

# Loyalty (Feat. Obie Trice) (Produced By Eminem)

## D12

Whoa! Yeah! Ahh! (Motherfuckers think they know us)  
G-g-g-g Guess who's back? D-Twizze!, O-Twizzie!  
Doc-Twizzie!, Shady-Twizzie!, slash Aftermath!  
Fifty cent!, G Unit!, Here we go!, Free Yayo!  
Motherfucker!, Benzino!, They don't know we finna' blow!  
Someone better tell them so 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' ferocious niggas that rhyme  
These bitches turn they back on you, actin' like they ain't did shit  
When you rappin' never mix business up with your friendship  
If you lackin' up in this jungle, then what you breathe for?  
Niggas don't love you, you got habits of breaking street codes  
Far as static, I automatically get medieval  
When I'm after people, then I'll explode you bitches with see-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  
Niggas pupils that's what I do, I'm foolish will shoot you  
'Cause I'm coo-coo, But I don't think niggas can take in heat tho' 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 I don't give a fuck, I'm quick to blaze chronic  
Smoke on so much green, use twelves and supersonic  
Bizarre pack guns and knives, put to dick to nuns and wife's  
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 wilding 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. Aiyyo, loyalty's first, all the bullshit second  
I showed you on the record, Cheers to who respect it  
Most of these niggas neglect it  
Even though it's a known method

From the hectic hood that you slept in  
You want to' 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 Which one of you niggas want to be abolition 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 murder  
Incorporated, Hitman Harry is at you're service  
Reach for me one more gain' and that's 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 license to ill  
We lost Bugz and I'll be damned if we loose another man from our clan  
Without forcing our hand  
Escorting you're family, I'll torture you're granny  
For my niggas, I'm on you're motherfucking porch with a 'CammyYo its funny how niggas 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 niggas is bitch  
Pass me a cigarette 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 Rider (Shooting through you're fucking Long John garments)  
Dirty Dozen (We deep in the street)  
Unbelivable heat, we'll even lay you out in front of the chief of police  
Muthafucka'Yeah! D-Twizzie  
D12, Dirty Dozen  
Nothing but family up in this motherfucker  
Loyal to everything that we do  
You ain't never gonna' catch none of us slippin' by our self

'Cause we always together  
You know what I'm sayin',  
Why yall niggas don't know what family means  
Bugz watching over our ass  
That's why we still alive know  
Knocking why yall niggas outta the clubs and shit  
Haha! Runyan Av. Baby!  
Shady Records!  
Where yo' mamma at nigga?

Songwriters

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