

## Swifty McVay "Fight Music"

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[Chorus: Eminem]

This kind of music, use it, and you get amped to do shit  
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it  
It's just some shit, for these kids, to trash they rooms  
with  
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit  
The type of shit that you don't have to ask who  
produced it  
You just know - that's the new shit  
The type of shit that causes mass confusion  
and drastic movement of people actin stupid

[Kon Artis]

I come to every club with intention to do harm  
With a prosthetic arm and smellin like Boone's Farm  
Hidin under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms  
Connivin Kon, Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screamin, "Let's get it on!"  
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin a tank  
Rollin over a bank, cops see me and faint  
It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke  
I think I'll up my high by slittin your throat  
Push your baby carriage into the street, 'til it's mince  
meat  
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street  
This is fight music!

[Bizarre]

You know why my hands are so numb? (No)  
Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't  
come (oh)  
Smacked this whore for talkin crap (bitch)  
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre  
couldn't rap  
I fuckin hate you

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