

## D-12

### "Pistol"

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Yeah, welcome to Amityville  
Detroit, nigga  
The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols  
Why is that?

Slick criminal wit the shit I spit chews  
Like a bullet came back, that just missed and hit you  
I say the type of shit, parents slit their wrists to  
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to

Too many enemies on my list to sift through  
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this do  
Sorry officer, I don't care how pissed it get you  
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol, pistol

Nigga, we violently active, so fuck with us  
See I'm backwards, I slap niggas and punch bitches  
Just for askin', they must've been wantin' to meet the  
Lord  
When my parents talked to me, they got mean,  
mugged and ignored

They were snoopin' through my closet, seen drugs on  
the floor  
Shells from the forty-four, scattered over they porch  
Bustin' pistols in your windows with intentions to  
destroy you  
Tryin' to break your neck to conversate? Bitch, I'll do it  
for you

Catch me laughin' at your funeral when they lower you  
You and yo' ho, you gots to go, bitches died slow and  
horrible  
There's no tomorrow fo', any nigga we'll shower you  
We young strapped and powerful, bitch and I ain't  
gotta lie to you

Stepped in the door, wavin' the fo'-fo'  
Blazin' at po-po, escapin' and lay low  
They call my tongue ya-yo but I spit fire  
I lit five inside a fuckin' dickrider

The clip slider, love to blast a Mag  
You a fag, you love bein' ass to ass  
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat, spank ya  
Never say that I'm a gangsta, now that's gangsta

Y'all niggaz sound like Jigga but act like 'Pac  
Yo, my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough  
It ain't nuttin' to tell, empty shells for the witness  
I'm the hot nigga, that's gon' put hell outta business

It won't be the same since we touchin' the game  
Make the hardest nigga in your crew, tuck in his chain  
Y'all think this shit's a game and I'm bluffin' for fame?  
I'll squeeze off this tech until nothin' remains

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The only time that I'm at peace, is when I'm close to  
one  
'Cause I don't know what's waitin' for me when my  
vocals are done  
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works  
These cowardly niggaz'll put yo' fuckin' life in the dirt

'Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was  
priceless  
Alone in the streets, bleedin', starin', layin' lifeless  
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts  
creepin'  
Wakin' you up with AK's while you lie sleepin'

I'd rather pack the heat and not need it  
Rather than need one and not have it, I married this  
Glock-matic  
Nowhere without my gun

You know the sound  
When I'm spinnin' round, spittin' these rounds from fo'  
pounds  
While the whole crowd screamin' as loud from they  
mouths  
As they possibly allow?

Nothing is parallel to making you carousel  
Aerial somersault like ferris, wheels to a pair of shells  
Denaun carry the nine where I go  
Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shootin' at five-oh  
Some semi-automatic for static's the motto  
Spittin' like from Colorado

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This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock  
It'll make Jehovah's Witnesses, think before they knock,  
sorry, sorry  
It'll make your grandmother come out of a purse  
It'll make Limp Bizkit, get rid of Fred Durst

It'll make Holyfield start fightin'  
It'll make Ma\$e say, "Fuck church" and go back to  
writin'  
It'll make Shyne say he sound like Biggie Smalls  
It'll make R. Kelly, give respect to Aaron Hall

It'll make Christopher Reeves start walkin'  
It'll make a dog with no voice, suddenly start barkin'  
It'll make a nun turn to a filthy slut  
It'll make the hardest pitbull, turn to a fuckin' mutt

It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde  
It'll make the redneck start to read the Holy Qu'ran  
It'll make Ike stop beatin' Tina  
It'll make Slim Shady fall back in love with Christina

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Ha, nigga, nigga, nigga, you better have an aim

'Cause if you don't, you finished  
Flat out, nigga, nigga, nigga  
What? Fuck around and get popped with no hesitation,  
straight up

Look at where the fuck we stay at  
Nigga, look where the fuck we stay at  
Fuck around with us, you good as popped  
You fuckin' good as popped  
You good as popped

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