus]

I ain't set the stroke and I ain't for games,

I just came to fuck and maybe get some brain.

I got a woman at the crib so I ain't your man.

I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned.

You know all I really wanna do is fuck. I ain't
gon' let a money hungry women set me up.

And if you think I'm that stupid you done pressed your
luck.

I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned.

[Kon Artis]

You gave right. Yes I love monage-ÃfÂ©-tois
and I got drawers as big as guys's big "wah".

I'm a trick daddy nigga, so bitch how you figure
that I wouldn't turn my niggas on to you when I hit ya.

I probably could forget ya if I hadn't been drunk,
but choke a dunkadunk, keep my mind on hump.

When my mind's on hump to me my .9's in the trunk,
and Denaun got a line for every fine bitch I hunt.

Not once, twice, but three times the lover

that your man is, and I'm a freak undercover.

I got plans for you, trick, I don't need a baby mother.

I got five of them motherfuckers tryin' to smother me
already.

We can't go steady, but you can give me head.

Give me that, get the hell out my bed, and leave the
shit.

My chap lips will cut nipples when breast fed,

and on the way, leave the bread with Achman.

I'd love for you to stay but I got another date,

with a fat chick that eat cake on playskates.

She rubbed my funky ass feet and feed me grace
plus my man in the closet ran out of videotape.

[Chorus]

[Swift]

I'ma make this one thing clear,
ain't no woman hear gon' ruin my career.
All the hell you doin' is pursuin' a dream,
that's when you find out that life ain't truly what it
seems.
All these hoes be lyin', bullshittin' each other.
And why the hell Kobe Bryant didn't wear a rubber.
He might as well have went and told the hoe that he
love her.
I'm sure as hell ain't gonna go to court for my mother,
or my wife, and my sisters. So motherfuck a mistress.
They signin' a contract before these bitches hit this.
Never will a woman take me out that way.
I keep a RCA camera in there motherfuckin' face.

[Chorus]

[Bizarre]

What's your name again? It doesn't matter.
My name is Bizzy, a bodygaurd for Mr. Mathers.
Sit down girl. Let me get you a drink.
I'ma buy you a mink, and rape you in the sink.
From day one, I knew you was a hoe.
I put a rubber on my toe and fucked you some mo'.
Turn around, let me see your nasty ass.
Put on a Jason mask while I take off your maxi pads.

[Kuniva]

These hoes be on some bullshit. Always tryin' to pull
shit
outta they ass. Get mad and put you on blast.
Tell 'em bitches how she fucked you,
sucked you, put it on you, boned you.
Yappin' off with they mouth sayin' she loved you.
All on your dick, callin' your phone, spazzin' and shit.
Havin' a fit until you feel like callin' it quits.
Then she starts callin' your chick,
wantin' to fight. Everytime you show up at a gig,
she front row with her friends. Flippin' you off.
Follow you to the bar, the bathroom,
the parkin' lot, to the car, pissin' you off.
Until you blackout, now you and the hoe is havin a
scrapout.
You get locked up for assault and now you asked out.

[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.