

## Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood % Chris Wo "Fuck Battlin"

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Ha ha, ha ha, yeah yeah!  
Dirty Dozen! Detroit City (Detroit Michigan)  
What (What)

[Bugz]  
You won't last long like weed in brass bongs  
Just another fag blowin some sad bitch-ass songs  
I shine sober, cause Bugz is a soldier  
Beat that ass like Roy Jones if ya bite I'm pissin(?)cola  
Doin the randisco at a disco with a big ho  
Bought the stupid bitch from Sisqo now she won't let  
my dick go  
Bugz a stupid nigga, take a shower with my pistol  
Walk up in your (?) and pistol ripped you  
It's simple, see I'm from the D like Eric Hippo  
Sick son of a bitch, robbin a nigga and his kinfolk  
Got my gun on my hip, some in the clip, one in the  
chamber  
It's danger, fuckin with this super powered stranger  
Fuck a battle - we brought knives, niggaz and guns  
Beat yo' ass and run, tryin to catch a case for fun  
Bustin at the po'-po' high off weed speed and cocoa  
(yeah!)  
Pumpin Makaveli, heavy handed with my fo'-fo'

[Proof]  
Bomb like Saddam, split America in two  
Then wrap all around your head like Erykah Badu  
My issues, misuse, human anatomy  
Tearin your flesh, and you muscle tissues  
Knock 'em out his shoes, then check 'em in  
And stand firm hold my nuts waitin on yo' second wind  
The nine shot (put Denaun out!)  
Punch you in your navel and rip your spine out  
Talkin bout you run this shit when you ain't got no legs  
Plus you all booty like Jennifer Lopez  
D-12 (?), work these  
Scratch the skin off your back like fur thieves  
Grab your throat like a nurse squeeze, make the earth  
freeze  
Stick you for a lifetime - like herpes

Challenge Evil Kanivel, (?) jumpin in a Regal  
Challenge Officer Riggs, and be in "Lethal"  
Challengin fiends to stealin aluminum sidin  
Challenge Eminem smokin dope, while hang glidin  
Challengin hickville honkies, to a square dance  
And climb up Everest blindfolded with my bare hands  
Aint no fair chance Dirty Dozen run the D  
Anybody want beef then, come to me

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Fuck battlin, we on some gang shit  
Duck quick, cause you niggaz might get hit  
United we stand, united we fall  
I swear to God, Dirty Dozen we gonna kill all y'all

[Bizarre]

10 seconds, kiss yo' ass good riddance  
(It's a BOMB!) Told y'all niggaz I wasn't bullshittin  
We could fight like a kung-fu flick, choose your weapon  
Shake hands, knock yo' ass out in 10 seconds  
Bizarre needs a counselor  
I done shitted on so many MC's, (?) should be my  
sponsor  
Have Prince rob ya for your "Diamonds and Pearls"  
While I'm in the next room, havin my way with your girl  
I swear, I kill any MC up in here  
My niggaz pop so many guns, you swear it was New  
Year's  
They're gon' need an ambulance when I finish battlin  
you  
Pop shit? My gang's on Runyan Avenue  
You niggaz ain't crooks, plus you all shook  
Have you mom suck my cock while I read Playboy  
books  
I aint sayin I'm the illest MC  
But ask ten outta ten niggaz, and the ten gon' say me

[Chorus] - 1/2

[Kon Artis]

Bitch, what? Uh-huh, yeah  
Yo, shuttup, yeah  
(?) walker, ass gripper and shit talker  
Got a love for +dyno-mite+ like Jim Walker  
Jim Beam, and have you missin like Jim Hoffa  
Coughin I'll be splittin your throat for thinkin of talkin  
Love beef, that's why half the click don't even walk in  
No love for hoes but shit, I fucks 'em often  
May as well give 'em the dick, shit on 'em  
And when they ask why I ain't called 'em I just tell 'em  
I'm sick

Same shit I tell every chickenhead that I bone  
They don't believe it, but they know I got a fetish for  
chrome  
Pushin cats in wheelchairs down flights of stairs  
Startin fights with chairs (somebody died!!) like we  
care  
Invitin bitches to go hikin with me, up a mountain  
Throw 'em off and tell their moms  
she died from skinnydippin in the fountain  
Mr. Porter stay live on wax  
While you throw records into crowds just to say you  
have a hit track

[Kuniva]

I'm the alcoholic bringin catastrophe to others  
Make you C-Murder like Master P's little brother  
Flatterin punks, shatterin junk, get your cavity lumped  
with the force of a rim-shatterin dunk  
Now you wanna be "Thuggish Ruggish" so I'ma let a  
slug hit  
And call you Broken Bone, and if you got a crew  
I'ma name 'em all after you  
Fractured Bone, Neck Bone and Funny Bone  
You can't flash when all your money's gone  
I'll give you a thirty minute head start, fuck that  
I'll even wait 'til it's dark and hunt you down - swing an  
axe  
and watch how many dumb thoughts leak out when  
your head parts  
Fuck yo' automobile to me it's just a red car  
Runyan Ave. gon' run yo' ass clean out of existence  
In an instant, I'll fire persistant, shots consistant  
Terrorist terrorizin your block  
See all these niggaz when I step in the club, I'm bringin  
them  
And any nigga lookin too hard, we Rodney King'n 'em  
Malice Greene'n 'em, and gasoline'n them with  
premium  
Light a cigarette flick at him and spit it at him  
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him  
Boxin without gloves, deeper then glee clubs  
While you stand in tha back and look mean like E-Luv  
Can't no other crew stand us  
Put my hands on you quicker than a nigga playin two  
hand touch  
Yo Kuniva in the ruggedest, hop in the truck and hit  
everybody on your block, jump out and cut a bitch  
Another fuck I gotta put a stain on  
In the middle of the street screamin bring the pain on

[Chorus]

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