

## **Bounty Killer F/ Fugees**

### **" Loyalty "**

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[Eminem]

Whoa! Yeah! Ahh! (Motherfucker's think they know us)  
G-g-g-g Guess whos back? D-Twizze!, O-Twizzie!  
Doc-Twizzie!, Shady-Twizzie!, slash Aftermath!  
Fiftycent!, G Unit!, Here we go!, Free Yayo!  
Mutha'fucker!, Benzino!, They don't know we finna'  
blow!  
Someone betta' tell them so...

[Swiftly McVay]

You don't me, McVay and I doubt if you understand me  
Why would I give a fuck about you if we ain't family?  
I roll with a chosen few, and those of you that's behind  
me  
Witness the most potest' furocious niggaz that rhyme  
These bitches turn they back on you, actin' like they  
ain't did shit  
When you rappin' never mix bussiness up with your  
friendship  
If you lackin' up in this jungle, then what you breathe  
fo'?  
niggaz's don't love you, you got habits of breaking  
street codes  
Far as static, I automaticly get medieval  
When I'm after people, then I'll explode you bitches  
with C-4  
These hoe's, have no insurance, bodies get repo'  
Making you vanish even when we ain't got our heat  
close  
Keepin' .44's where you're hoes are swallowing deep  
throat  
If you owe me dough then you know you falling asleep,  
close  
niggaz pupils that's what I do, I'm foolish will shoot you  
Cuz' I'm coo-coo, But I don't think niggaz can take in  
heat tho'

[Chorus: Kon Artis - repeat 2X]

See I'm a man, and a man gon' do what he gotta do  
And he ain't really family if he ain't loyal to you  
If they was really soldiers then they would do what we

do

And be loyal to crew and crew was loyal to you

[Bizarre]

I don't give a fuck, I'm quick to blaze chronic

Smoke on so much green, use twelves and supersonic

Bizarre pack guns and knives, put to dick to 'Nuns and Wives

Now who the fuck want to fight?

Ain't nobody fucking with me, Ain't nobody fucking with the D'

They get beat like a M-P

You heard about Bizarre taking all them drugs

You heard about Proof wil'ing in the clubs

You heard about that nine that Eminem packs

You diss us, you get you're fucking face cracked

I'm from 7 Mile and stout, I'll shoot up you're house

Next day, I'll pee in you're mouth.

[Obie Trice]

Aiyyo, loyalty's first, all the bullshit second

I showed you on the record, Cheers to who respect it

Most of these niggaz neglect it

Even though it's a known method

From the hectic hood that you slept in

You wanna' be an exeption

That's when the weapon is leaving you're half stepping

With that 'caine in you're left hand

Obie from a section that'll stain up you're flesh and

Have you on bare breast

Questionin' you're affection for streets

D-Twizzie no question

One of the best groups that done it

And Obie is their reflection

Lil' homey that know sowly that loyalty is reckin'

D-Twizzie fo' life, Obie Trice is second.

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Which one of you niggaz wanna' be ?boltion? bump heads

When I got a passion for clappin'. . .with one hand

Talent's on my roster this mobster's in dump land

Send a gangsta to sleep two by two like bunk beds

Never leave the crib without packing my black burner

On some T. Ali rapper to merk a have murda

Incorporated, Hitman Herry is at you're service

Reach for me one more gain' and thats closed

For life as D12, no ice and spreewells

Every night that I chill in, I fight by free-will  
Knowing I can be killed  
Leaving my group, pieces of proof with a reason to  
shoot  
And a liecense to ill  
We lost Bugz and I'll be damed if we loose another  
man from our clan  
Without forcing our hand  
Estorting you're family, I'll torture you're granny  
For my nigga's, I'm on you're motherfucking porch with  
a 'Cammy

[Chorus]

[Kuniva + Kon Artis]

Yo its funny how niggaz get caught along (and get  
bombed on)  
Knocking teeth in back of you're throat (and break  
you're jaw bone)  
(I'm on ignorant shit) these niggaz is bitch  
Pass me a cigarrete quick (shit is finna' get thick)  
Yo' man I'll get split (by a brutal and critical hit)  
With identical dent (or bullets with identical prints)  
I'm wishing you if (you come you're Lutenints a snitch)  
You teminant fick (and we know you ain't finna' do shit)  
I'll stick with my clique (The Kon Artis Bomb Artist)  
Kuniva The Rida' (Shooting through you're fucking Long  
John garmets)  
Dirty Dozen (We deep in the street)  
Unbelivable heat, we'll even lay you out infront of the  
chief of police  
Muthafucker'

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

Yeah! D-Twizzie  
D12, Dirty Dozen  
Nothing but family up in this motherfucker'  
Loyal to everything that we do  
You ain't neva' gonna' catch none of us slippin by  
oursel  
'Cuz we always together  
You know what I'm sayin  
Y'all niggaz don't know what family means  
Bugz watching over our ass  
Thats why we still alive know  
Knocking yall niggaz outta the clubs and shit  
Haha! Runyan Av. Baby!  
Shady Records!  
Where yo' mamma at nigga?

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