

Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood % Chris Wo

"Activity as Phuctivity"

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(Check it out.. ah, haha)
Aww, yeah! This is my shit fo' real
(Ahhhhhhhhhh-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-RAHHH!)
It's gonna be off the hook! (That was dope, that's right)
Peep this out (Dirty Doezn)
Kon Artis nigga, yo yo

[Kon Artis]

The Kon Artis - born liar; lie to your pops and moms
Tell 'em I'm a good kid, Catholic raised
Knowin I went to public school and squares got blazed
Even weed when I got ahold too and YEAH bitch I did
do it
Steal cars I've been through it - done that
Play buddy buddy and rob ya like nigga run that; bum
cat
And bone hood rats - 'til they bleed on my floor mat
Nasty nigga, make YOU believe that I'm a classy nigga
But I'm far from that, average Joe that you know
Use people for shields at shootouts that I started, cold-
hearted
Runnin reckless, peep out your shorty 'til my neck
twistin
An infectionist, poisonous bug we all drugged
Showed your daddy love or slugs; could have tortured
him
Told me that he didn't wanna die, we still forced him
Thought his peeps had his back, when we brawled they
fled
Now he layin dead with his chicked head like Dodi
Fayed
Come to battle us with yo' heat and stabbed, nabbed
and gagged
Jabbed and dragged and thrown inside of a bag
Your fans been had, bamboozled, run 'em up
But you loosing credibility the minute Dozen'll up

So FUCK that stank bitch with the saggy-ass titties
And FUCK all the niggaz that don't represent our city
And FUCK 'JLB, they don't play none of my shit
FUCK all them niggaz that be suckin our dicks

[Kuniva]

I'm sicker than tuberculosis; pack a cannon with a focus
that's killin all the players and the coaches
Embarass you in front of company like dirty roaches
Approach this and get served - the situation, hopeless
Quote this - jot it down cause Kuniva wrote this
The wild animal rhyme culprit, ferocious
Close (?), nigga walkin behind you with a dosage
of terrifyin tales that be stompin small soldiers
The Grim Reaper dipped in all black like Folgers
Packin four heaters and carryin five holsters
Suppose if, I was to let you put up all your posters
Let everybody think you was the dopest (HELL NAW!)
I'd rather strike you quicker then the cobra, box you up
and sold ya
Take you underwater and hold you until it's over
I told you once you dumb dummies with a blunt
that be pullin off the dope fiend stunt-of-the-month
Get yo' ass kicked quicker then punts, I'm sick of you
punks
Cock it back now I'm upset, yo' nigga's next
I'm blowin smoke outta ya chest when it connects
Creepin like insects then ridin with ten Tecs

Ahh FUCK any DJ that don't play Bizarre's shit
FUCK your sister I don't like her she don't suck dick
Ahh FUCK that nigga that talked shit to my crew
And yo FUCK all y'all niggaz that say, "I don't like you!"

[Bugz]

I'm a brand named guy who loves to stay high
Got a ten inch dick and the gun the same size
A bitch named bitch who's thick with grey eyes
Who loves to suck dick and get hit by eight guys
It's Bugz bitch - who the fuck you thunk it was?
Gettin drunk with drunken thug too fuckin numb to feel
the buzz
Unnnngggghhhh - yeah, y'all niggaz know the image
No gimmicks, no timids, no manners, and No Limits
This time, bitch, I'm goin all out
Whippin the fo' out, like get the dough out, YEAH!
I miss crime - sick individual, ask my peers in middle
school
If you walk my way home gettin robbed is like a ritual
Lyrical giant, tyrant who lies habitual
Just to get you to do what I want; yeah, and bitch you
will
Sit you still, tie you up, begin to ill
And swoll your fuckin face up with some shit that you
can feel

Okay FUCK all you niggaz that say Dirty Dozen's dead
FUCKIN yo' new wife in yo' brand new bed
Yo FUCK yo' chickenhead, she suck dick anyway
And fuck anybody that say crime don't pay

[Proof]

Heard enough garbage, to make a Glad bust
Ad-just my Magnum; beef I had enough
Snuff the sweetest MC in this camp tribe rivalry
To be as live as me keep 'em quiet like a library
(SHHHH!)

My rhymes are virgin tight and un-fuck-with-able
You find the mic suckable..
Without chicked pox untouchable - peep my adjusted
Ain't to be tested, touch the globe whip through yo'
domestic
Majestic warrior the rap to win, apprehend
and slap a chin of the aggressor, think that they
fresher
Wanted conquest holdin down the one-sided contest
That explosive rappin nigga the fans wear a bomb vest
Style be a eloquent, a fellow pimp to many with clips
Fuck plenty get knicks and be in skinny with zits
I'm the shhhhhhh sure shot that rocks
Like 'caine in a crack pot - I thinks it's best y'all act right
I'll confirm your death lest the morgue cons
D-12 is blowin up, like the Fort (?)
I whisper fairwell to granny
right before I push her down the stairwell
and I'm sendin her care mail
Like get well you old hag
I'll bring the pain like a blow fag
staplin his gonads to his socks, doin jumpin jacks
Once we put you down bitch there ain't no comin back
Remember that

[Bizarre]

It's the big guy, quick to get on you
Battle? I'll be glad to shit on you
You against my crew we'll see who get destroyed
Fuck I'll let you bring bats and brawl some of my boys
Shady ass nigga whether drunk or sober
"Bizarre - that was my demo tape you just recorded
over!"
I don't give a damn bitch; I'm just too ill
Gimme ten pills - dive in a crowd like Lambeau Field
Like bitches ask; now they can drain it
Think of the illest line you know and I bet you I already
said it
Just forget it, cause you niggaz is fuckin pathetic

Pop shit - all y'all niggaz go and get it!
Beat yo' ass, hang you with this fuckin mic cord
Fuck the Source; they quote my raps in Billboard
Suck my dick while I laugh like it's funny
And drive off while she yell - where's my money?!

FUCK anybody got beef with D-12
Aiiyo FUCK all y'all mommas, they pussies smell
FUCK anybody that wanna bring the beef
Aiiyo FUCK all y'all hoes that say my feet stink
Yo FUCK them niggaz that don't give us radio play
Aiiyo FUCK takin a bath, I don't wash anyways
FUCK anybody tryin to be on our team
And yo fuck all y'all niggaz with them weak-ass dreams
FUCK all them niggaz watchin videos to be rappers
that they're not cause they can't rock the fuckin spot
Aiiyo FUCK all you niggaz with them dirty-ass shoes
Come in the club like you're dope and you singin the
blues
FUCK anybody tryin to kiss our ass
Fuck all y'all niggaz that won't cut my grass
Ay FUCK all them niggaz that ain't gettin no money
Aiiyo FUCK all y'all hoes that won't let me stick your
honey
FUCK all the girls that ain't givin up the sex
Aiiyo FUCK all you niggaz and I'm askin, "Who's next?"
FUCK anybody wanna battle my crew
Aiiyo FUCK FUCK YOU, FUCK FUCK FUCK YOU!
FUCK anybody tryin get down with 'nani
Ay FUCK all y'all niggaz sayin you can't feel my mommy
Fuck your mommy, fuck your daddy
FUCK your grandma, and FUCK his caddy
And FUCK your people, FUCK everybody
FUCK his girlfriend, FUCK John Gotti
FUCK the Mafia, FUCK all that
FUCK New York, aiiyo FUCK Detriot
Fuck New Jersey, Fuck California

(Ahhhhhhhhh-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-FUCK!)

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