

Pistol Pistol

D12

[bizarre]
Yeah, welcome to amityville[swiftly]
Detroit, nigga![bizarre]
The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols! ha ha ha ha![chorus - eminem]
Slick criminal wit, the shit I spit chews
Like a bullet came back that just missed and hit you
I say the type of shit parents slit their wrists to
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to
Too many enemies on my list to sift through
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this two
Sorry officer, I don't care how pissed It get you
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol[swiftly mcvay]
Nigga, we violently active, so fuck with us
See I'm backwards - I slap niggas and punch bitches
Just for asking, they must've been wanting to meet the lord
When my parents talk to me they've got mean mugged and ignore
They were snooping through my closet, seen drugs on the floor
Shells from the forty-four scattered over their porch
Bustin pistols in your windows with intentions to destroy you
Trying to break your neck to conversate? bitch, I'll do it for you
Catch me laughing at your funeral when they lower you, you and your ho
You gots to go, bitches died slow and horrible
There's no tomorrow for any nigga, we'll shower you
Young, black, and powerful, (bitch!) and I ain't gotta lie to you[proof]
Stepped in the door waving the four-four
Blazing at po-po, escaping and lay low
They call my tongue yayo, but I spit fire
I lit five inside a fucking dickrider
The clip slider, love to blast a mag, you're a fag
You love being ass to ass
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat-spank ya
Never say that I'm a gangsta, now that's gangsta
Yall niggas sound like jigga but act like pac
Yo, my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough
It ain't nothing to tell, empty shells for the witness
I'm the hot nigga that's gonna put hell outta business
It won't be the same since we touching the game
Make the hardest nigga in your crew tuck in his chain
You think this shit's a game and we're bluffing for fame?

I'll squeeze off this tech until nothing remains[chorus][kuniva]
The only time that I'm at piece/peace is when I'm close to one
Cause I don't know what's waiting for me when my vocals are done
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works
These cowardly niggas'll put your fucking life in the dirt
Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was priceless
Alone in the streets, bleeding, staring, laying lifeless
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts creepin
Waking you up with aks while you lie sleeping
I'd rather pack the heat and not need
Rather than need one and not have it, I married this glock-matic[gunshot][kon artis]
You know the sound when I'm spinnin round
Spittin these rounds from fo' pounds
While the whole crowd is screaming as loud
From they're mouths as they possibly allow
Nothing is parallel to making you carousel
Aerial sommersault from ferris wheels to a pair of shells
Denaun carry the nine where I go
Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shooting at five-0
Some semi-automatic for static's the motto
Spitting like [columbine kids] from colorado[chorus][bizarre]
This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock
It'll make jehova's witnesses think before they knock (sorry, sorry!)
It'll make your grandmother come out of her hearse
It'll make limp bizkit get rid of fred durst (ha ha!)
It'll make holyfield start fighting
It'll make ma\$e say "fuck church!" and go back to writing
It'll make shyne say he sound like biggie smalls
It'll make r. kelly give respect to aaron hall
It'll make christopher reeve start walking
It'll make a dog with no voice suddenly start barking
It'll make a nun turn into a filthy slut
It'll make the hardest pitbull turn into a fucking mutt
It'll make a muslim dye his hair blonde
It'll make a redneck start to read the holy koran
It'll make ike stop beating tina
It'll make slim shady fall back in love with christina
Christina aguilera... ha ha ha ha![eminem-chorus][swiftly]
Ha, nigga, nigga, nigga! you better have an aim
Cause if you don't - you're finished - flat out, nigga, nigga, nigga
What? fuck around and get popped with no hesitation, straight up[bizarre]
Look at where the fuck we stay at!
Nigga, look where the fuck we stay at!
Fuck around with us, you get popped

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