

## Dj Kayslay "Census Bureau"

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Featuring: D-12

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? Yo

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 sow, that shit you oughta know  
I keep it on the flo' under the seat, I ain't a hoe

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

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

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  
I'm ill enough to fall in the middle of moshpits  
Survive and I'm gettin' up high without a flaw bitch

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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  
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

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

When it comes to pussy, Bizarre goes to work  
That's why my mouth smell like hot dogs and yellow  
Persh  
So tell your momma hit me on my cell phone  
I ain't home, I'm so wet gettin' stoned with Norah Jones

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Yo, I chuck niggaz daily, a six-man crew that's born  
crazy  
A triple O.G. like Tray Deee  
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

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Yeah, D 12  
Devil's Night, part two  
The drama continues  
KaySlay

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