

Cheyenne

"Census Bureau"

Visit "[Census Bureau](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Kon Artis]

Yeah, we straight from the census bureau
Haha, Runyan Ave
We lookin for yo' momma
D-12 - where yo' momma at?
Miko - where yo' momma at?
Young Zee, hey Dame - where yo' momma at?
I wanna fuck that bitch, her stankin ass
Hey Em where yo' momma at? (Ohhhh-ohhhh)
Yo..

[Kon Artis]

You know me, Denaun the same ol' nigga
I spray paint your car up like Rain-O nigga
See me and you are sorta like the same I guess
We both rock mics but yours is into our chest
You can't do nuttin to me, Runyan Ave's unruly
And truly this ain't a movie, you get slapped with the
tooly
So pass the slimmy and the Hennessy, I got the energy
to steal every car in this vicinity, you feelin me?
Take it back to when Das EFX was sayin niggity-wiggity-
wild
Piggity-pow, nigga be out
You don't really want war, I'm chillin at your door
This uzi will have you bloody windmill-ing on the floor
I can't be a punk, my daddy wasn't none
I lose a fight after school and I came home and got one
You reap what you sew, that shit you oughta know
I keep it on the flo' under the seat - I ain't a hoe!

[Chorus: Kuniva] + (Kon Artis)

You know it's been a while but we feelin it now
(The rough sound muh'fucker, niggaz killin it now)
Goddamn! You don't want no problems B
(Get your name in the obituary column sheet)
It's that same ol' shit, niggaz back again
(Yo yo, you fallin off, goin back to smokin crack again)
Hit the weed (guzzle your Corona) pass the Gin
(Better duck cause they back bustin gats again)

[Swifty]

A basket case indeed; stronger than a can of mace
Slap you in the face while you patty-cakin witcha seed
I'll be makin all these niggaz wanna take a beam
And put it right on my head
You don't be takin heed, you probably idol the Feds
Havin meetings to recite what I said
Liable to have you in a medical room
Walk in that bitch with a cell phone then turn it on
"You fittin to die holmes!" {*explosion*}
Got a chrome that be fuckin up shit worse than I
You would swear that I'm a Gemini
I kill a guy for nothin - eye to eye
And I ain't gotta touch them niggaz face soon as I say
somethin
Got a pump that'll tear your arm quick, when I leave a
carcass
You would think you in Death Row's office (AHH!) {*gun
clicks*}
(Hang a nigga!) I'm ill enough to fall in the middle of
moshpits
Survive and I'm gettin up high without a flaw bitch!

[Chorus]

[Proof]

I'm a dog on the mic that'll brawl out with Christ
Get to cappin at your captain 'til he fall outta life
I'm all outta nice, nigga tuck your chain
Put holes in your head and finger-fuck your brain
Fool fuck this game, I'm poppin at coach
Momma dropped me on my head and knew that
somethin was broke
I ain't feelin nothin you wrote so I'm stompin your throat
Show up at the hospital and start punchin your folks
I'm a uzi with arms and legs
Duty calm your man, before my tooly bomb his head
(WHAT!)
You wanna take what my 40-cal since you bitch-made
Spittin the right game so yo' ass can get laid
the fuck down, I don't give a fuck now, whassup?
Talkin bout "Clappin" - quit actin, you barely bust nuts
Don't get it twisted at the gates, the name is Proof
And I'ma kill every man that came with you

[Bizarre]

Yeah, yeah - KNOCK KNOCK! Guess who showed up?
44-mag and tear your whole door up
Pink shower cap and, yellow drawers
My dick's so small, I can pee on my own balls (hahaha)
When it comes to pussy, Bizarre goes to work

That's why my mouth smell like hot dogs and yellow
Persh (eww!)
So tell your momma hit me on my cell phone
I ain't home, I'm so wet gettin stoned with Norah Jones

[Chorus]

[Kuniva]

Yo, I chuck niggaz daily, a six-man crew that's born
crazy
A triple O.G. like Tray Deee (whattup Loc?)
I stay sparkin, bitch I got a attitude
I step on your shoes and won't say pardon - be
cautious!
Hidin from the one-time, nutty as I wanna be
Wild and disorderly, pissin on your toilet seat
Nigga now you know it's me, I got a .44 wit me
Bitches all over me, +Sayin Yes+ like Floetry
Homie you wanna be a G? Go toe-to-toe wit me
It ain't no hoe in me dawg, I shoot out where your
colons be
Wave the people-mover, crowd-controller
Rob niggaz 'til my pockets look greener than Yoda
And you know that I'm the +Shady+ type, the crazy
type
That's probably why promoters never pay me right
We a bunch of hooligans, my hands is on the tool again
I'm bout to bust a Huey and spray up a fuckin school
again

[Chorus]

[Outro: Bizarre]

Yeah.. D-12.
Devil's Night.. part two..
The drama.. continues..
KaySlay.. hahahaha..

Visit [Cheyenne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.