One Shot 2 Shot

Eminem

[Intro]
I told you all motherfuckers I was coming back
What now nigga what now what
You's the projects nigga

[Chorus (Eminem):]
One shot two shot three shots four shots
All I hear is gunshots this is where the fun stops
Bodies drop hit the floor music's off
Parties stop, everybody hit the door someone's licking shots off

[Verse 1- Bizarre]
You bitches is gone I'm dropped in the club
And I'm tryna run and get my motherfucking gun
(Nigga what about your wife)
Nigga fuck my wife I'm tryna run and save my motherfucking life
Oh shit, the shooter's comin'
Bitches, hoes niggas is running
People shot all over the floor
And I'm tryna make it to the St. Andrew's door
That's the sound of the glock
Even DJ House fucked around and got shot
I done messed around and forgot my tec
I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex

[Verse 2- Kuniva]
(Kuniva you aight)
These niggas is trippin'
(Where's Bizarre at?)
I'm tryna slip through the exit and get to where my car is at
Bitches screaming everywhere and niggas is wildin'
Two minutes ago we was all joking and smiling
This chick is clinging onto me sobbin and sighing
Saying she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she crying
But it's real and it's on and cats is getting killed
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
And she got hit now she yelling
(Don't leave me!)
I told her I'd be right back and the dumb bitch believed me

I squeezed through the back door and made my escape
I ran and got my 38 I hope its not to late

[Chorus]

[Verse 3- Swifty]
(Nigga I've been tryna call you all day motherfucker where you at?)
I'm on seven mile what the fuck was that
Damn somebody hit me from the back
(With they car?)
With a gat nigga and my tire is flat
And I just hit a pole, them niggas some hoes
(Is you hit?)
but I can tell you what they drove
It was a black Mitsubishi
(Shit thats the clique we beefin with I swear)
Man and I was on my way there
Believe me I'm leaving a carcus today
I'm gonna park my car and walk the rest of the way
I'm in the mood to strut, my AK ain't even tuck
I'm gonna meet you at the club we're gonna fuck these hoes up

[Chorus]

[Verse 4- Eminem]
I've never seen no shit like this in my life before
People are still camped out from the night before
Sleeping outside the door waiting in line
Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform
The fire marshalls no, the venue's too small
People are wall to wall three thousand and some odd vans
And some cum wad from out the parking lot
Get into an argument over a parking spot
He decides to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off
Missed who he's aiming for six feet away's the door
Into St. Andrew's hall hall now the strays flying all over the place
Sprays one bitch in the face another one of 'em came through the wall
Before anyone could even hear the first shot go off
I'm posted up by the bar having a Mozeltoff
Bullet wizzed right by my ear damn near shot it off
Thank god I'm alive I gotta find Denaun
And where the fuck is Von he usually tucks one on him
Wait a minute I think I just saw Bizarre
Nah I guess not, what the fuck oh my god it was
I never saw him run so fast in my life

Look at him hauling ass I think he left his wife
There she is on the ground being trampled
I go to grab her up by the damn hand and I can't pull her
God damn there just went another damn bullet I'm hit
My vest is barely able to handle it, it's too thin
If I get hit again I can't do it, I scoop Dee
Follow Bizarre's path and ran through it
And made it to the front door and collapsed on the steps
Looked up and I seen Swift shooting it out
But I can't see who he's shooting it out with
But Denaun's right behind him squeezing his four fifth

[Chorus]

[Verse 5- Kon Artis]
It's Friday night came to this bitch right
Big ass to my left and Desert Eagle to my right
I ain't come in this bitch to party I came in this bitch to fight
Although I can't stay here to fight 'cause I'm popping niggas tonight
That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge
Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryna check when I get in
Swift told me to meet him here so it's clear that this fucker
Shoot out the back of his truck goes up in this motherfucker
So one shot for the money two's to stop the show
Third's for the bartender there's plenty of shots to go
(I just wanna know who's driving a black Mitsubishi)
He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee with a three piece

[Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by Quentin.

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