

D-12**"On Fire"**

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[Verse 1: Swifty]

If you say that you hungry, then I ain't concerned
Unless you came in this game with a tape worm
The phantom of hip-hop, cause this is the doctrine of a
madman
And I'm assassinating doctors
No shot treatment is needed
I'm up in the hospital weeded
With bloody orthopedics
I'm giving it to innocent people that don't need it
And I'm exporting you niggas without a heater
[?] breathin'
But there's none worthy
If I ain't out murkin' motherfuckers, I'm cold turkey
Or worst thing since Percy
When I was younger, my momma placed me in the
dirty nursery
That's why they labeled me a Curtis beast
I'm blood thirsty
I pop up, unexpectedly like a herpe
I murder you for dirt, cheap
Open up that dorch like lurch
And I'm murk the first nigga that I see
When I guillotine
I slit a niggas brain
And slit it till you get rap
And signature, my name
[?] the same

Bigger then a Afro-Puffs, on cranium arrange
Shit, it's normal till I [?] with a gauge
Cut your life short, like an [?] with blades
I'm a predator, infrared up in the trees
When I conversate I'll be shootin' more in a breeze
I breath bitches to their knees
Givin' them stitches with a rusted needle and barb
wires

[Verse 2: Bizarre]

I rap like I got a chip on my shoulder
This ain't no chip, this is a 15 pound boulder
Practicing yoga, mediatin' on death

Bottle of Vicodin 'till ain't nothing left
I got an Idea let's play butt-naked hokey-pokey
Cut off the lights, listen to Esham and [?] (Yeah)
Damn my neighbor is nosy, close the blinds
This kid ain't ten, he's barely 9
[Verse 3: Kuniva]
Kickin' down your door with a 4-4-matic
And the size will make you shake like a know dope
addict
Turn a robbery into something more tragic
"Don't shoot, here's my watch... "

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