

# Loyalty

## Birdman ft. Lil' Wayne & Tyga

[Eminem-intro]Whoa! Yeah! Ahh! (Mutha'Fucka'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'fucka!, 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 \*\*\*\*\*s 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'?

\*\*\*\*\*s'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

\*\*\*\*\*s pupils that's what I do, i'm foolish will shoot you

'cause' i'm coo-coo, But I don't think \*\*\*\*\*s can take in heat tho'

[Chorus x2][Kon Artis]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 supa-sonic

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 \*\*\*\*\*s 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 x2][Proof]Which one of you \*\*\*\*\*s 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 \*\*\*\*\*s, i'm on you're motherfucking porch with a 'Cammy

[Chorus x2][Kuniva + Kon Artis]Yo its funny how \*\*\*\*\*s 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 \*\*\*\*\*s 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

Muthafucka'  
[Chorus x2][Kon Artis-outro]Yeah! D-Twizzie  
D12, Dirty Dozen  
Nothing but family up in this muthafucka'  
Loyal to everything that we do  
You ain't neva' gonna' catch none of us slippin by ourself  
"cause we always together  
You know what i'm sayin . .  
Y'all \*\*\*\*\*s don't know what family means  
Bugz watching over our ass  
Thats why we still alive know  
Knocking yall \*\*\*\*\*s outta the clubs and shit  
Haha! Runyan Av. Baby!  
Shady Records!  
Where yo' mamma at \*\*\*\*\*?

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