

Fight Music

D12

his kind of music, use it and you get amped to do shit
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it
It's just some shit for these kids to trash they rooms with
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shitThe type of shit that you don't have to ask who
produced it
You just know that's the new shit
The type of shit that causes mass confusion
And drastic movement of people actin' stupidI come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm and smellin' like Boone's Farm
Hidin' under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own momsConnivin' Kon, Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screamin', "Let's get it on"
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin' a tank
Rollin' over a bank, cops see me and faint
It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke
I think I'll up my high by slittin' your throat
Push your baby carriage into the street 'til it's mince meat
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street
This is fight musicYou know why my hands are so numb? No
'Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't come, oh
Smacked this whore for talkin' crap, bitch
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre couldn't rapI fuckin' hate you, I'll take your
drawers down and rape you
While Dr. Dre videotapes you, hell yeah
Satan done got me on this song
Eatin' a hot dog readin' the Holy Quran while I'm on the JohnTired of wearin' this yellow thong
Take it back Sisqo, you know where it belongs, thong, thong, thong
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm
Now go over there and blow up Dru Hill's arms, fuck your love songs
This kind of music, use it and you get amped to do shit
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produced it
You just know that's the new shit
The type of shit that causes mass confusion
And drastic movement of people actin' stupidJust bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon'
swing on?
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to kingdom come
Show you machine gun funk
Sixteen m-16's and one pump, click-clackThe snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw
Have you runnin' out this fuckin' club in your drawers

We lovin' the broads, there's nothin' to applaud
But fuck it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source, it's fight music I'm a nigga that loves
scuffles
And won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen knuckles
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps
Blow his head back right in front of the priest sayin', "You hear that?" I slap your freak, bump
you and won't speak
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own drink
I suffocated my shrink just for talkin', came back and fucked up
His pallbearers and made 'em drop his coffin, it's fight music These beads I'm swingin' is
stingin' 'em
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm bringin' 'em
If any nigga lookin' too hard, we Rodney King 'n 'em
Malice green to them and gasolinin' 'em with premium Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it
at 'em
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him
Blast while you right hookin', right when your wife's lookin'
Fuck fight music, bitch this is losin' your life music If I could capture the rage of today's youth
and bottle it
Crush the glass from my bare hands and swallow it
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists
And hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say shit You Liberace's, Versace's and you
Nazis
Watch me 'cause you thinkin' you got me in this hot seat
You motherfuckers wanna judge me 'cause you're not me
You'll never stop me, I'm top speed as you pop me I came to save these new generations of
babies
From parents who failed to raise 'em 'cause they're lazy
To grow to praise me, I'm makin' 'em go crazy
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me And you fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on
And this song is for any kid who gets picked on
A sick song to retaliate to and it's called This kind of music, use it and you get amped to do shit
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>