

**D-12****"Westwood"**

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(Kuniva)

Yo its Kuniva, I'll cuss hoes out like a drunk sailor  
And cock the hammer back like tim the two man tailor  
You best be on your best behavior before I slay ya  
And watch the video of your life with your lord savior  
I can go in off your mom, they get along when they see  
the gun  
And dirty dozen cross my arm and it aint a secret get  
scared  
And be nervous, cuz I'ma be in jail in a cell with C  
murder  
Shady is a general, a soldier form I showed it to him  
He saved my life I owe it too him, so compare it to  
anybody  
I serve you on a platter your words dont even matter  
You all you leavin badder, I'm a hazard without bowl  
and loop doop  
I shoot thru people at super markets while they ringin  
up your fruit loops  
You challengers get pushed off banisters, I'm  
unavoidable like anvals  
Droppin on toon characters

(Swiftly)

I'm the freak slasher, chop bodies up in meat packer  
I reach back for the necks, choppin your feet faster  
Than Steven King, I repeatedly beat bastards  
The pops for result of havin a meet in maggots  
When I see faggots, put three in they fleece jackets  
You bleed rapid, poppin all in ya lead actors  
Speed n acids when I mourn, didnt even ask for it  
Technique's hazardous, you needin Jesus of Nazereth  
To see what's happenin, means havin your teeth  
chatterin  
Speak battlin, heat splatter your peeps abdomin  
Sweet fashion, I reload and I keep blastin  
I breathe action, if you dont believe ask him

(Kon Artis)

I'm sick of bitches man, I done heard enough shit  
Talk alot of mouth like they wanna do it

Then they pull down they pants and then I shoot fluid  
Then they start runnin screamin like they God called  
them  
And I called them back and then pulled a crackin in  
Stick my dick up in and make them rap again  
They wanna rap for me and tell me that they love me  
Kon Artis your my daddy and I dont wanna be your  
hubby  
I cant be your hub baby I aint gettin married  
I'm stand fuckin bitches, it really very scary  
My lil cousin named Terry told me that I fucked him too  
long  
And then I gotta get a Jerry curl to make 'em all keep  
drippin  
You niggaz know I never really be trippin, my beats  
bang  
Make ears bleed thru walkmens thats why people  
ignore you like you aint even talkin  
You chit chatter and get splattered by a disease beat  
addict  
That spit spontanious like a Prayin Mantis I cut you off  
Pickin that gang green your man seen how I get  
ignorant  
By losin my spleen the truth of the seen as soon as my  
team  
Get on we rule cities like zila thru Hong Kong, you  
wanna knew  
You wanna know, you gotta ask my man Proof how the  
fuck the flow goes

(Proof)

Pull it back pull it back pull it back pull it back  
we aint wentin no where, we sippin champane  
Shady records, aint no body better than us  
Shady records, no cheddar than us  
Shady records, aint no body better than us  
Shady records, I got your ears goin like its ???(that is  
hard to tell)  
Hotter than a fellow in a carload full of nines  
Got the sparkles out to shine, get your back up  
And get your dollars out ya spines  
Because the head is ill I'm in love with Natasha  
Betingfield  
Yo faster than a Porsche, make you disappear  
Like advertisement in the Source, so do it baby  
I want the sugar baby, my sift from the rabies  
Yo Proof D12 is on the haitus, on a scale from 1-10  
I'm an 8, wait you dont know how 8 is, 8 is jigga  
Thats me, 9 is Slim, 10 is Slim, now I finally give you  
The time I give you to Bom Artis has got promise  
And me and proof and swift and the Kon Artis

And it aint over boy, who you beef with trust me  
I'll tell you Puffy and you can lose big, cuz its that  
Face it, I'm a brick face, you get it laced wit a switch  
blade  
Yo I stab you wit a mixtape, tell ya girl ask her how my  
dick taste  
I told you once before that I'm a brick face, I'm a big  
and I shine plus I spit mace  
Make all the bad boys thats missin listen up yo next on  
this transition  
And you know how it is and you know when its gravy  
next up  
Chigga chigga Slim Shady

(Eminem)

I don't figure this rap shit out, I map shit out  
strategically  
Timing is everything and that seems to be the key  
To my success I've murked from me repeatably (we  
beat emcees)  
Timing is everything and seem to be the key  
Let them diss your first then respond  
immediatley  
In order to master the art of war, don't start a war  
Shit not no more we dun scared em off there are no  
more  
Victims this sick, I'm fixin' to pick some to start shit  
Ain't got no pictures to rip and shit to throw darts at  
Ain't go no more targets,  
Shit irv and jeff we beat'em to death, benzino in debt  
It seems to just be no one left to bully  
Bush is pussy, why the fuck you think his name is bush?  
Puss is bushy  
Ain't shit goin on. Shit I been gettin' so bored latley,  
I'm thinking of doing some shit to get you to go hate  
me, again  
I think i liked this shit better then  
Shit i could spit better im about to kick this bitch shit  
again  
Look the game just aint the same its changin  
Shit Dre's quittin Jay's quittin now its just waisted  
Sayin the the same shit it fake and its achient  
Its making me so bored im might just go make me a  
new language  
Fubba you cova cubba, ubba you ubba ooba  
Youba can subbabick my dadibbadick through a tuba  
sum other luma lama  
I'm not a human, I'ma a suicidal supersonic suicidal  
uni-bomber  
you think im the new Osama  
Press thinks I'm the new madonna

Jeffery Dahmer left me with his legacy to carry on  
A lot of talk and rumors on us, who's the hottest to be  
honest  
Hip-hop ain't been the same since Tupac moved to  
Cuba on us

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