

Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood % Chris Wo

"6 Reasons"

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[Proof]

You wish that you could bear me black
D12 standing back
No planning that
Def methods, we got a hand in that
Whoever run this shit
You get a jammed knee cap
Make the healthy get sick
And your fam handicapped
You a fan of rap
My clan attack
Your school, home, your bitch house
Pull my nine milli
You gon' die with your fist out
Him an his
It's over with
Venom is this
cobra spit
Agressive dialect with aggressive
Sober bitch
My bionic fires demonish atlonics
Demonic is tainted chronic
Impossible to hold down like vomit
Mics I palm it
You stay to bomb it
Like tourists that's Islamic
I enter your atmosphere like a comet
The new god of rap
Call me nigga Thor
Snap your back
When I slap your ass in a figure four
From miles around they can feel it's lethal
I make hardcore groups like Wu Tang
Look like the Village People (fags)
No sequel
The general let the senistal
Abort your mind state and kill your inner child

[Bizarre]

It's been a while
Since you bitch niggas heard of me

Cuz the last six months
I been doing R&B
But now I'm on some sick shit
Niggas better duck quick
You don't know who you're fucking with
I'll leave you niggas breathless
Seeing me and Bugz rolling in the blue hummer
You a bitch, scared to shoot like Lindsay Hunter
Don't need to be a father
Cuz I'm just to illmatic
I'll probably poison my kids
Like flowers in the alley
Fuck your anorexic neglects it
Fuck a Lexus
I'm doing drivebys on XXX BMX's

[Bugz]

I know a girl who said she's prio
And her sign is a Leo
Bugzy fucked her in a Regal
And then she took me to my P.O.
Fuck rollin' ceelo
I'm down to a c-note
Lost a g' rollin' dice at that punk ass casino
But fuck it (shit) cuz when times get bad
See me and drag with the mags
On unsuspecting fags (bitch)
I gotta shoot
Bitch you got the boot
And hurry up with it
I'm trying to catch this prostitute (I got ten)

[Kuniva]

I'm the nigga that spotted ya
Spit something hot at ya
Rip your Nautica
Saw you backstage and shot at ya
And kill subliminally
You can go on
And spin your group name 25 times in one song
I'll still write about you
Hip hop is better off without you
Blowing niggas outta they bathrobes
And funky house shoes
For the hell of it
I fuck Missy Elliott
Don't give a fuck if her belly gets
In my way, I'm still nailing it
Got this verbal tech nine
Spitting at you for telling shit
Get this dead body off the mic

I'm fuckin smelling it

[Kon Artis]

Fuck it

Let's have a scrub out

Fuck around with us and see what happen

We all got them guns blappin

Got y'all niggas back tracking

Ya, we dump bodies in seashores

Busting DJs over they backs with keyboards

Turn up my levels

Your crew is fruitier than pebbles

Changin you razor back MCs to running trebles

Bust up

Kon Artis, quick to smack your slut up

Keep a pack of rubbers

Just in case I gotta nutt up

Brigade style hold 'em out down

That's how it's meant to be

You kick the same shit

Your whole tape sound like a symphony

Don't say shit to me

It's DP carry your daughter

Talking bitches outta they panties

Dollars and last quarters

Like that horsemen

I'll leave your whack crowns hutless

Watch Defarius come to my show

And leave dreadless

Whoever said this slash rapper and producer

Wouldn't make your head twist

Guard your grill and your necklace

[Chorus]

I got 6 reasons why we keep shit coming

Dirty Dozen left niggas running for cover

Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

6 reasons why keep shit coming

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Hiding behind your lovers

Skirting off peeling rubber

As we shout

"DON'T FUCK WITH DIRTY DOZEN"

Yeah yeah bitch (what what)
We'll bring it to your crew
We'll bring it to your crew
Any of y'all
Die bitch
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
Dirty Dozen
Bugz
Proof
Bizarre
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
Da Brigade bitch
DJ Head
Don't fuck with Dirty Dozen
The saga starts right now
If you ain't down with us from this day on
Then fuck you

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