

## D-12

# "Six in the Morning"

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[Intro: Eminem]

good morning

Haha, wake your mother fuckin asses up

You with us or what?

Well come on then, you know what time it is

Stop sleepin on my group bitch!

[Verse 1: Eminem]

For whatever it's worth it's worth me havin my ass  
whipped

Cause I'ma have da last lips to ever kiss ass with ( kiss )

I just can't get past these little pissants

That wanna be rauny bad asses so bad

And they so mad they can't stand it

Cause we can and they can't spit (Haawk)

And they can't handle it like a man

And that's when it just happens

And I snap and it's a wrap, and it's a scrap an then it  
isn't rap is it?

Hip-Hop isn't a sport anymore when you got to go and  
resort back into that shit

Maybe I'm old fashioned but my pashion

Is to smash anyone rappin without havin a slappin

Believe me I'd much rather pick up a pencil than a  
pistol but I'm pissed now

But it all depends on just how far it get's took on the  
mic

Cause I'm tellin you right now your not gonna like it

Cause if I get pushed over the edge then I'm pullin you  
with me

You poke a stick at a pitbull you get bit B

These words stick to you like crazy glue

When you diss me cause they just bounce off me like  
bullets do fifty!

I'm the beatiful-est thing and your gonna miss me  
when I'm gone

Like Kieth Murry when he threw a stool and hit a girl  
acci-dently (argghhh!!)

I do this with Swifty, Kon and Kuniva, Bizzy & Proof are  
you with me?

[Chorus: Eminem]

Good mornin' everybody good mornin'  
Kick your shoes off mother fuckers come on in  
Cause we get it on until the break of dawn an  
Wake your ass up motherfuckers quit yawnin  
Cause we ain't leavin till 6 in the mornin  
So have a sing along with the words to the song an  
If you don't know the words and you can't sing along  
then  
Fake like you know 'em motherfucker an join in  
Everybody good mornin'

[Verse 2: Swifty]

Its in the media pitted me of a beef starter  
In a party with heat it's hard to keep me without one  
Fuck snubs I'm walkin clubs with a shotgun  
Constantly popin slugs they hot son, better not run  
The bosses of all bosses a haluocaust to whoever ain't  
conciuous  
In a house full of dark shit,  
I'ma gothic death prophet, you stop breathin  
You die quicker than mach speed without bleedin  
It ain't about what you readin  
When you meet me better speak like a season's  
greetins  
Either that or we'll be beefin free when  
You niggaz need a 'E' just to speak shit!  
Your leader is a botique bitch  
Keep the heater where you can reach quick  
I snipe you with it and we won't even keep it a secret  
Nigga I did it from a mind of a mental patient  
When glocks wave you can save that conversation for  
satan  
You brave?

[Chorus: Eminem]

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[Verse 3: Kon Artis]

Yo yo I heard you niggas don't like us  
But so what this beef is like  
'What the fuck did he say in his rap Em?'  
I can see that he's just a punk

I mean these niggaz squeeze on me  
Please I'm seeing guts  
I don't need no enemies, as my family a couple trucks  
Am I empty seein them white I empty out them white to  
fight you  
In front of every reporter that I don't like  
No need for metaphores I get yours across when I write  
So emotions enough to say "fuck you bitch, shit I don't  
like you, WHAT!"  
I might as well give this up like heavy sales  
And just fuck an leave D12 and this blunt  
We can't self destruct  
I've never felt it this much  
Come on fellas, get up  
We got to fight like Bugs last night of his life come on

[Verse 4: Kuniva]

I walk with a limp, pistol hangin off-a the hip  
I'm awkward and quick enough an sick when sparkin a  
fith  
Your carcass is split even the beef is partially thick  
We can't take you serious, you a comedy skit  
You probaly wish that you could be out shootin them  
G's  
But the only thing you shoot is the breeze  
I can't believe you speaking on movin key's  
But every time we hear you kick it  
The only thing that you sellin is wolf tickets  
I look wicked cause niggas will test your nut sack  
So when they bust you better bust back  
And get your guts clapped outa your stomach  
And when they want it (yeah)  
I bring a hundred niggas from runave  
So get to gunnin' and if you comin

[Chorus: Eminem]

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