

One Shot 2 Shot (feat. D12)

Eminem

I told y'all mothafuckas I was comin' back
What now nigga what now what
You's the projects nigga[Chorus]
One shot two shot three shot 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 lickin' shots off You bitches is gone I'm dropped in the club
And I'm tryna run and get my motherfuckin' gun
(Nigga what about your wife)
Nigga fuck my wife I'm tryna run and save my motherfuckin' life
Oh shit the shoot is comin'
Bitches, hoes niggas is runnin'
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 D-J House fucked around and go shot
I done messed around and forgot my tec
I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex
(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 screamin' everywhere and niggas is wildin'
Two minutes ago we was all jokin' and smilin'
This chick is clingin' onto me sobbin' and sighin'
Sayin' she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she cryin'
But its real and cats is gettin' killed
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
And she got hit now she yellin'
(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](Nigga I 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?)

I don't know but I can tell you what they drove

It was a black Mitsubishi

(Shit that's the clique we beefin' wit I swear)

Man and I was on my way there

Believe me I'm leavin' a carcass today

I'm a park my car and walk the rest of the way

I'm in the mood to strut, my A-K ain't even tuck

I'm a meet you at the club we goin' fuck these hoes up [Chorus] I never seen no shit like this is my life before

People will still camp out from the night before

Sleepin' outside the door waitin' in line

Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform

The fire marshals no, the venue's too small

People are wall to wall three thousand and some odd vans

And some come walk from out the parkin' lot

Get into an argument over a parkin' spot

He's about to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off

Missed who he's aimin' for six feet away's the door

In St. Andrew's hall not a stray slidin' 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 havin' a Mozelt off

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 haulin' ass I think he left his wife

There she is on the ground bein' 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 deep

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 shootin' it out

But I can't see who he's shootin' it out with

But Denaun's right behind him squeezin' his four fifth [Chorus] 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 poppin' 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 drivin' a black Mitsubishi)
He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee wit a three piece[Chorus]

Songwriters

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