

DJ Butter

"Shit On You"

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feat. D-12
DJ Butter scratches a sample
"D-12"

[Eminem]

I'll shit on you -- da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you -- da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you -- da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you -- da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you! I will shit on you
I'll shit on you! Girl you know, its true
I'll shit on you! Bitch or man, its true
I'll shit on you! I will shit on you

[Swiftly McVay]

I remain fatter than gluttony
Tapin bombs to the back of record companies
Blow 'em up if they ain't want me
The National Guard, they scared to hunt me
I love beef; I got you hoes duckin me
A drug thief, bitch I'll take your marijuana
These slugs with keep your ass away from my corner
I drown niggaz in hundred degree saunas
You can act a fool if ya wanna (biatch!)
It's this lyrical piranha
Strapped wit a grenade, in the pool with ya mama
Attack her by the legs then I pull her to the bottom
Twist nothin up like a condom
Slap it if you fuckers got a problem
When I see 'em, you hoes endin up in a fuckin
mausoleum
Or hidden in the trunk of a black and gold BM
Pull in the garage while you screamin
Keep the motor on then I'm leavin (I'll shit on you!)
I'll shit on you!

[Chorus: Eminem]

I will shit on you I don't care who you are
I'll shit on you!
I don't give a fuck about you or your car
I'll shit on you!

Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your wife, fuck your kids, fuck your family
I'll shit on you!

[Bizarre]

I'm a alcoholic, with the fuckin toilet
Pass the hotdogs (Bizarre aren't you Islamic?)
Bitch shut your fuckin mouth
I'ma keep eatin 'til Richard Simmons comes to my
house
with a chain saw to cut me out (me out, me out!)
I'll fuck your wife, I had sex since I met her
Too busy fuckin wit your twelve-year-old baby sitter
(hahaha)
And all women ain't shit - only good for cookin, cleanin
And sucking dick and thats it (I said it)
I was responsible for killin John Candy
Got Jon Benet Ramsey in my '98 Camry
I don't give a fuck who you are
I'll shit on anybody; truly yours the idiotic Bizarre

[Eminem]

My adolescent years weren't shit 'til what I do now
I never grew up I was born grown, and grew down
The older I get, the dumber the shit, I get in
The more ignorant, the incident is, I fit in
Ignorin the shit how borin it gets
When there's no one to hit
I don't know when to quit throwin a fit
I know I'm a bit flaky but they make me
Its they who rapped me and say they can take me
It's they who legs I brake and make achy
It's they who mistake me and make me so angry
(I'll shit on you!) I'll spit on you
Start pissin and do the opposite on you
You weren't listenin, I said I'll cop a squat on you
Start spillin my guts like chicken cordon blew and
Straight shit like Notorious B.I.G. did to that bitch
On his skit on his last album
Pull my pants downward

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

Is Richard Pryor still alive?
If not I'm sicker than he was prior to him dying (what?)
Born brainless, this steel ain't stainless
Your bloodstains are all over this steel god dang-it
Bitch bring it, these niggas that I hang with
I hang you up naked by your ankles danglin (oww, oww)

My need I stay stranglin, I don't need your help
If you gon' give me the pussy
I'll un-loosen my belt (I'll shit on you!)
I'm what your daddy's not, your mom's kinda cock
Your sister tends court, your aunt supply her rocks
Buck fifty cross your neck
Floss your teck, I'll beat you wit it across your chest

[Kuniva]

Yo it's only right I jack your car keys and run
Spent all of my advancements on weed and guns
For fun, when I'm drunk
I'll run a truck through the weed house
Jump out and beat ya peeps down worst than Steve
Stout
Put you in chokeholds I learned last week
From the Police man who caught me stealing weed
from his jeep
(Hey, hey, hey!) I see hoes biting, y'all don't wanna
brawl
That's like D-Bo fightin Peablo Bryson (I'll shit on you)
So what you hollerin and yellin about
I'll reach in your mouth and pull your fuckin skeleton
out
Niggas get hit wit a two piece; bling bling
Wit a poisonous sting, I'm such a violent thing

[Chorus]

[Proof]

It doesn't show, when I choke you with shotguns
Roll up on you with no guns and still pop one
I bomb like palm from your curb to your house
"Please God!" the last words from your mouth
No affiliates, just dawgs and jewels
Most flying death were smoging booze
All who choose to beef
I'll bring spatulas, flip it and throw it back at ya
So bring your gat with ya, spectacular
Murder manufacturer fuck immacular
Only the heathens talk when I try to get to flatten ya
Hop in an Acura, roll up on who got your back in a
Sliced them up then ya niggas start to act alive
I smoke brandish right off the treetops
Hang with real niggas PA's, PK's, and Pete Rock
Ya'll niggas in pre-op, spill blood on Reeboks
Don't discriminate blasted wookies on the Ewok
Ya'll street forces survive just for excitement
Like if you was if you never heard of indictment
I sum it up quick so you can understand me
Fuck you, your crew, your bitch, and your whole family

[Proof talking]

Ya'll just for that, ya'll don't wanna fuck with you period

A whole bunch of motherfuckers are coming

this is just the beginning

You know what I'm saying, blow this shit sky wide

We want ya'll niggas; we wanna take over this rap
industry

You know what I'm saying

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